FORUM

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

YOUR FORUM for March contains some clinical articles which ought to stimulate your mental digestion and provide conversation at the breakfast table. Not that THE FORUM aims to compete with either your boiled egg or your newspaper — we labor under no such illusion — but we do believe that every article in this issue will help you set straight in your own mind some problem which concerns your daily life. THE FORUM does not compete with the daily newspaper or even the Sunday supplement. Our writers are constantly probing the implications of the news and sometimes they are even ahead of the news. One example of the first sort is Mr. Vandercook's amusing paper on big game hunting in Africa. An instance of beating the news is Mrs. MacFadden's astounding revelation that property in the United States is being set aside from taxation so rapidly for religious, educational, medical, and recreational purposes that in Massachusetts alone exemptions are increasing at the rate of $60,000,000 annually. We are confident that before many years the newspapers will be full of this subject.

EVERY CHRISTIAN home should weigh carefully the three articles on our religious lobbyists, ethical, protestant, and Catholic. Last autumn there was in Congress a lot of healthy frankness about lobbying which swept aside hypocrisy and removed from the word "lobby" at least some of its sinister odor. Mr. Grundy of Pennsylvania, hauled before a committee of the Senate, frankly revealed himself a lobbyist and was rewarded by being promptly invested in a senatorial toga. Lobbying is a fact whether right or wrong, and if lobbying for sugar is right, does it follow that it is right to lobby also for religion? These are rather searching questions.

IN OUR FOREWORD last month we praised President Hoover for having translated into the White House the high

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THE FORUM is published monthly by the Forum Printing Corporation. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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F O R U M

Next Month

YOUR NEGROID AND INDIAN BEHAVIOR

Carl G. Jung

If you are a typical American, you have succumbed to jazz, to Negro spirituals, and to Negro Laughter. From the Indians you have borrowed your sports and hero worship, your tobacco and chewing gum. How much more of your behavior do you owe to these primitive races? Jung, the great Swiss psychologist, presents in this article a highly original view of America's national characteristics.

THE DANCE OF DEATH

Major Thomas Coulson

In this last installment of "Mata Hari," you will attend the secret trial of Germany's woman spy before the French court-martial; you will see her perform her own death-dance in Saint-Lazare Prison while she waited for the reprieve which never came; and, finally, you will go with her to the rifle range at Vincennes where she paid the penalty for betraying 50,000 Allied soldiers.

WHAT I BELIEVE

Sir Arthur Keith

A world-renowned surgeon and scientist takes you into his complete confidence: "I am resolved to be resolutely honest with myself and my readers. I know I shall shock many, but I hope my confession may bring comfort to others."

THE BOOK RACKET

Lillian Symes vs. Herschel Brickell

Have you ever had the experience of dipping avidly into some new book widely heralded as "the great American novel" only to discover that it was just another dish of tripe? Then read this debate on the three B's of racketeering — Blurb, Ballyhoo, and Buncombe.

THESE WOMEN!

E. W. Howe

Dark reflections on the fair sex by the disillusioned "Sage of Potato Hill."

OUR WANTING MACHINE

Dr. G. V. Hamilton

Within each of us is a wanting machine, ruthless in its desires, craving without rhyme or reason. It is the hiding place both of original sin and the magic lamp, and it may make of us either nervous invalids, reformers, criminals or healthy athletes, decent citizens, great artists. Which shall it be? And how can we control it? Says Dr. Hamilton: "Forenoons spent with nervous patients and afternoons with healthy monkeys can teach you surprising truths about human nature."

PROHIBITION TEN YEARS AFTER

Fabian Franklin

In January the Anti-Saloon League celebrated the tenth anniversary of national prohibition, only a few days after the Wickersham Committee published its first report dealing with the virtual breakdown of the nation's enforcement machinery. Comparing the fair picture of hopes and promises which the dry forces painted ten years ago with the conditions now prevailing, Mr. Franklin challenges you to consider whether the legal remedy of prohibition has not brought on new diseases as bad, or worse, than those it was intended to cure.

FOREWORD

Continued

ideals of American engineering. His appointment of expert commissions to survey candidly and scientifically practically every public aspect of American life proves him to be an admirable director. Direction is part of the battle of statesmanship, but of course it is not everything, and Mr. Hoover has been criticized for not exhibiting to the satisfaction of some people two other qualities, leadership and synthesis. As to leadership he has not, for example, driven Congress to enact his will in tariff legislation as some senators would have had him do. By the other quality, synthesis, we mean coördination in his public utterances on every possible topic and a broad underlying philosophic interpretation of American statesmanship.

Mr. Hoover wrote recently to a friend, according to the press, in summarizing his duties: "As against all this the President has, for a few short years, the opportunity to speed the orderly march of a glorious people." That is indeed a splendid opportunity, and any president who measures up to that rule has done a good job. But there are those among us who expect a lot. At a time when critics are dinning in our ears that we are not a glorious people at all, that far from being on any march anywhere we are running hither and yon nervously and excitedly without any broad connecting view of things, some of us who have not time to delve into philosophy and do not find the answer in the churches, the colleges, or the newspapers, look to the President to tell us just where America is headed and to relate every isolated national phenomenon to a national plan of life.

To ask a president to be a prophet as well as an administrator of his party's mandate, is indeed a large order. Few of our presidents have been that. In a sense, Washington predicted our destiny, but even Lincoln was more of a leader than a philosopher. Wilson turned prophet in a very magnificent sense and came to grief. A philosopher in the White House would have to include in every utterance a restatement of his particular golden rule. He would have to relate æsthetics and economics. When he tells us to build! build! build! he would tell us how to build beautifully instead of turning our streets into chasms and effacing the natural beauty of our scenery. He would have to emulate the ancient Pharaohs in ordering monuments distinguished not only for industry but for beauty. But Egypt was a despotism. In our time Russia and Italy seem to be equally dogmatic about their national philosophy and national destiny and quite clear as to where they are headed. A broad, philosophic vision is not so easy for a leader of a strident democracy.

— Henry Goddard Leach

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OPINIONS about BOOKS

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

GRANVILLE HICKS **VINCENT McHUGH**
C. HARTLEY GRATTAN **IRWIN EDMAN**
RICHARD HUGHES

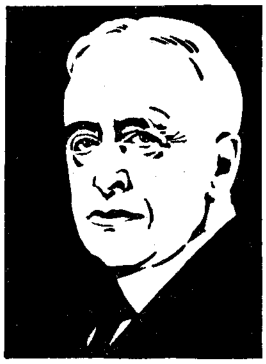
The Humanist Creed

HUMANISM AND AMERICA, edited by Norman Foerster; Farrar & Rinehart, $3.50.
Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

IN HIS PREFACE to this symposium Norman Foerster writes, "More and more persons, oppressed with the stale skepticism of the post-war period, are beginning to grow skeptical of that skepticism, and are looking for a new set of controlling ideas capable of restoring value to human existence." He is quite right: skepticism has become the refuge of the impotent and the slovenly, a cheap substitute for thought and effort, a magic device that preserves for mediocrity a sense of superior endowment. And he is also right when he goes on to say that the increasing dissatisfaction with prevailing attitudes has led to an increasing interest in humanism. Humanism has, after all, a clearly defined body of doctrine, and it holds out at least the hope that values and standards may be discovered even in the contemporary chaos.

It is the insistence of the humanists on the need for standards that has led many of us to look with some favor on their position and to study with some care their writings. But we have continued to ask ourselves whether the standards which the humanists propose meet the needs which we recognize. *Humanism and America* has, I find, clarified the answer which I would make. Here are fourteen essays, eight on general questions of theory and conduct, six on specific problems raised by American literature. Here, for example, is a definition of humanism by Professor Irving Babbitt, a criticism of science by L. T. More, a study of Dreiser by Professor Robert Shafer, a discourse on mechanism by Bernard Bandler, a commencement paper by Richard Brown of Bowdoin. Here the older and the younger humanists come together. There are differences in tone, method, and interest; but the contributors are enlisted under a single banner; and they unite in telling us — at present spectators of their militant progress — that whoever is not for them must be against them. There is not only an opportunity, there is a necessity, for us to make a decision.

But almost the first pages intensified doubts which I have long felt in considering Babbittean humanism. For me the Christian epic is, for a hundred reasons, impossible; for me standards must be based on some conception of human nature, not on some doctrine of divinity. The majority of Mr. Foerster's contributors do not agree with me. Five of them are openly allied with institutionalized Christianity; the others are obviously committed, whether they realize it or not, to traditional theism. Theoretically their position is independent of both the natural and the divine, but the protests of those who still bother to profess neutrality grow weaker and weaker. Even Babbitt goes far on the religious path, and T. S. Eliot may yet have the gratification of seeing the master safe in the bosom of the church.



IRVING BABBITT

There is no objection, of course, to these humanists' being as religious as they please. They might still have much to offer the rest of us; there might be much common ground on which we could stand together. But they will not have it so; we must go the entire distance with them if we wish to possess any of their virtues. It seems to me possible to believe that man possesses certain unique qualities even though he is part of a universe that is essentially a single process. It seems to me rational to hold that there are laws which apply only in the human realm, even though the human realm is embraced by the natural. And it seems to me that, holding such beliefs, one might deserve, within limits at least, the respect and coöperation of the Babbittean humanists. But, as they see it, one who voices such opinions should not merely be read out of the party; he should be stood up and shot at as the most dangerous of the enemy.

This arrogance on the part of Babbitt and his followers has, I believe, not only the effect of cutting them off from support which they might find valuable; it also blinds them to certain serious defects of their position. There is no space here for any adequate criticism of the dogmas expounded in *Humanism and America*, but I doubt if any reader of the volume can escape the conclusion that the view of conduct there set forth is parched and meager, and the view of literature arid. If the outlook of the humanists is narrow, the explanation lies, I believe, in their rigid dualism. And that particular tenet, it is worth pointing out, is the very one that drives them into the church.

After all, the significant fact about any quality is not that it is peculiarly human but that it contributes to the good life. The greatest achievement of the humane imagination is not the exemplification of the need for restraint, but the discovery and vivid envisagement of those ends toward which life may be guided and for the sake of which restraint is naturally and whole-heartedly exercised. Such a conception liberates literature from the bonds in which the Babbitteans would confine it, and frees criticism from the necessity of regarding literature as com-

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Books

posed of a series of pamphlets advocating the inner check. One of the contributors to this volume apparently considers *The Brimming Cup* as the greatest achievement of modern literature because it shows that if one does one's duty one will be happy. From such a conception of criticism we may pray to be delivered.

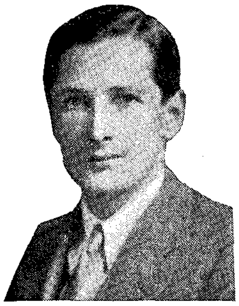
The Babbittean humanists have not, though they think they have, a monopoly of ethical seriousness or philosophic clarity or true humaneness. In this book, as in other products of their pens, there is much of value that we should freely and gratefully seize upon. But humanism in the form it now takes is not likely to restore either value to human existence or vitality to American letters. Rather, it reveals itself as the local expression of a widespread reaction toward authoritarianism. In awakening Americans to a consciousness of the excesses of romanticism and the ravages of a frivolous and unintelligent skepticism, it has done well. This and similar functions one hopes it will continue to perform. But in the meantime other minds must carry on the development of a humanism loyal to its historic concern with this life, free from self-righteous exclusiveness, sensitive to the values of both the modern world and the ancient, deeply serious and philosophic and at the same time truly critical.

Charting Our Era

A CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE MODERN AGE, by Egon Friedell; Knopf, $5.00. Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

TWO GERMAN thinkers have wielded considerable influence in this country since the World War, Count Keyserling and Oswald Spengler. The former, having in a series of books revealed his fundamental incapacity to offer us anything but high-sounding nonsense serving as a husk for some irreducible facts we already knew, is now on his way to extinction, while the latter has had but little effect on the popular mind. This is indeed unfortunate, for it is the writer's conviction that more fruitful ideas are to be derived from Spengler's *Decline of the West* than from any similar work published in recent years. Egon Friedell, a third German thinker, falls midway between his two predecessors in the business of nourishing our intellectual life.

Friedell essays to write a cultural history of modern times, covering in a series of three volumes (of which this is the first) the period from the Black Death to the World War. To this ambitious undertaking he has brought a strangely assorted set of abilities. He has, in the first place, a rapid and vivid style. In the second



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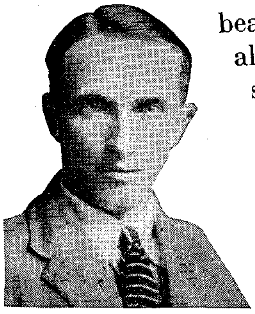

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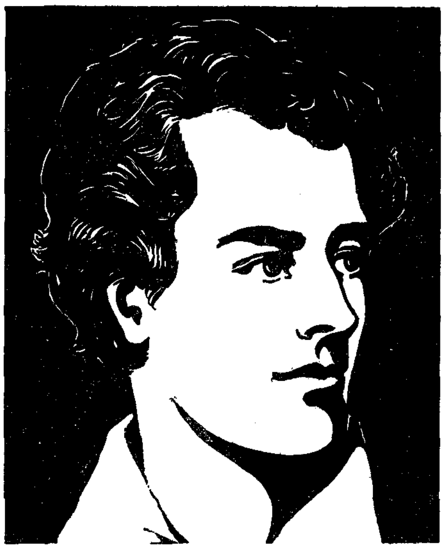

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place he has extensive knowledge. In the third place he has a capacity for incisive generalization. And lastly he spoils, in a large part, all these excellencies by his incurable religiosity.

This latest German thinker is a firm believer in the "finger of God" theory of history, of which the most distinguished American representative was Bancroft. Yet he is well acquainted with the work and purposes of the cultural historians, whose position, in this country, is defended by James Harvey Robinson. In some curious fashion he has assimilated the excellent work of this school to a mystical religious belief. It is not possible, from the evidence in his book, to say that he belongs to any particular sect. I suspect that he is a religious mystic with no formal affiliation. But the result is that he regards the cultural history of the modern age as the progressive degradation of the human spirit.

Yet it is impossible, even in the light of this anomalous admixture of influences, to condemn Friedell's work out of hand. I regard his book as one of high importance. It will be read widely, and if it is read without a clear understanding of Friedell's mental peculiarities, will do infinite mischief.

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Following Spengler, Friedell emphasizes those phases of modern history which exemplify the peculiarities of the modern synthesis: the annihilation of space, the striving for a mathematical comprehension of the cosmos, the use of science as a method of controling the forces of nature, the monetary basis of economy etc. Scattered among his generalizations are bril-

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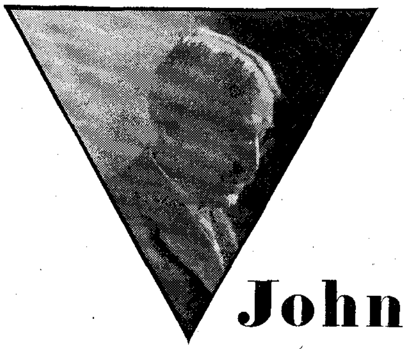

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liant analyses of great personalities such as Michelangelo, Petrarch, Luther, Montaigne, Philip the Second of Spain, Francis Bacon, and Shakespeare. As a gallery of portraits his book is worthy of any reader's attention.

Though I am fairly certain that this work will be widely read, I am unable to say what influence it will have. One peculiar result will undoubtedly be that it will give aid and comfort to the religious who join with Friedell in eloquently denouncing the modern mind. But Friedell understands it and they, as a rule, do not. I am pretty certain that Friedell will not have the influence Wells wielded with his *Outline of History*. The dissimilarities of the books would make an interesting essay, and while Wells is subject to critical objection, as an *influence* he is infinitely better.

Swift Blows

IRON MAN, by W. R. Burnett; Dial, $2.50. Reviewed by VINCENT MCHUGH.

MR. BURNETT'S second novel, like his first, has been taken by a book club; and the circumstance suggests an acutely American calculation of means to an end. On the contrary, this singular accident between a writer and his public draws a neat circle about Mr. Burnett's capabilities without laying him open to the charge of writing to order.

The author of *Little Caesar* was manifestly an extremely able technician in a restricted field of literal melodrama. He employed the intrinsic interest of violence without insulation; he enlisted no emotions but curiosity and an excitement amounting to vertigo. His writing had speed functioning as drama, skill in dialogue, and a flat, spare tone which accented its lethal content. It lacked the rich collateral of manipulated suggestion which makes Hemingway's method so valid; but one supposed that in ironing out a first book the author had simply ironed out too much. The future lay open.

Mr. Burnett's new novel displays the same competence in the same restricted order. The very effort he has made here and there in *Iron Man* to broaden his implications is earnest of the fact that his present extension is more or less final. One incident of clear pathos, in which Coke Mason feels back over his boyhood hopes and finds the realization flat in his mouth, is signal as an exception. Otherwise, as in *Little Caesar*, the purely objective rendering without introspective reference is so focused upon concretion that the power of implication escapes it. The indicatives of emotion are supplied; no response is called out but the purely nervous blacklash of excitement.

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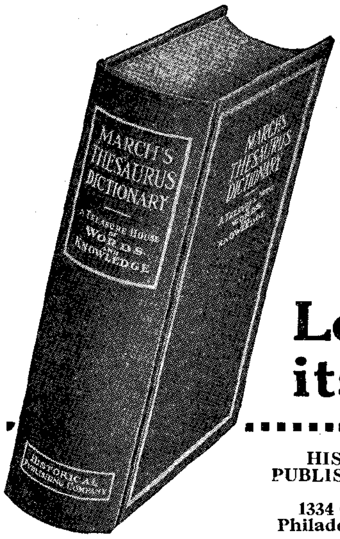
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But excitement is electric as the tang of the gong in this story of Coke Mason, the good-hearted, dull palooka out of whom his manager Regan manufactured a champion. Coke threw over Regan at the insinuations of his wife; but Rose had long since decided that one man was not enough. Regan groomed a middleweight to take the championship from Coke; and just before the encounter, he presented a clear bill of Rose's derelictions. Coke, stripped of his friendship and his wife's love, fought and went down. The book ends on a knockout, the champion coming up blind time and again to take the lightning on his jaw; and one remembers Rico, cornered, sprinting up the alley toward a police revolver that would not wait for him.

The central situation recalls the story that Dan Carroll imported Fitzsimmons to defeat Dempsey the Nonpareil, who had been his charge; but this is not material. Mr. Burnett's fight atmosphere is literal and distinct; and the scenes in the training camp before the last battle have some sense of overhanging fate in a setting of rough idyl. The dialogue, a little overblown, is not quite so crisp as the Sicilian idiom in *Little Caesar*.

Sound Philosophy

THE QUEST FOR CERTAINTY, by John Dewey; Minton, Balch, $4.00.
Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN.

JOHN DEWEY celebrates his seventieth birthday by giving as clear and earnest a statement of his philosophy as could be desired. The clarity is worth emphasizing, for in no earlier book has Professor Dewey made so apparent the origin and the structure and the consequence of his thinking. The earnestness demands attention, for nowhere else has Dewey made more manifest the fact that with him philosophy is no disciplined trickery in words, but a living and responsive vision of how life in our generation may best be lived. And in no earlier book has Dewey so successfully emancipated himself from mere polemics and from the complications of an honest but sometimes turbid style. This book is written with an always admirable directness and with a compactness that amounts sometimes to epigram.

These pages constitute the Gifford lectures at Edinburgh last spring; lectures in which are included such philosophical classics as William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, Royce's *The World and the Individual*, and Eddington's *The Nature of the Physical World*. Professor Dewey's book belongs in that tradition. It expresses the enlightened concern of a mind, bred in modern science, for the future of an industrial and mechanical

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civilization. It shows that man surveying the history of thought and seeing how in the past men, insecure in the perils of life, have sought to escape by a dialectic of religious faith to a realm of alleged certainty. Dewey sees through that delusion of certainty to the lack of security which its quest implies. He wishes to turn philosophy from the day-dreaming search for a metaphysical holy grail to a more candid survey of the actual possibilities which experience fosters and supports. He wishes philosophy to follow the lead of experimental method. He indicates how in modern science thinking is a doing, an experimental control of conditions in order to see what actually happens. Knowing is a kind of action. An action in the light of which all other activities may be intelligently directed. Mind is not the indefinite mirror of an external world. Mind is a name for intelligently directed behavior *in* the world. It is simply the name for fruitful action toward an auspicious future.

Philosophy is simply a name for mind in its most generous expansions. The function of philosophy is to do for moral and social problems what the physical sciences do for our physical control of the world. Philosophy is, as Dewey has constantly insisted, simply another name for criticism, an interpretation of values and ideals in the light of which life may be clarified, steadied, and secured. Philosophy is far from being a metaphysical avenue to a metaphysical secret, but something rather that becomes a public organ of intelligently directed conduct. It will undoubtedly irritate a great many philosophers to read that philosophy is human — human in its origin and human in its consequences. It will annoy many to know that the quest of certainty is a quest toward a chimæra. It will trouble professional logicians to have the purity of logic questioned, and to find that thinking is both provoked and soiled by the concerns of this world.

Adroit as is Professor Dewey at dialectics, he is not the philosopher's philosopher; he is rather the spokesman of that contemporary idealism which, recognizing the power that experimental science has given us over the physical world, would like to apply that same method to a resolution of human and personal problems. He would not have us capitulate to mechanism nor flee to a sentimental escape from it. He would have us turn our faces on its one possible hope and instrument, the method of intelligence. Dewey knows well enough that intelligence is provisional and hypothetical. There are no guarantees in a world in which uncertainty is an actual feature of the environment however much the metaphysician may establish the certainty by dialectical babble. Dewey is the exponent of a genuine

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by ALFRED L. EICHLER

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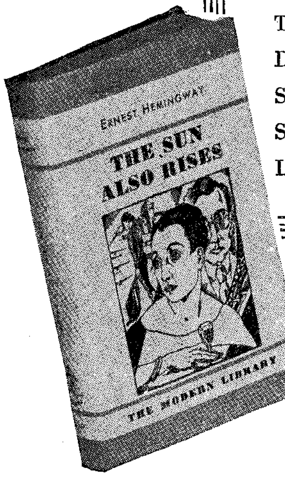

and general rather than of a mere literary humanism. He thinks if we once went about it coöperatively we might make the modern scene a satisfactory and hopeful one for human beings to live in. Why not try?

— Signifying?

The Sound and the Fury, by William Faulkner; Cape and Smith, $2.50.
Reviewed by Richard Hughes.

If I were asked what novelist in America most interested me to-day, I should not hesitate in naming William Faulkner. For fertility in form, fertility in intellect, and above all for an inexhaustible fertility in imagination — a very fountain of characters and incidents and wit — it would be hard to match him.

Drawing by Arthur Hawkins

William Faulkner

Yet it is not really very surprising that so far his novels have been read only by a few thousands. They are too characteristic, signed too indelibly with their author's mark, to be read and liked — as so many books are first read and liked — in mistake for the works of someone else. It is the reader who has voluntarily to make the first advances. Therefore it is quite usual for authors like Faulkner to begin with the publication of a number of unnoticed books: then quite unpredictably one book or another breaks through its own reserve — wins the public. The writer springs from obscurity to sudden eminence; from thenceforth his words are all weighed, and in what before was taken for mere encumbering *heaviness* the critics hasten to divine *gold.*

It is perhaps rather much to hope that in the case of William Faulkner this transformation will be brought about by *The Sound and the Fury.* It is his latest book; but whether or not it is his best book, it is certainly his strangest book. Indeed its method is so strange that perhaps I shall in the end give a better account of it if, instead of the usual analysis, I try to describe my own reactions on reading the book — if I write a travel article, so to speak, instead of a geography lecture.

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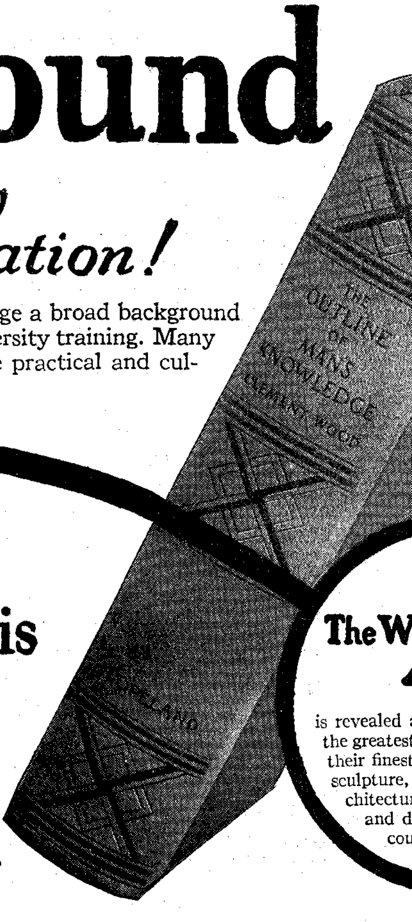

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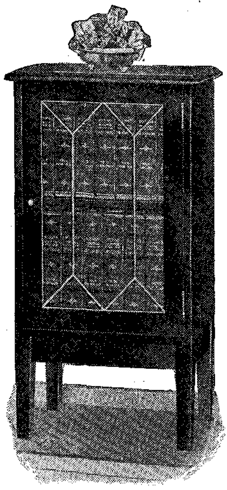

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Books

that I came to it strongly prejudiced in its favor on account of *Soldier's Pay* and *Mosquitoes*. So I did not let myself be dismayed on finding that the first ninety pages purport to be the drivelings of an idiot, or rather — for he was dumb and could not even drivel — a translation into words of the processes of his mind; that the sequence is associative rather than chronological, any given sentence referring to any moment in the whole thirty-three years of his life, or even to several moments confused together; that there is no explanatory matter; indeed, that there are gratuitous difficulties introduced (such as the bearing by two characters of the same name).

Now it may be objected that such a method makes demands on the reader's intelligence and patience which are unwarrantable. If the reader, for his part, insists on "understanding" everything as he goes along, on following the story, in short on a knowledge and comprehension of rational life denied to the imbecile in whose skin he temporarily finds himself — why, then it *does* make excessive demands on any but the psycho-analyst or professional reader of ciphers. But for myself, I soon ceased making any such effort. I was content to perform the mechanical function of reading — and see what happened. I soon found that there was a quality in the writing which held me, and a pleasure which was positive though of necessity indefinable. Moreover I found, by the end of this first part, that I had somehow imperceptibly acquired a considerable knowledge of the setting of this strange and terrible story — just as a man wandering in a fog who comes into a familiar road knows, without really seeing, the objects around him.

Then I began the second part. The fog cleared, to be replaced by storm. Those huge and lumbering shapes that had moved darkly before my eyes now became recognizable human figures, though picked out only by the wildest lightning, by the intermittent flashing of the intense emotion and hilarious farce of a suicide's last day. But from then on the light increases faster and faster, as it does at dawn, until, by the time one closes the book, the whole scene, the events of all those years, stand out with a stereoscopic clearness down to the least detail. One becomes suddenly and completely possessed of the *whole*.

Does the method justify itself? I would reply with an emphatic *yes*. The story was worth telling: it is well told: it does not seem possible that it could have been so well told by any other method. And that, it seems to me, is conclusive. It justifies itself, that is to say, in the hands of Mr. Faulkner. But it is a difficult tool: and Heaven help us if it gets into the hands of incompetent imitators!

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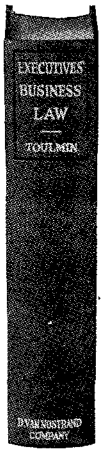

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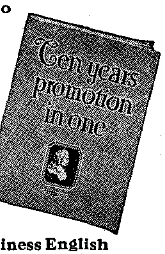
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Books in Brief

STILL in his early thirties, Robert Graves, the English poet, apparently decided to cleanse his soul of unhealthy memories by writing his autobiography. GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT (Cape & Smith, $3.00) is primarily a record of war experiences — and few better have been published either in fiction or elsewhere. Fresh from his rather unhappy school days at Charterhouse, Graves went to the front at the beginning of the war and stayed there for the greater part of its duration. He writes of those years with a wholesome detachment and poise which is more effective than bitterness or hysteria. He is frankly an admirer of the heroic tradition, the ideal of sturdy courage, yet he is alert to the horror and stupidity of the whole performance. His descriptions are sharp, illuminating, exact, his comments vigorously outspoken. On the whole, his account is not particularly subjective. It is not until later on that one realizes how cruelly his nerves had been shattered. This latter part of the book, covering the period of his marriage to Nancy Nicholson, is distinctly inferior, although its plentiful references to literary celebrities may please the potential lion hunter. In dealing with his life since the war Graves is less frank and, curiously enough, more inclined to indulge in pose and deliberate arrogance. It is for his admirable re-creation of the war years that this autobiography is worth reading.

SO RICH and varied is the theme of Jean-Richard Bloch's — AND COMPANY (Simon & Schuster, $3.00) that to summarize it is impossible. It is almost epic in its proportions. Because of the German occupation of Alsace, the Simlers, French Jews, refuse to remain in Buschendorf and bodily transport themselves, the goodwill of their business — which is just about all that is left of it — and all of their former employees to Vendeuvre. Here, under terrific difficulties and with almost superhuman effort, they create Simler and Company. The company becomes a juggernaut, crushing everything and everybody. The solidity of the family against all extraneous interests and the constant adherence of so many people to a single purpose is sometimes pitiful and frequently tragic. The story is intense throughout.

THE JURY which awarded the Gerhart Hauptmann prize for 1929 was a jury that knew its business. BITTER WATERS, by Heinrich Hauser (Liveright, $2.50), is realism of the better sort — direct, stinging, and pruned of irrelevant detail. Glen, a young German sailor, carries off a waif of a girl from a brother in Tampico and brings her home to a deserted farm by the ocean's edge. In primeval isolation they struggle for a year to reclaim their bit of earth, to stave off cold

JOSEPH CONRAD
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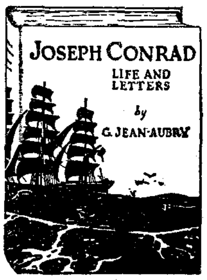

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Books in Brief

and starvation and the encroaching sea. Then the waves roll back and obliterate their efforts; the tide of events sweeps them apart and returns them to their starting places. Hauser's unhappy adventurers are primitives, but not clods. Their story, told with bleak simplicity, is genuinely moving.

FOR EASY but not saccharine reading, try YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN, by Katharine Brush (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00) — a fast-paced tale of newspaper people which deserves the city room epithet, "a good yarn." Toby McLean, sports writer, whirls into marriage with Ann Vaughn, movie columnist, expecting the future to be one long, irresponsible spree. Toby is lazy, magnetic, dangerously fond of drink, and infectiously gay. He stuffs bills into cubby holes, and storms when Ann pays them. He dreams of writing the stories for which she receives cheques. Follows the crash of their marriage, Toby's adjustment to reality, and his final reformation. Miss Brush's novel is crisply up to date and tingling with vitality. She introduces one to so many glamorous and amusing people that it seems ungracious to quarrel with her synthetic and unconvincing ending, her too facile solution of difficulties. Miss Brush has written an entertaining book. She could write a good one if she tried.

TOLD IN THE FIRST person, MOTHERS CRY, by Helen Grace Carlisle (Harper, $2.00), is the life history of an ignorant, inarticulate, blindly enduring woman who comes to realize, at the peak of tragedy, that experience is its own justification. Through her own revealing and halting words one follows the struggles of Mary Williams, widowed in her early twenties, to raise four children in a wretched little home in the Bronx. She loves them desperately and loyally, though without comprehension, and spends herself untiringly in their behalf. In the end, Danny, the vicious wastrel, hangs for his crime; Beatty is cruelly dead; Artie and Jenny have gone away. For their mother is only the knowledge that life has, at least, been rich with suffering and struggle. Except for the final passages, Mary's narrative is perfectly in character. Its unconscious humor and pathos are valid, not artificially contrived. Although in the latter part of the book the agony is piled on too thickly to be entirely convincing, it is a considerable feat that Miss Carlisle has performed. To stupidity and mediocrity she has given a tragic dignity.

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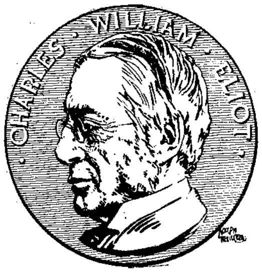

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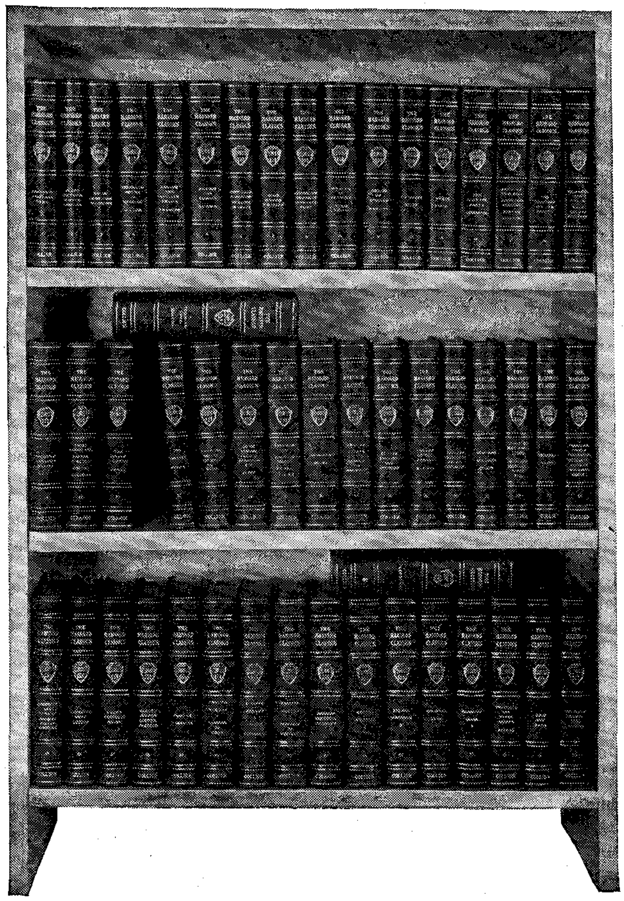

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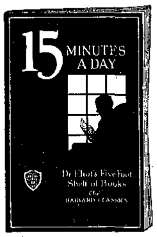

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Books in Brief

which were originally published in 1917 and 1918. In business the purposes of a merger commonly include the attainment of economy and the elimination of unproductive effort. This aim, if held by Herr Ludwig, has been but indifferently realized. Ample evidence might have been given that Diana de Wassilko had, like the goddess whose name she bore, beauty and love of freedom as well as generosity in matters of passion, without including incidents and characters that retard rather than forward the progress of the story. Fortunately for the patient reader, *Diana* gains in strength and depth, interest and sincerity as it proceeds. The latter half of the novel more than balances the crudity and amateurishness of the former.

FEW MEN of letters have been the center of such vitriolic controversy and misunderstanding as Ambrose Bierce. Now another biography has come forth with the avowed purpose of disentangling the maze of interlaced Bierce legends. It is to Carey McWilliams' credit that it has far less bitterness, fewer superlatives, and better perspective than have been found in previous efforts. Mr. McWilliams uses an effective rapier of wit and fact in disposing of the absurdities which have clung to the Bierce stories. In AMBROSE BIERCE, A BIOGRAPHY (BONI, $3.50) he has not sacrificed charm to thoroughness, nor authenticity to romance. The book is well documented, but not intrusively, and is, on the whole, a nicely balanced piece of biographical writing.

TO HIS ARID and perfunctory study, SIR FRANCIS BACON (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00), Byron Steel has given the subtitle, "The First Modern Mind." By what right, one wonders? For Mr. Steel's book is a straightforward, unimaginative chronicle of the external events of Bacon's life. It makes scarcely any pretense of dealing with the great Elizabethan in his capacity of scholar, scientist, philosopher, and man of letters. Consequently it throws no light whatsoever on the specifically modern qualities of Bacon's mind. Nor does it, even, illuminate the complexities of his character. This is a thin and colorless biography which makes poor use of provocative material.

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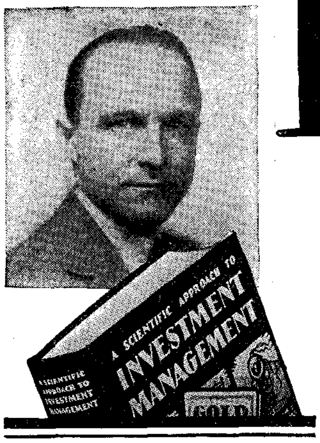

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Books in Brief

study of you, and of the symptoms which cause you the most trouble and are responsible for your mistakes. Reference is made to financial giants of the past, present, and future, and you are shown that their success is due to the fact that they consistently used one and the same system. While the book, in closing, offers the real Secret of Success, there remains a serious problem which the writer has been unable to solve. The percentage of successful speculators is conservatively estimated as two, and optimistically as ten. Now that we know how to do it, we shall soon be operating at one hundred per cent efficiency. Who pays?

IT SEEMS THAT there is a grim postscript to prison sentences in French Guiana. After their penitentiary term is over, convicts are required to remain as exiles in the penal colonies for years, often for life. It is about the sufferings of one of these men, ironically termed *libérés*, that Blair Niles has written her novel, FREE (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Stephen Latour, still young and still sensitive, emerges from eight years in prison to mingle with the broken, listless wretches who struggle hopelessly against starvation and tropical fever in the jungles and small towns of Guiana. After a bitter battle against inertia and the lulling temptations of romance, he makes his escape. Mrs. Niles' book has the same cruelly authentic ring as "Condemned to Devil's Island." It has its weaknesses as a novel, but as a picture of a strange and terrible land, it is excellent.

WHEN Emily Post and the etiqueteers began to grow tiresome, after their heyday back in nineteen-hundred-and-something, Donald Ogden Stewart knocked them over the head with *Perfect Behavior*. When Joan Lowell started to slip from fashion, Corey Ford was on hand to boot her out the door with *Salt Water Taffy*. And Dr. Walter Traprock — believe it or not, Mr. Halliburton — took most of the wind out of travelogues and discovery-logs with *The Cruise of the Kawa*. Therefore we welcome it as a promising sign that two humorists, E. B. White and James Thurber, have grown weary enough of dat ole davil Sex to write a book about it: IS SEX NECESSARY? OR WHY YOU FEEL THE WAY YOU DO (Harper, $2.00). They have been quite merciless in their treatment of sex-psychologists, complexes, inhibitions, and improper dreams, but what they have written is more than a parody — it is a funny book in its own right. It does not depend for its humor upon being smart at the expense of someone else — in the manner of Corey Ford — or upon Donald Ogden Stewart's (and a dozen others') brand of irrelevant insanity.

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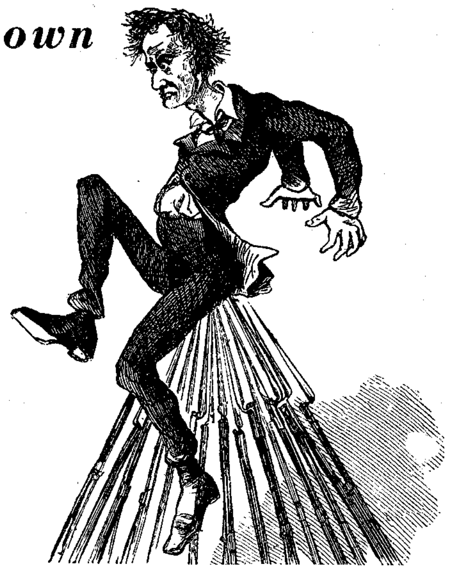

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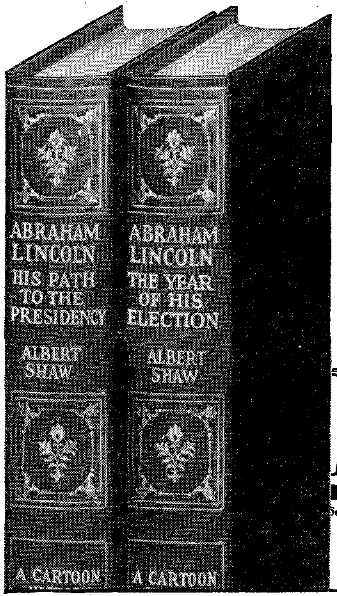
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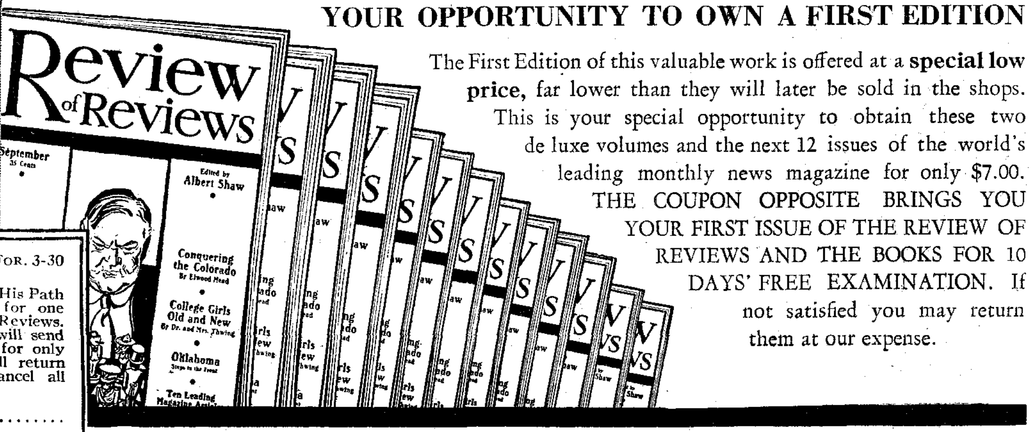

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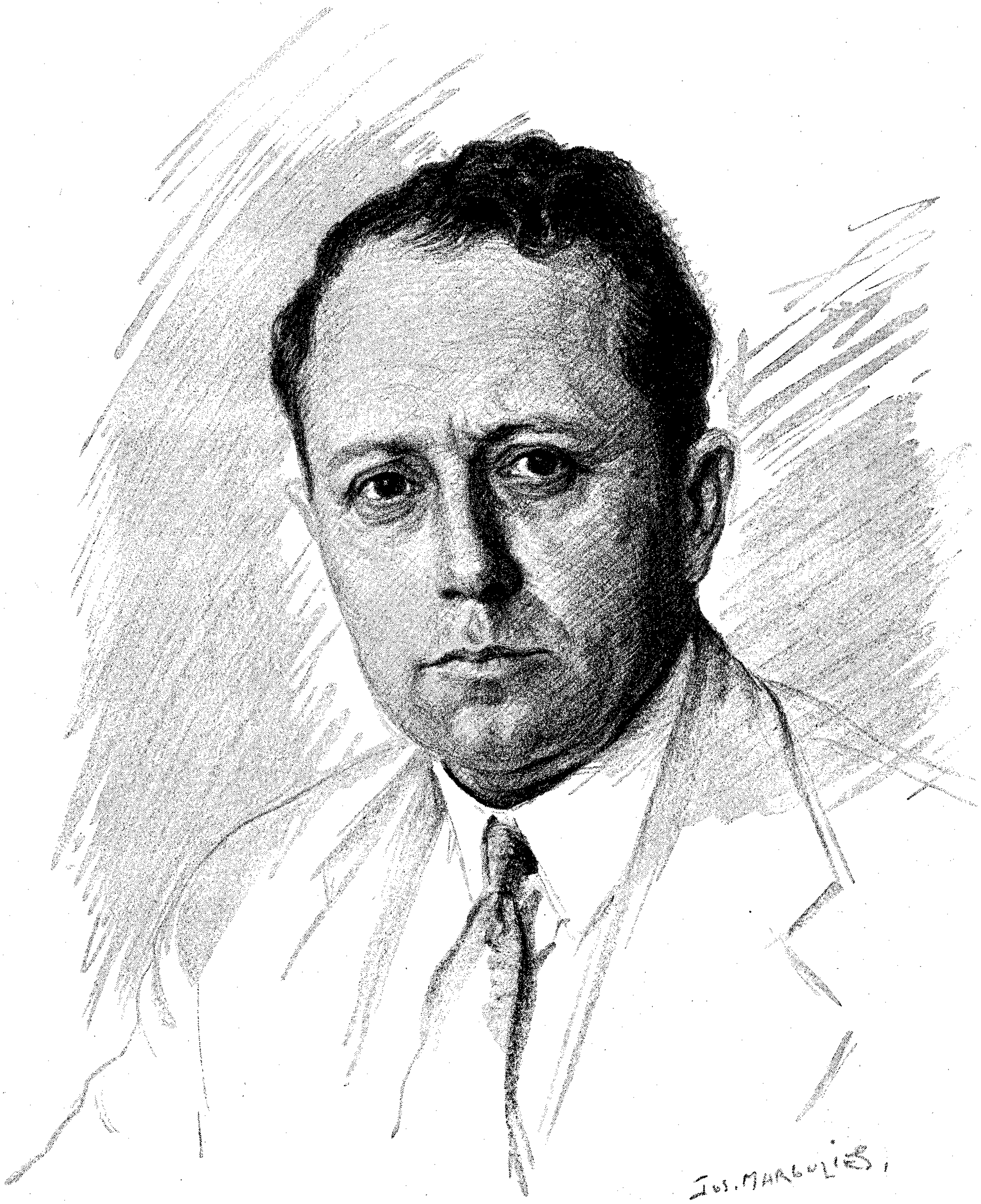

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Scholar and economic expert, Hoover's lieutenant in the Department of Commerce, defender and champion of business ethics.

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F O R U M

MARCH, 1930 VOL. 83, NO. 3

The Dividends of Honesty in BUSINESS

by DR. JULIUS KLEIN

Assistant Secretary of Commerce

THIS ARTICLE is a reply to the charge of John T. Flynn, in the December FORUM, that honor among business men is comparable to that reputed to exist among thieves. Business competitors, said Mr. Flynn, have found it to their interest to unite, with many a tall phrase about brotherhood and service, for the common purpose of scalping the consumer. The mere fact that they have given up most of the old petty larcenies at which the pure food laws and similar acts were aimed, does not convince Mr. Flynn that they have gone straight. In his opinion they have simply dropped wooden nutmegs for the confidence game. As evidence of this he cited several recent cases in which corporation directors have duped their stockholders for their own profit, with the tacit approval of the business world.

EVERY SO OFTEN someone revives the good old mid-Victorian conviction that practically all business men are brigands in more or less respectable disguise. There still are recurrent endorsements of Herbert Spencer's statement that the only code of the commercial world is "cheat and be cheated." There still are some, apparently, who use Emerson's contemptuous phrase in referring to business as "nothing but selfish, huckstering trade," or who echo John Ruskin's weary cynicism as to the futility of finding "a new kind of commerce which is not exclusively selfish."

Of course there are crooks in business — just as there are quacks in medicine and charlatans in the legal profession. Indeed, I seem to recall some recent instances of impurity even in the supposedly sanctified ranks of the literary world. But the regrettable fact that there have been some "best sellers" in the field of nautical travelogues which were skillful fakes doesn't quite warrant the offhand conclusion that all such efforts are frauds. Nor do the slime-slinging proclivities of a few so-called biographers of the founders of the Republic automatically justify the wholesale condemnation of all writers in that field.

It probably saves a lot of mental effort to indulge in a few sweeping invectives against all business on the basis of one or two oil frauds, or to draw an all-inclusive indictment of the manifest "criminality" of business, which "must be something terrible, else why should it have to be policed by formidable federal anti-trust laws, federal trade commissions, pure food laws, and other legal restraints?"

But, after all, isn't such reasoning very much like calling all Americans crooks because we need sheriffs and constables? We cannot look to a few tabulations of police-court blotters for an accurate and unbiased record of American social history. The briefs and decisions of anti-trust cases depict but one small fragment of the chronicle of American business — and that fragment emphatically cannot be viewed in its proper perspective if scrutinized with the distorted vision of a fervid sensation-seeker.

We have some 13,000 business organizations in this country. Because of the fact that our courts and the Federal Trade Commission have pounced upon some lumber group and half a dozen others for distorting the policies of such trade associations to the attainment of sinister objectives, there is no reason whatsoever to condemn thousands of others whose purposes are manifestly not only honest but thoroughly in the public interest. Almost every one of them has as one of its major objectives the setting up of rigorous codes of ethics, and any straying therefrom on the part of a few unprincipled individuals is promptly and usually effectively checked.

We are now living in a period of rapid economic change. New ways of making and selling things are appearing with incredible activity. Living standards and earning power are undergoing swift and extensive alterations. All of which has, of course, had a corresponding effect upon our whole business mechanism. Now it is a commonplace of modern history that every abrupt and drastic change in the economic fabric has brought into power in industry and commerce groups of individuals whose sudden elevation has apparently been too much of a strain on their ethical fiber. Thus we had the autocrats of the Industrial Revolution in England during the eighteenth century developing a type of ruthless exploitation which was not checked until the reforms of the eighteen thirties. Similarly to-day, in various industrial areas on the Continent the complete upheaval caused by the war has brought to the fore a new group of industrial leaders whose sudden acquisition of power has in some instances resulted in unprincipled policies in regard to wage earners and consumers.

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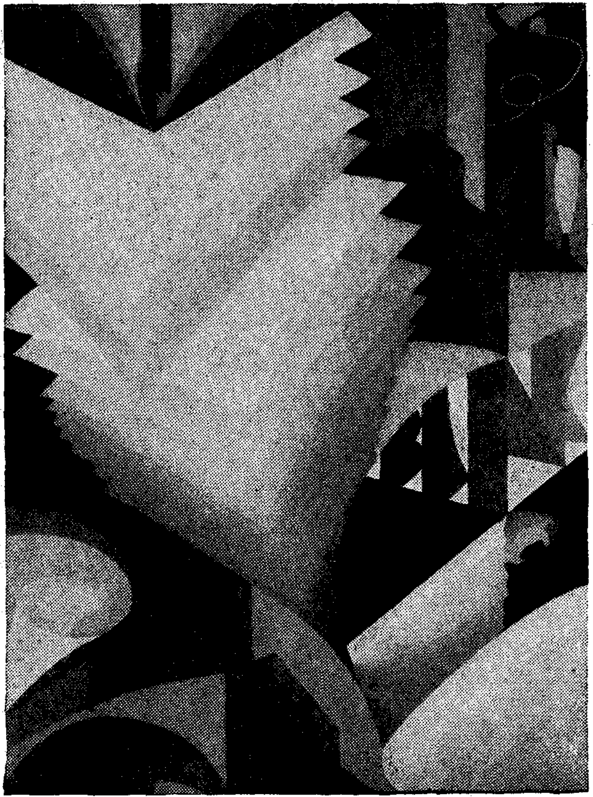

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SCRUPLES TEMPORARILY SET ASIDE

AMERICAN business is also undergoing important readjustments and entering into far-reaching experiments both in production and distribution. Inevitably such wholesale changes put an unusual strain upon hitherto untried timbers in the ethical structure. But this is counterbalanced by the fact that business to-day is vastly more complicated, more interdependent, than in the old days when smug secure isolation made possible countless breaches of commercial and industrial ethics without serious danger of detection.

According to some smart wit, the cryptic axiom, "Business is business," simply means that the merchant or manufacturer uttering it "has either just been 'skinned' or is about to 'skin' somebody." But business is a good deal more than a merry pastime consisting of predatory raids conducted by rival head-hunters. To-day its ethics are not a bit worse than those of any other body in the community. In fact, for certain good reasons, they are apt to be a little better; and the first of those good reasons is that in modern business — in contrast to conditions existing even a decade or two ago — it emphatically does not pay to be dishonest. Experience is demonstrating the accuracy of John Wanamaker's observation that "money is not made by aiming at money, but by doing things well." If a business man has any hopes of prolonged existence as such, he soon discovers that his code of behavior has, if anything, to be a little above that of the rest of the community.

Whether this condition arises from some inward urge or because of various forces of compulsion, seems to me to be of little consequence. It is rather difficult, and quite academic and trivial, to prove just how much of Little Johnny's good behavior arises from his own inherent high morals and how much from the fear of promptly meted punishment. We are concerned with the actualities of the case and not with the utterly unprovable mysteries of the reasons for conduct.

NO HONESTY, NO CREDIT

ONE OF THE most potent forces working for honesty in business affairs is the enormously increased significance of good will in our economic life. The very foundation of our whole commercial and industrial system is credit — and credit is only another name for confidence. These elements simply cannot exist in an atmosphere of chicanery. They cannot be created by compulsion of any sort. They rest upon inherent qualities of character. The elder Morgan once remarked that he was quite ready to lend a million dollars to some client who hadn't a cent in the way of tangible collateral, but who was equipped with a far more valuable asset — namely, sound character, plus ability.

Our credit mechanism has grown to an unbelievable extent during the postwar decade. It is a symbol of the fundamental integrity of our business world. Trading in the old days consisted of barter, of shrewd haggling and sly trickery between two individuals, each interested in outwitting the other in a direct swapping of commodities. Even a generation or so ago the operations of business were still quite simple and, on the whole, gave ample opportunity for such "horse trading" tactics. To-day, however, we have an amazingly complex system of transacting our commercial and industrial affairs, and an outstanding feature of this complexity is the imperative requirement of confidence and mutual regard. Otherwise the whole structure would be thrown into confusion immediately. In the field of financial transactions alone there is such a volume of interchanging paper, checks, notes, and vouchers, such multitudinous opportunities for fraud, that without a thoroughly well-grounded and widely respected standard of integrity the whole scheme of business would break down.

The element of good will hardly entered into business in the good old mid-Victorian era, but to-day it is perhaps the prime requisite for success. It isn't simply a vague generality, but a solid reality translatable into dollars and cents. Indeed, in many corporations, as recent merger operations have shown, the good will item is rated in cold figures, and at a higher value than the physical assets of the firm. How long would that be true if such corporations operated under the slogan, "The public be damned"? (This slogan, incidentally, has been distorted from the original meaning given to it by its author, Commodore Vanderbilt, who simply objected to being routed out of bed at three o'clock in the morning by an impertinent reporter, who insisted that "the public" must have a message from him at that moment.)

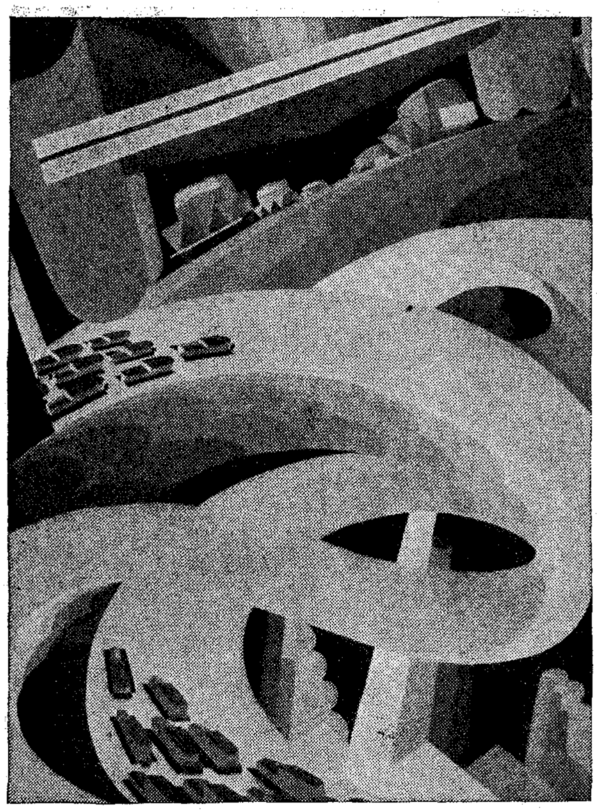
One of the most effective guarantees of the maintenance of policies calculated to build up good will is the very large part which advertising has come to play in business. Sound publicity simply means that the advertiser is pledging himself to the public to maintain his reputation for integrity. He steps out into the open, where any shortcomings of his product

RADIO

or his policy can be promptly singled out by his competitors or by the vigilant consumer. An increasingly large part of the hundreds of millions now being spent on advertising in this country is devoted to precisely this type of good will maintenance. This is evident not only in the campaigns of individual firms, but of whole industries, which, through their trade organizations, are definitely committing entire industries to the maintenance of sound, ethical policies.

In these days, when such public declarations are the accepted rule in business, it is perilous for any individual or group to make itself conspicuous by failing to take the public into its confidence. Competition has become so intense and — what is more important — the means of communicating news as to delinquencies have become so much more alert and effective, that the consumer is firmly intrenched in a "you've-got-to-show-me" position. It is manifestly up to the manufacturer and merchant to prove their right to the confidence of the consumer and of the public in general. There are now too many ways of finding out what is going on behind the business scenes to risk any other policy but that of absolute honesty.

TRAFFIC



THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS — and naturally anybody in business hopes to be classified in that category — has for its slogan to-day, not the antiquated and thoroughly discredited "*caveat emptor*," but rather something that might best be expressed as "*imperator emptor*." Broadly translated, that would mean "the buyer is boss," or, to put it in the phraseology of some of our more successful department stores, "the customer is always right." And that policy is followed, not necessarily because of any silly, milk-and-honey, millennial ideas as to the superior moral integrity of the mass of consumers, but simply because of the well-founded belief that such a policy pays.

When Mr. Sears was launching his first effort, which grew ultimately into a vast mail-order organization, he sold a batch of dollar watches to some brakemen in a near-by freight yard and gave an absolute guarantee of the durability of each timepiece "against all hazards." One day a grimy brakeman stepped into his little establishment and solemnly dug out of his pocket a handful of nondescript springs and sprockets — evidently the remaining innards of a completely annihilated watch, which he had brought back to show Mr. Sears the futility of his sweeping guarantee. When the latter inquired as to the cause of the catastrophe, the brakeman replied that the watch had bounced out of his pocket and, sailing through thirty feet of space, had finally struck a steel "frog," or rail crossing piece. Mr. Sears promptly handed him a new timepiece with the remark that "that guarantee still stands, no matter what kind of 'frogs' get in the way of these watches." Of course, the news rapidly spread and sales began to climb at once. And that policy of promptly taking the customer's word and assuming that he is quite as honest as the dealer, has ultimately built up an establishment with 40,000 employees and an annual turnover of millions of dollars.

"BUT BUSINESS IS SO COMMERCIAL —"

AND RIGHT HERE it might be well to pay our respects to a few more raucous members of the so-called intelligentsia, who shriek denunciations at the avarice which lies at the root of all business effort. *Of course* business is frankly for the purpose of making money;

otherwise there would be no business. But is there any other method of earning a living which is exempt from that motive? It seems to be not entirely unknown in the professions, and even in the arts. It is true that in the latter case the percentage of financial success is, according to rumor, not very high. Poets still seem occasionally to lack the wherewithal for haircuts; musicians still munch their crusts in frigid garrets, especially since the advent of the talkies. But these tragedies do not prove that such conditions arise from any choice on the part of the victims.

Our European critics, echoed by the mournful chorus of some of our expatriates in their midst, still have difficulty in suppressing their tears at the thought of our "gross materialism," our devotion to good plumbing, comfortable shoes, and nicely balanced ledgers. But when these transatlantic cynics find themselves in a position to acquire these very items of sordid wordly goods, they seem to have no hesitation whatever in doing so — though doubtless their motive is to utilize such acquisitions solely as aids to further "cultural advance" — whatever that is.

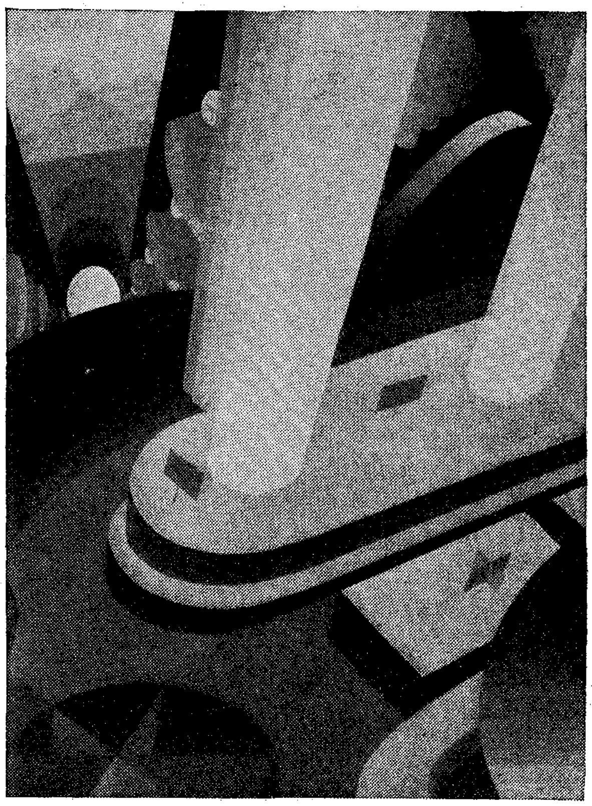
The American philosophy seems to be that physical misery and gaunt necessity offer about as much incentive toward wickedness as toward cultural exaltation. Instead of being wholely debasing and demoralizing, it is our experience that business success stimulates the sale of concert tickets, musical instruments, the maintenance of creditable art galleries and conservatories in communities which were the wilderness haunts of savages only two or three generations ago. In fact, this very element of material prosperity which is viewed by some of our less fortunate friends abroad with such thinly disguised scorn, is by all accounts the very reason why about 400,000 of our "low-minded, materialistic" citizens spend some $800,000,000 a year on trips of homage and inspiration to the very homelands of the arts across the sea whence come these scathing denunciations of our sordid avarice.

COMPETITION FORCES FAIR PLAY

I HAVE NOT denied that there are occasional strayings from the straight and narrow path which modern conditions have combined to lay out for our business executives. But shortcomings in business behavior to-day seldom arise from intentional malevolence; they are the result of misinformation and unintentional blundering rather than deliberate misbehavior. The penalties for dishonesty, for sly practice, are so swift and severe that no business man can afford to take a chance on escaping detection for any length of time, either by vigilant competitors within his own industry or by some rival group. In addition to the competition within trades, there has grown up a struggle between industries — wood versus metal in construction, rayon versus silk in fabrics, countless chemical synthetics versus natural products — which is so intense that the slightest flaw in the product or the most trivial ethical shortcoming on the part of the manufacturer is promptly pounced upon and capitalized by an ever-watchful rival group.

No industry, however maliciously inclined, can afford to follow Boss Tweed's arrogant example and demand, "What are you going to do about it?" — because the answering chorus from a hundred directions is "Plenty!" And there is abundant power to back up that threat. Business ethics these days simply must be — and are — sound; otherwise modern business could not continue to function as it does.

DEPARTMENT STORE



Mata Hari Trapped

Drawings by Edw. A. Wilson

by MAJOR THOMAS COULSON

A British Army Intelligence Officer during the World War

MATA HARI, the most dangerous and elusive of Germany's women spies during the World War, was born in Holland in 1876. She began her career as a dancer and courtesan in Paris, where her beauty and her daringly exotic exhibitions soon made her the talk of the boulevards. Before the war a vaudeville engagement took her to Berlin, and there her intrigues with high police officers led to her enrollment in the German secret service. During the war she was stationed in Paris, and her most successful exploit was in revealing to the Germans the Allies' plans for a great offensive. In the guise of a Red Cross nurse Mata Hari had gone to the little town of Vittel — a concentration point during the preparations for the offensive — and had secured the necessary information about the surprise attack. This became evident when the Allied offensive was launched, for the Germans were thoroughly prepared to meet it, and thousands of lives were wasted in the futile attempt.

All this while, Mata Hari's activities had been suspected by the French Second Bureau, and their secret service agents had been jealously watching her without being able to ascertain how she was communicating with the enemy. Finally they discovered that through the courtesy of the Dutch Ambassador to France, Mata Hari had been sending letters in the diplomatic pouch, ostensibly to her daughter in Holland, but in reality they turned out to be code messages dispatched to the German secret service, whose headquarters were in Amsterdam. The French had learned this by placing one of their agents in a position where he could examine the contents of the diplomatic pouch, and this agent finally intercepted a message which came to Mata Hari from Holland thanking her for the information about the attack and requesting her "to pursue a matter previously mentioned." Even with this evidence it soon became apparent that the French were powerless to bring the spy to trial.

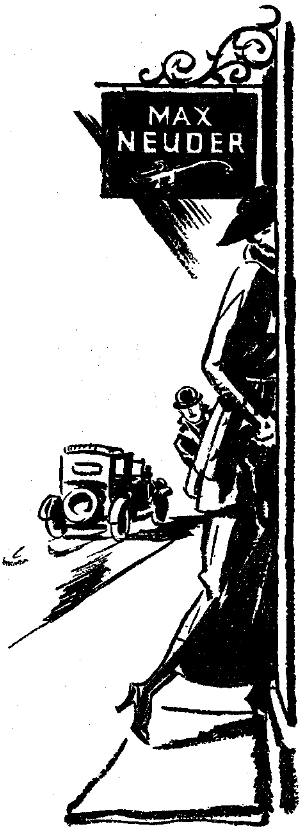
THERE ARE few policies on which any general measure of agreement may be expected of the corps of ambassadors in any national capital; but there is one which instantly draws them together into an articulate unanimity, and that is any threat against their common diplomatic privileges. These privileges are guarded so jealously that any breach is regarded almost as gravely as a violation of territory. Consequently, when it was found that one amiable but indiscreet ambassador had suffered his diplomatic mail-pouch to be used as the means of conveying a treasonable correspondence against the security of the nation to whom he was accredited, there was much impotent indignation among the French officials. But they had to proceed with the greatest delicacy. It would never do to expose the indiscreet diplomat, because that would alienate the sympathy of others who might feel that they were being submitted to the same undignified suspicion and were having their correspondence examined by spies. While all were not so treated, some were.

Again, these were dark days in France. A Ministerial crisis was imminent upon the question of national security. Mutiny had broken out in a portion of the army. As a result of the venomous campaign of enemy agents working upon a war-weary and discouraged populace, revolution was threatening to raise its grisly features in the streets of French cities. And, quick to sense this state of internal weakness, some neutral countries whose friendship for the Allies had never been very demonstrative, seemed only too ready to provoke a quarrel in order to range themselves on the side of the apparently victorious Central Powers.

To precipitate a hostile declaration or even to embitter relations with one of these neutral states might be the turning-point in the war. A revival of confidence in the leaders of French opinion and a successful military campaign were alike necessary before the French could openly proclaim the application of a high-handed policy over the abuse of diplomatic privileges.

Therefore Mata Hari was allowed to retain her freedom. She was to be secure from molestation by the French authorities until she committed some new blunder. The only consolation was that, with a little luck, they could continue to learn what military secrets she unearthed by persevering in their supervision of her correspondence.

With her work at Vittel accomplished, Mata Hari was now free to enjoy the more congenial atmosphere of the capital. Being in Paris with the gratifying feeling of having accomplished safely a piece of difficult and dangerous espionage, she plunged whole-heartedly into her old life with a gusto stimulated by her recent denial. She reappeared on the stage, to the admiration of the officers on leave and the Parisians who sought distraction from the accumulated troubles that threatened their entire happiness. In a few houses, wealthy old bachelors whose selfish profligacy overcame their fears for the national safety, continued to dispense a furtive hospitality which was incomplete without the central figure of the entrancing *bayadère*, with or without her veils.



The officers of the Second Bureau were anxious to learn what line of investigation she was now following in accordance with the secret instructions hinted at in the first intercepted message from Holland; but her activities were so cleverly conducted that no hint of her purpose escaped the secrecy surrounding her. Then came a ray of hope. Mata Hari suddenly announced her intention of returning to her home in Holland. There was little doubt in the minds of the French officials that she was merely taking this opportunity to consult with her employers; on the other hand, there did not appear much likelihood that Mata Hari would attempt to return to the scene of her successful spying, so that Paris would be well rid of an undesirable guest. No obstacles were placed in the way of her departure, but her passing was signaled to the British.

SCOTLAND YARD TAKES A HAND

In those war days anyone who wanted to journey from France to Holland had to go by way of England. There was no alternative. Accordingly, when the boat in which Mata Hari was traveling touched at Falmouth, the police ordered her to accompany them to London for examination as a dangerous person. The chief of Scotland Yard at that time was Sir Basil Thomson, who has left an account of the interview in his book of reminiscences. Thomson admits that he was impressed by the intelligence the spy displayed in her answers to his questions and her quick repartee. He was not able, however, to secure any incriminating confession from her, so she was finally released and allowed to continue her journey to Holland.

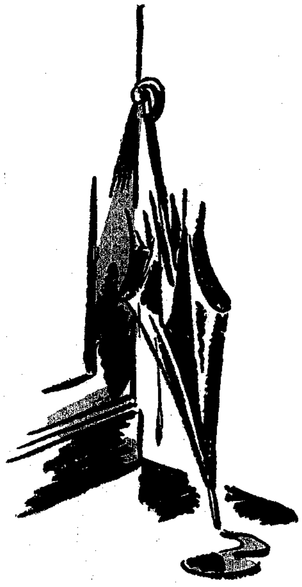
Almost immediately upon her arrival in Amsterdam, Mata Hari paid a visit to the tobacco shop kept by Max Neuder. This establishment was already under the close surveillance of the Allies' agents, for it was known to be a "letter-box" for numerous German spies. The postal censors knew that they had a prize each time they intercepted a letter addressed to the innocent-looking tobacco shop. Mata Hari's visits to this place were promptly reported to headquarters in London and in Paris, thus confirming further the existing suspicion against her.

After employing herself about the usual haunts of German Intelligence agents in Amsterdam and Antwerp, the dancer spent some little time in Germany, where she had the opportunity for more intimate contacts with her chiefs. No doubt it was in direct collaboration with them that the next stage of her activities was carefully planned.

At this period the German Intelligence Staff was enduring much annoyance from the existence of an efficient counter-espionage service which the Allies had organized in Belgium. Indeed, the amount of spying and counter-spying which went on in Belgium must have been phenomenal, for the Allies were able to command the assistance of practically every Belgian in the occupied territory who possessed the necessary hardihood and who was capable of responding to the claims of patriotism. Simple peasants did what they could; educated men like Judge Lacroix accomplished infinitely more because they occupied influential positions; and cultured women like Louise de Bettignies achieved marvels of deception.

Louise de Bettignies deserves special mention because her refinement seemed to render her singularly unfitted for the rough and active work of organizing a corps of spies to operate in British interests. Two of her deceptions were masterly.

Her usual disguise was that of a lace-seller, which enabled her to tramp from village to village organizing her little band of spies; but it did not spare her from periodical searches by the alert women agents of the German police. Her principal tormentor was one woman agent who made a practice of seizing and searching Louise on sight. On one occasion this active counter-espionage agent encountered Louise at a moment when the girl would gladly have been spared a meeting, because she was carrying papers that would certainly involve a terrible punishment were they discovered. It was a stormy, wet day, and Louise was carrying an umbrella which she humanely offered as cover to the police agent who fell into step beside her. As soon as they arrived at the first town, Louise was ordered to enter the police station and submit to a very thorough search.



Although the girl was stripped naked and all her possessions examined with minute care, nothing of interest was revealed. But the search appeared to have frightened the girl; she was abnormally agitated when informed that she might proceed on her way. This agitation was stage play. Louise knew very well that she was under suspicion of being in possession of secret documents, and at all costs she had to draw the attention of the agents from the hiding place of her treasure. But their attentions were considered sufficient excuse for the girl's apparent agitation, and the police saw nothing extraordinary in the fact that she walked out of their station without her umbrella and had to return some minutes later to recover it. That mere act was a fine stroke, for it showed the enemy agents that this article was a trifle which could be easily overlooked; in point of fact, the papers were concealed in a hollow rib of the umbrella. No ruse could have distracted attention from the hiding place better than this.

On yet another occasion this same spy was requested by the British to furnish them with information which would enable them to locate enemy gun positions in the neighborhood of Lille. The task of giving such exceedingly exact information was beyond the capability of any code. Nothing but a very accurate map could suffice. Nevertheless, Louise had among her many assistants several who could draw a map with creditable accuracy, and also a photographer who was able to apply his art to the reproduction of a minute copy of this work. The precious map was eventually reduced to the size of a large pinhead, but even this had to be carefully concealed. At last a lens was removed from the frame of a pair of spectacles; the paper was stuck on the edge, and the glass replaced. It went safely over the frontier in this hiding place and the English were able to perform one of the most successful counter-battery shoots that had occurred during the whole war.

In order to overcome this menace of spying in Belgium, where the enemy agents were giving evidence of increased audacity, the Germans determined to make use of their accomplished instrument, Mata Hari. The dancer was ordered back to Paris with instructions to obtain the necessary information which would enable them to break up this nest of spies. After her experience in London it was out of the question to send her back by that route. So she returned to France through Switzerland, and, thanks to her diplomatic associations, she experienced no difficulties at the carefully-guarded frontier.

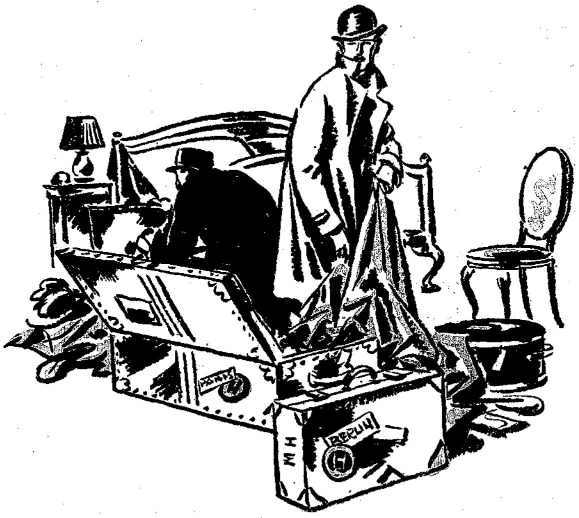
Left to herself, Mata Hari seems to have been equal to most occasions; but now that she was only the instrument of a prearranged scheme, the whole affair was sadly bungled. It was conducted in full accordance with a routine that never varied. It lacked the subtle touch of the master-spy. To appreciate the significance of her subsequent actions, it is necessary to understand another phase of spy tactics.

A Bit of Spy Tactics

It is impossible to apply the ordinary standards of conduct to the well-trained spy. Not only is his psychology a thing apart, but his every action must be studied; nothing can be left to chance if suspicion is to be averted. Thus, any course which would be a simple, automatic action on the part of an innocent person, becomes a tortuously complex proceeding for a spy. The most severe test of all must naturally come when the secret agent finds he is being watched by his opponents. Unless the man has an abnormally strong character, he is likely to become panic-stricken when he first learns that the police are observing his movements. He may then commit some foolish indiscretion which will lead to his conviction as an enemy agent. To guard against this contingency all the German spies were carefully instructed in their behavior, should this emergency arise. Calculating that a bold action would best divert suspicion, their agents were instructed how to act in the manner best designed to convince the watchers of their loyalty.

The most popular plan was for the spy who felt he had incurred suspicion, to march boldly into the headquarters of the enemy and volunteer for service in *their* interests. So completely was this plan worked out that the agents were actually furnished with suitable information for their reports should they be engaged. The nature of this information was usually the most terrible imaginable. The Germans were able to expose people whom they desired to see punished — some for quite harmless reasons, others for spite.

Naturally, the agent was placed in a very difficult situation. First, the counter-espionage agent of his own service, charged with supervising him, might imagine that the agent was acting falsely and take drastic measures for disciplining him. Second, the agent had to accept whatever mission was allotted to him by his new employers, and, after making a pretense of performing it, had to present a report which must bear the scrutiny of experts. He was, therefore, running a double risk.



The work had one very useful purpose, however, in revealing those points in which the enemy were most interested. The agent, having volunteered for service, usually reported this fact immediately to his superior, to whom he also communicated the nature of the information he was required to provide. If the German headquarters approved of his action, they supplied the man with the necessary replies to meet his requirements, and thus deceived the enemy. But spies working in two camps are never trusted until they have given unmistakable proof of their loyalty. On the Allied side at least, an offer of enlistment was usually enough to bring a person under grave suspicion of having been sent by the enemy. If the volunteer was known to be in the employ of the German service, the action taken greatly depended upon what purpose he could be made to serve.

Mata Hari Calls on the Enemy

Now, if Mata Hari had been left to her own devices to obtain information on the Allies' spy system in Belgium, it is probable that she would have adopted some scheme involving great finesse and indirection. Instead, however, her first move upon returning to France bears the unmistakable mark of the German secret service and its inability to discard outworn methods. Imagine, then, the incredulous surprise that was occasioned at the office of the Second Bureau when Mata Hari called there one morning and asked to interview a responsible officer. It is doubtful whether any visitor ever reached the inner sanctum of this almost impenetrable department with less delay. Not one, but a whole group of responsible officers, awaited her pleasure.

Mata Hari explained that she wished to accept employment in the French secret service and recited her qualifications for the work, mentioning her numerous acquaintances in influential positions in Berlin and other places.

"But," asked Captain Ledoux, "you will pardon us if we approach this question carefully. What is your motive, madame, in volunteering for this work? You are a Dutch subject. It cannot be patriotism which urges you to undertake the task, and obviously there must be some strong motive which inspires you to perform work that might end in your death."

"There is no question of my patriotism, *mon capitaine*. Nor is there any question of treachery, for Germany is not my country. My sympathies are with France and I am willing to work for her provided you will pay for my services. I am in desperate need of money."

This was certainly a strange answer, because Mata Hari had just made some fresh dancing engagements for which she was well paid, and she had not yet spent all the money obtained from the sale of her furniture. Besides, she had other means of restoring her finances that were less hazardous than spying against Germany.

"Since you suspect that, because I am only a neutral, I may not be animated by motives of loyalty to France," she continued, "I will give you proofs of my sincere attachment to your country. Yes, I will give you those proofs before asking to be assigned any work in your service."

After some questioning the officers found that there was little information they could gather on points which they supposed she might have been instructed to inform them. But they did not know the tremendous extent of her secret knowledge.

"Do you know, messieurs, how the Moors are being supplied with arms?" she asked when their questions had ceased.

"Yes, we know that."

"You know that they are being landed from submarines; but do you know where and when? Naturally you do not or you would have stopped it. Then I will tell you, if you think that it would be of interest."

Interest!

Since the beginning of the war the German propagandists had been stirring up trouble in Morocco and Algeria among the native population, who, as recently as 1912, had shown their willingness to revolt by brutally murdering the Europeans as a protest against the French protectorate. In order to encourage them to take further steps of open antagonism which would require troops for the maintenance of order, the German authorities were providing the natives with modern rifles. This was regarded as such a severe threat to the French colony, in view of the fact that every available soldier had to be withdrawn from Morocco for service on the French front, that espionage agents had worked laboriously but unsuccessfully to discover how the weapons were admitted to the country.

That Mata Hari should offer to furnish this information filled the French officials with blank amazement. However, one of the officers assured her that if she could provide enlightenment on this problem, there could be no further reason to doubt her loyalty.

"Then, messieurs, if you will watch the harbor of Mehediya during the early days of March, you will be rewarded. Submarines run their cargoes of rifles into the harbor before taking their station at the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea."

"That is exceedingly interesting, madame, if true. Suppose you allow us a little time to ascertain the truth of the statement. If we find that what you say is correct, you will be given a mission in our service. Would you also mind telling us how you, living here in Paris, should have come into possession of such very confidential information?"

"I am frequently required to visit the homes of diplomats to provide entertainment for their guests, and with some of them I have an intimacy which enables me to hear the conversations at their dinner tables. Those diplomats are not always as discreet as they should be, messieurs. It was at a recent dinner that I heard this conversation about the submarines, and I thought it might be of value to you."

(*Continued on page 189*)

News by COURTESY

Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

by JOHN T. FLYNN

If THERE IS one settled principle of action in this commercial society of ours, it is that he who pays the piper will call the tune. To this we may add another obvious and simple bit of widsom: the piper must be paid. One set of pipers which are generally taken for granted are our daily papers. The reader pays about one-fifth of their cost. Somebody must pay the other four-fifths; and that somebody is, of course, the advertiser. We must not be surprised, therefore, if the tunes these pipers play are those which please the ear of their generous contributor.

Surely you are accustomed to the bleat of the radio announcer who informs you that the program is coming through the courtesy of the Great American Sausage Company. Now if our publishers were as honest as our radio stations, they would print this legend across the tops of their front pages: "The news and opinions published in this paper are coming to you through the courtesy of the General Motors Corporation, the Bliss-Bangle Department Store, the National Biscuit Company, the Lucky Strike Cigarette Company, and all other advertisers whose names appear in this edition." And they would admit that the news and editorials are "sustaining programs."

Here let me state a simple problem in good taste. Suppose you listen in at your loud-speaker to an entrancing concert which, you are told, is coming to you through the courtesy of Old Gold Cigarettes. Immediately thereafter the station announcer presents a gentleman from Iowa, who entertains you with a blast of invective against the wickedness of cigarette smoking. You might think very little of cigarettes, but you would say that it was very bad taste for the broadcasting station to take the money of the Old Gold people and then deliver them a blow under the belt. There would be something unfair about that, and no one would blame the Old Gold Company for withdrawing its patronage.

The same relationship applies to the newspaper. The advertiser supports it; it could not exist without him. The reader insists on letting someone else pay his bill for him. And so the publisher hands the bill to the advertiser, who thus becomes the host at the feast. This being the situation, the publisher who would turn upon the advertiser would be branded as unfair. Publishers know this. They make a lot of pretty phrases about their duty to their readers. Some of them perhaps believe in this duty, but for the most part it is accepted as a part of that conventional hypocrisy with which many unpleasant disloyalties are lubricated.

In the Good Old Days

The reader has never supported the press. In the early days the editor had to depend on the bounty of the politician. Some of these patrons were so parsimonious that many editors had to find other sources of money. A favorite measure of the debt-harassed editor in this country was selling patent medicines. The small town paper in ante-bellum days carried a full line of quack nostrums and the post rider who delivered your weekly *Advertiser* or *Intelligencer* would also bring along your box of pills for the ague. Those who reverence old times love to weep copiously over the passing of the old editor — free, independent, courageous, colorful. Colorful he was, with his bag of venemous and scurrilous adjectives and his flintlock pistol to enforce with bullets the vituperation he hurled in type. Courageous he may have been. But he was never independent; he was never free to serve his readers.

The newspaper of to-day represents the interests of the advertiser. It represents the commercial civilization which the advertiser supports and fashions. It serves the advertiser by turning the light on those things he wants illuminated. And it serves him still further by keeping its beams away from those areas which he wants left in darkness. The reader has no right to complain about this. He will have no right to demand any other policy until he is willing to foot the whole bill himself. He will get all the news when he pays for it. As it is, he gets *some* of the news — and certain portions of this he gets very much diluted, flavored, and colored to suit the taste of the man who pays the bill.

To all this the average publisher replies feelingly that no advertiser would dare to dictate the policy of his paper. That is true. The publisher is under the influence not of the advertiser but of *advertising*. Of course the advertiser does not tell him what not to print. But because there is such a thing as advertising, and because his paper lives by it, the publisher knows there are certain subjects he must not touch. He may think he is right when he says he is free. What he overlooks is that he is himself the product of this system. If he were not in accord with it, if he did not believe in the dominance of advertising and the ethics of modern business and the importance of secrecy and silence about many things, he would not be a successful publisher.

But if advertisers do not dictate what shall be printed, they manage to get a vast amount of material into the papers. On the very day I write, there appears in almost all the New York dailies large four-column advertisements of a new ten-million-dollar issue of debentures by a large utility investment company. Accounts of the issue also appear in the financial news columns of these same papers. These news accounts in all the papers save the *New York Times* are in precisely the same language. All of them contain the sly reference to "the consistently successful investment record of the company" and the "well-distributed character" of its investments.

Where were these alleged news accounts written? Not in the newspaper offices, certainly. They were written in the publicity offices of the banking houses and printed in these reputable newspapers and palmed off on their readers as news. A writer in the *Quill* — a fraternal magazine dealing with professional journalism — says that half the news in the financial sections of New York papers originates in handouts, one-fourth from the tickers, and the rest is dug up by reporters. *Editor and Publisher*, alluding to this statement, thinks that the reporters' contribution is *less* than twenty-five per cent. Any experienced editor can pick out examples similar to that given above from almost any newspaper. In a recent copy of the *New Haven Register* — a paper on which I once worked as city editor — I counted no less than forty-two such contributions, all presented as news and all written in the offices of publicity men. I have myself, on more than one paper, edited hundreds of columns of such material.

Publicity as News

The real estate sections of most papers are almost wholly inspired in the offices of the realty agents. The automobile sections and theatrical departments are almost entirely made up of publicity material. As for the sports pages, they have long been a source of anxiety even to publishers. Some years ago the American Association of Editors named a committee to investigate the numerous criticisms of our sporting departments. I would be interested to know what ever became of that committee.

Baseball reporters travel around the country covering games, their expenses paid by the ball clubs. The prize fight ballyhoo, conceived wholly in the interest of the promoters, has reached a stage where editors are beginning to protest.

"There are mighty few papers in the United States," said William P. Beazell, late Assistant Managing Editor of the *World*, "that can look back without shame on the part they played in the Sharkey-Stribling bout." New York sports writers were invited to a banquet by the Madison Square Garden promoters backing the Florida show and were begged to help put the fight over. Put it over on whom? On the readers of their papers. And the reporters did put it over; it could not have been done without them. They went down to Miami on a special train as the guests of the Garden and wrote their ballyhoo while they basked in the hospitality of the fight managers.

The literary efforts of the publicity man get into other portions of the paper as well — on page one and into the editorial columns. Leon C. Bradley, propagandist of the Alabama Power Company, testified recently that he could get editorial matter into one Birmingham paper without leaving his desk, and that he had got seventy-five articles into a Montgomery paper in one year. Power companies in the State of Washington spent $73,500 on advertising and an additional $70,000 on publicity in three campaigns involving municipal ownership. Mr. Bracket, an official of the Puget Sound Power and Light Company, told the Senate Committee that cartoons sent out by his organization were used liberally in Washington papers.

However, the advertiser is served not so much by what goes into the newspaper as by what is left out. The Scripps-Howard chain uses as a trade mark a device containing the picture of a lighthouse throwing its beams out over the dark waters of the sea. The legend beneath it is "Give the people light and they will find the way." It would be impossible to improve on that. The primary business of the newspaper is to give light. Its basic function is to report fully, accurately, and fearlessly the public affairs of the community. All the gossip about the private business of erring, quarreling, and adventurous people which makes up so large a part of the news, comic cartoons, sports, humorous columns, special articles, fiction, pictures — all these things are important in the newspapers as means for enlarging circulation. People like these things just as they like movies and phonographs and football games and other forms of amusement. Supplying them is a perfectly legitimate business. But full, impartial information on our public affairs, daily or at least periodically, is absolutely essential to the permanence and security of a free society.

Presumably the papers perform this function; actually it constitutes but a small part of what they do. In a recent edition of the New York *Sun* there were three hundred and twenty columns of printed matter. Only thirty-two columns — one-tenth of the space — were employed in reporting public affairs, including the activities of the stock markets. The rest was taken up with advertising, stories, jokes, cartoons, humor, sports, and so on. Now these things are put in purely to get circulation, but I do not object to them as long as the readers want them. Nevertheless, they are no part of the essential function of supplying news to a community.

The newspapers are essentially reporters of facts, which is the reason that I center discussion on them and do not include the magazines, which are forums of discussion. There are plenty of magazines, and among them they present practically every shade of opinion. Moreover, their presentation is unrestricted. This is not true of the news columns of the newspapers, which are all subject in varying degree to one limitation — that while they are supposed to light up the whole landscape with their beams, what they are actually forced to do is to keep those beams away from portions of the landscape which the advertisers wish to remain in darkness.

NEWS THAT IS NOT "NEWS"

NEWSPAPERS get their news through reporters who roam certain regular beats where the news is supposed to break. But there are large areas of the landscape which are fenced off and into these no beat leads. Outside these forbidden enclosures the editor is quite free. Thus there is an immense amount of extremely important news being made every day which the paper makes no effort to get. In consequence there are great economic and social problems the facts of which are never reported in the newspapers and which the public cannot intelligently discuss.

Where are these untraveled beats? They are everywhere. The bankers' offices in Wall Street have fences around them. What is printed about them is usually in the form of a handout passed to the reporter by the publicity man at the gate. There are fences built around the trade associations. These organizations of merchants and manufacturers formed into trade groups are slowly developing into guilds. They attempt to fix prices, parcel out territory, curtail production, fix the terms of existence within the trade, and generally regulate competition. This is called "self-government in industry." What is overlooked is that in fixing prices, production, and trade routes, a trade association is governing not merely itself but the public which does business with it. It is in reality assuming a function of the general government and this function it proposes to discharge in absolute secrecy. So it withdraws behind its fence; and the newspaper, which is supposed to serve its readers, recognizes and respects the fence. The activities of merchants, the prices at which goods are sold, the price spreads, the special sales by which the public is hoodwinked, the mergers of department stores and other businesses, and the queer reasons behind some of them — all these things go on in those dark, unpatrolled areas which are closed off from editorial inspection because of the partnership which exists between the paper and its advertisers.

Public officials are visited and questioned regularly. Why not the officials of large corporations? Of course, the publisher answers glibly enough, these men are concerned with the domain of private business and the paper cannot take the same liberties with them as with public officials. But does any publisher maintain that his paper is concerned only with public affairs and not with private business? The truth is that public affairs now have come to take second place to private business in the newspapers. The papers pry into our homes, ferret out our household skeletons, fill their pages with all sorts of scandals about our private lives — and then they tell us that they cannot pry into business because it is private!

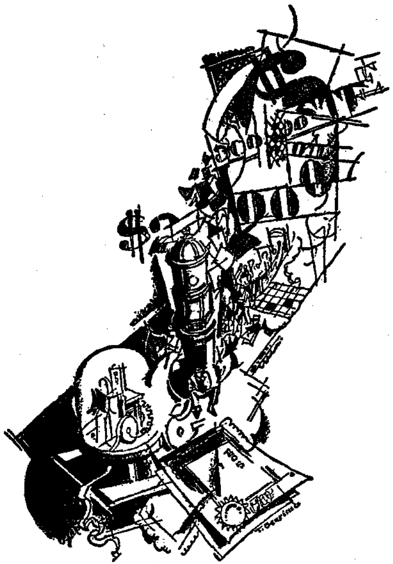
The simple fact is that big business is not private business any more. We make a powerful use of words. We continue to talk of public ownership and private ownership. That old distinction grows ever thinner. A water power company selling water to a town and owned by the twenty-five thousand people constituting that town, is called a publicly owned business. An electric light company selling power to the same town and owned by twenty-five or fifty thousand stockholders is called a private business. Both of these are publicly owned. Most of our large business is now publicly owned. We may distinguish between public ownership through the corporate community and public ownership through the large corporation, but the activities of these enterprises are as much the concern of the public as the activities of our civil administrative bodies. Their affairs are public affairs and can no longer be regarded as private affairs in the old sense. And they should not on that ground escape the illuminating beams of the press.

Business has been able to put over this theory of secrecy with extraordinary success. Of course, it is quite natural for the business community to wish to be left alone to pursue its designs without scrutiny. For years the English Parliament excluded reporters from its halls. In our own country the Senate in its early days attempted to adopt the same theory and even liberal leaders like Jackson and Jefferson chafed under the jibes of their journalistic critics and tried their hands at suppression. It is not surprising, therefore, that business men should feel the same way about it.

In all I have said, I hope I have avoided the foolish error of putting business men and advertisers and publishers down as villains. As matters stand, the publisher can hardly publish a successful newspaper upon any basis other than that which I have outlined. The advertiser is acting in obedience to perfectly natural impulses. I am not against big business or against advertising. I merely urge that neither should be permitted to stand in the way of the process of supplying the people with news. As long as advertisers and business pay for the performance of this function, they will have a right to dictate the terms and the reader will have no just reason to protest. The publishing of the news should be in the hands of a publisher who has no other interest. He should be supported by the readers; as I said before, they will never get all the news they require until they pay for it.

The Way Out

How are we going to remedy the situation? My own belief is that there is not the slightest hope of making any change in the character of our present commercially owned press. Attempts to reform it, emancipate it, force it to behave must all prove useless. It is highly profitable and the men who own it are and must continue to be hopelessly satisfied with it and committed to it in its present form. Our only hope lies in the rise of an entirely new press — the ad-less newspaper. I have not in mind any more of those daily or weekly organs of dissent, reform journals, socialist newspapers like the late *Call* in New York, or religious newspapers like the *Christian Science Monitor* in Boston. Frequently they erect as many fences as do their commercial rivals — only in different locations. I do not urge the creation of any more organs of controversy like the *New Republic* or the *Nation*. These are well enough in their way, but in the first place, they are organs and, in the second place, they are platforms of discussion. What we need in this country is not more discussion but agencies to supply us with *facts* about our affairs.

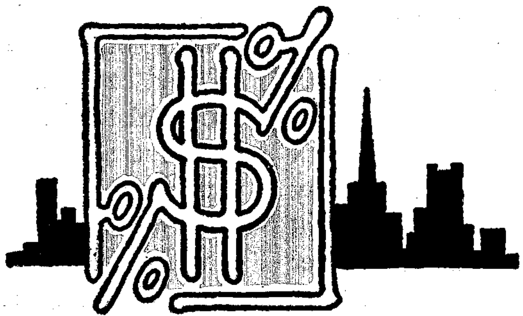


I fear there is little hope of seeing such journals founded in local communities for some time to come. But I am not so sure that there is not a field for them upon the national stage — a national weekly newspaper which would be not a carping critic of everything, not a political journal, not an enemy of the present industrial system, not a protagonist of any system, but just a simple, interesting, honest-minded reporter of all that is taking place in our public affairs, civil and industrial, done in the best newspaper style, but limited to the reporting of facts, facts, facts.

How much would a newspaper be worth to a man if it put him in possession of all the facts about the things on which he spends all his income, which would give him a chance to be an intelligent purchaser rather than a blind dupe, who, through a conspiracy between those who sell him and those whose business it is to keep him informed, is kept in darkness about all that he buys? It is even conceivable that after such a newspaper justifies itself, the present advertiser-supported newspaper may be completely driven from the field of printing the news. It might fill its pages with its jokes and its pictures and its fiction and whatnot, leaving the publication of the news to an entirely different type of paper — one paid for wholly by the readers.

Now I have a feeling that in saying this I am a very small figure throwing pebbles at a very mighty fortress. There is perhaps little enough hope of the fortress immediately crumbling under the attack. And yet I do present this remedy as an ideal — a kind of objective to be some day attained. I would not close the door to the gathering and presenting of news to any man. There should be no qualification required of him save his ability to get his instrument of distribution working. After a while an ethical standard might be created so that he would be forbidden, at least by the force of public opinion, to accept money for the support of his paper from any source other than his readers. The achievement of this ideal may be a long way off. But it will come. This struggle for the freedom of the press is a very old one. It will never be quite won until we have the ad-less newspaper and the news-less adpaper.

Why Your Taxes Are HIGH



Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

by EDITH HAMILTON MACFADDEN

ACCORDING to legend, there are but two certainties in this world — death and taxes. Despite the efforts of health institutes and the optimism of scientists, death will probably remain with us for some time, but payment of taxes is by no means inevitable. If there is any certainty at all about taxes, it is their uncertainty in a country whose state laws are riddled with loopholes through which thousands of favored individuals and institutions escape their share of the tax burden under cover of "exemptions."

There are two reasons for venturing upon a discussion of this long-ignored topic. First, the paying of taxes is a privilege as well as a duty. A citizen's taxes are a measure of his independence. It is to our best interest, therefore, to see to it that everyone who has achieved some measure of independence should bear — and share — the responsibilities which are the guarantee of his freedom.

This, the "moral" reason for our investigation, will probably sound unconvincing to the materially minded — in other words, to most of us. But there is also a mercenary reason, which may make the situation much clearer. The costs of government must be met, and our biggest national asset is land. Taxes taken off at one point must be added at another. Any scheme, therefore, which relieves certain favored persons or organizations can only result in increasing the tax burden of those who remain on the assessment lists.

Whenever the public fully realizes that this is the ultimate significance of tax exemptions, I suspect that the state legislatures will be much more careful than they have been about granting them. Buried deep in a recent report of the Massachusetts Tax Commissioner one will find this rather startling sentence: "An exemption from taxation is but another way of taxing the people." This, of course, is the most pressing justification for discussing the problem, and one which is sure to strike a responsive chord in all taxpayers.

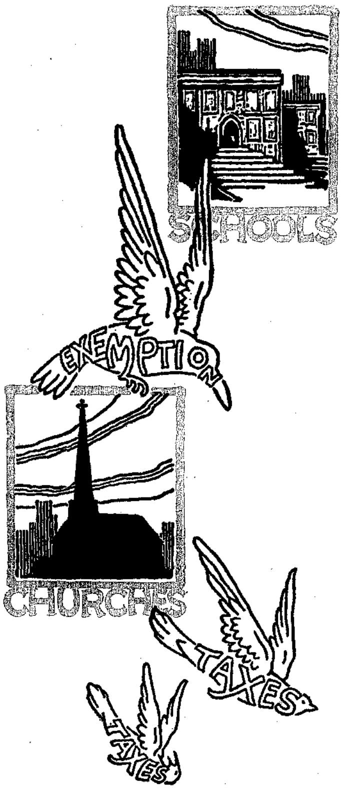
Massachusetts — the state in which I live — is a prime example of the evils of tax exemption. If I seem, however, to place undue emphasis upon conditions in my own state, it is not because Massachusetts is the only sinner; it is because I have made a thorough study of the situation there and believe I am competent to discuss it. Indeed, I know from a preliminary survey which I have made of tax exemptions in New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland that the facts I have uncovered in Massachusetts are not unique. The reader will do well to bear in mind, therefore, that Massachusetts is not a horrible example held up to the scorn of forty-seven guiltless commonwealths, but rather that the conditions in Massachusetts may be taken as typical of a state of affairs which may be found in greater or less degree throughout the Union.

In brief, the Massachusetts situation is this: one-fifth of the entire property of the Commonwealth is now tax exempt, the whole tax burden of the state being carried by the remaining four-fifths; and exemptions are increasing at the rate of sixty million dollars annually. The seriousness of this wholesale evasion becomes evident when one considers where present tendencies are leading: if exemptions continue to increase at the present rate, the entire state will be tax exempt in another hundred years.*

Originally, the custom of granting exemptions was based on good reasons, only a few of which still apply. I say "custom" because the Constitution of the Commonwealth authorized no exemptions and they did not become legal until 1835.

In that year a statute was passed allowing four exemptions — and thirty more have been added in less than a century!

THE ORIGIN OF EXEMPTIONS



THE OLDEST claimants to special privileges in the matter of taxes were the churches. In Massachusetts this is a survival from the Colonial system, which, in turn, went back to the English tradition of a state church under the control of the government. In Colonial times all the people worshiped in one church — the meetinghouse. Indeed, they were legally required to worship and to maintain a minister, and since the church they used was public property, common to all, it was quite properly exempted from taxation.

Now, however, whether for better or worse, there is no longer one church and one sect in each town, but several churches and several sects. Churches are now privately owned, privately administered, and privately financed. It is evident, therefore, that although church property was once, in a sense, government property, and certainly was public property, it has ceased to be either. It is now private property just as much as a man's dwelling, the only difference being that ownership is vested in the congregation instead of an individual. In spite of this, church property is still exempt from taxation and to-day the tax assessors of Massachusetts ignore over $118,000,000 worth of church property just as if it did not exist.

There is an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth which forbids the "grant, appropriation, or use of public money or property or loan or public credit . . . for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding any church, religion, denomination, or society." To continue to exempt church property from taxation is certainly a flagrant violation of this amendment, for it means that the citizens of the state are taxed at a higher rate in order that the churches may not be taxed at all. Exemption is just a subterfuge by which private property is taxed to support the churches, and these facts alone should invalidate any claims which the churches may have to special favor. When one realizes the corruptions that have arisen under this privilege — purchase of land by churches and maintenance of it, untaxed, until the unearned increment yields vast profits — the folly and injustice of the whole system becomes insupportable.

If the exemption of churches robs the public, exemption of private schools and colleges robs it even more, for while the influence of the churches is waning, that of the schools is growing steadily. In medieval England the church accumulated such large holdings that the state, under Henry VIII, had to confiscate ecclesiastical property in order to protect itself. This same general procedure was repeated in France during the Revolution, and we have seen a very recent instance of it in Mexico.

Curiously enough, a parallel situation is developing in America to-day, though with us schools and colleges have stepped into the rôle of the medieval church. While it was once the custom for wealthy men to make large grants of land and money to churches and monasteries, modern philanthropists show an increasing tendency to bestow land and buildings upon educational institutions. So long as such property remains tax exempt, the situation is identical with that in sixteenth century England — on the one hand, a steady increase in the amount of land withdrawn from taxation, and on the other, a steadily mounting tax rate on the land that is left.

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* In this, as in all succeeding parts of this article, I refer only to exemptions on real estate. Exemptions on personal property — and, more important, on coöperative banks and certain securities — are another question, and one which will eventually call for inquiry.

Already one hears murmurs of protest from harassed citizens against this mounting burden of state taxes, and sooner or later the legislatures will be compelled to take notice of it. While it is unlikely that any of our states will ever come to the point of confiscating tax-exempt properties, they will be compelled in self-defense to find some remedy for this growing evil. The simplest and most probable course will be to abolish all exemptions and reduce the tax burden by spreading it equitably over all the land in the state.

Educational Exemptions

MANY PRIVATE schools and colleges are denominational institutions under church control. I have examined the courses of study in a large number of them and have yet to find one in which chief emphasis was not placed upon religion. Thus when we exempt Roman Catholic parochial schools from taxation, we are giving public money to sectarian instruction, and the same is true of all the Protestant schools which boldly stand on a sectarian basis. These institutions have absolutely no right to state aid and they should be removed from the exemption lists.

Indeed, the same is true of *all* private schools, colleges, and universities of whatever character. That they could still thrive without the exemption privilege is proved by the fact that Wellesley College has had to pay taxes on a large part of its land, that being the condition under which the land was given. At present the real and tangible property of private educational institutions in Massachusetts (excluding libraries and memorials) is valued at $192,000,000 — and all of it is untaxed, except in a few instances such as Wellesley. A glance at some of the typical college towns in Massachusetts will illustrate the unfairness of the present system. In Williamstown sixty per cent of the property is untaxed; in Cambridge, twenty-five per cent; in Northfield, about seventy per cent. This means that the townspeople must pay very heavily indeed for the privilege of having a college in their midst.

EXEMPTIONS
COLLEGES

As though the exemption of churches and private educational institutions were not enough, there are countless abuses of this privilege under one pretext or another. For example, I find a Turkish bath listed under Boston churches on the exemption list, on the ground that certain baptismal rites belonging to the Hebrew religion are performed there. No Jew of my acquaintance has the faintest idea what these rites could be. This is undoubtedly ridiculous, but is it any more absurd than the fact that anyone living in a house where five children come "to school" does not have to pay taxes on the property? Or that a theater which allows people to come in to watch rehearsals is "educational" and therefore tax exempt? Or that any number of clubs are untaxed because the members living in them are "students"? As a matter of fact, is it any more ridiculous than to allow an exemption originally granted to "the Yard" at Harvard — in other words, to land covering about three city blocks — to remain in force when the property has expanded to include fifteen colleges, two theological schools, and six preparatory schools, with a valuation running into millions of dollars?

It is unpleasant to have to record that the churches and schools have not been entirely guiltless in abusing their privileges. The Roman Catholic Church is especially adept in avoiding taxation; all property owned by it, whether or not devoted to religious purposes in the strict sense of the term, is lumped under one head on the tax lists — "Archbishop of Boston," "Archbishop of Fall River," and all other Archbishops. In this way sectarian publishing houses, clubs, social centers, and lands and buildings of every description are lumped together as property devoted to the worship of God, and all of it escapes taxes.

THE SINS OF CHARITY

THE NEXT most grievous offenders are the charitable organizations, whose Massachusetts property, valued at $80,000,000, is tax exempt. If the legislature were asked to appropriate to these philanthropies the amount now given to them each year in tax exemptions (almost $250,000), its refusal would be emphatic. Curiously enough, the number of charities seems to increase in direct proportion to the rise in property values. Unerringly charities head for places where real estate prices are likely to jump. After examining the tax exemption lists, I am inclined to say that charity, although beginning at home, invariably ends in some locality where the price of land is high and where there is a chance of its rising still higher. One has only to look at the Salvation Army, which has seen fit to invest part of the money given to it for relief of the poor in over a million dollars' worth of Massachusetts real estate, in order to realize that untaxed land has a great deal to do with charity, and that charity itself covers a multitude of sins.

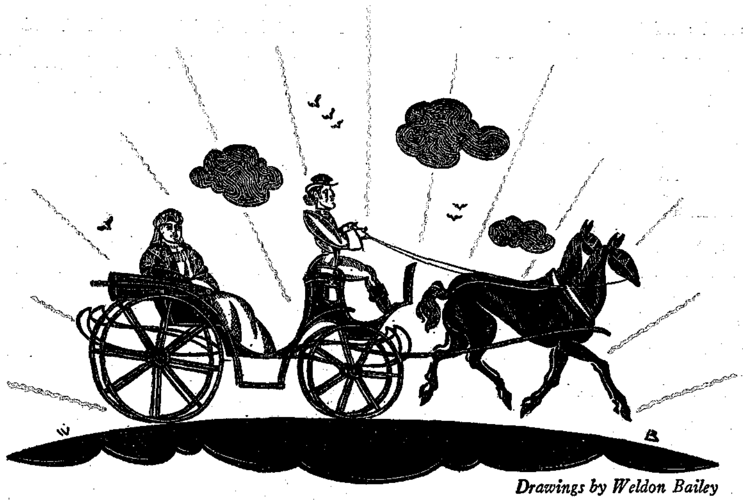
The average American pays little heed to generalities or theories, but once he has reliable facts before him, he is quick to see their personal, social, and political significance; and usually he is prompt in dealing with them. The problem of tax exemptions is principally one of facing the facts — the fact of increasing exemptions on the one hand, and the fact of mounting tax rates on the other. Massachusetts is laboring under an unwise, unjust, and dangerous policy, and in this respect Massachusetts is only an example of a general condition. According to the Louisiana Tax Commissioner, more than one-half of the property in that state escapes taxation, and the chief cause is exemptions. Seventy per cent of Arizona property is exempted. Conditions in New York are four times worse than those in Massachusetts.

Some may maintain that the enormous increase in exemptions is the result of an abused privilege. This I cannot believe; I hold that there is a fundamental error in the policy itself. In view of the growth of churches, schools, and charities, and in view of the fact that they are no longer public property, it is impossible to apply the old laws. And since they are no longer applicable to present conditions, the laws should be changed.

The Michigan Board of Assessors has succinctly stated the problem and the answer, and although it is referring to tax-exempt securities (a question on which we have not touched in this discussion), its words apply equally to exemptions on churches, schools, and charities. "The exemption of this class of property . . . creates social unrest, in that the tax-paying public vigorously protests against the creation of privileged classes among our citizens in matters of taxation. Furthermore, the owners of these securities" — or the members of churches and private schools, and the organizers of charities — "enjoy all the privileges of government that are enjoyed by the home owner, the farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, and other owners of taxable property. It is only right, therefore, that the owners of this class of property should be called upon to pay something for the privileges they enjoy under government, and that something should be a fair share of the costs of the government of the state . . . in which they reside."

EXEMPTIONS
TAXES
CHARITIES

God Bless VICTORIA!



Drawings by Weldon Bailey

by HUGH WALPOLE

I

THREE TIMES lately I have encountered her charming, stubborn, divinely appointed little ghost, in her bonnet and shawl, with the pony chaise waiting decorously under John Brown's guardianship, and the Indian servant, his arms folded, his eyes fixed sternly on his tawny-colored East. . . .

The first occasion was at a dinner party in the house of Elias Thompson, the world-famous novelist. Paintings by Braque and Segonzac were on the walls, but in the center of the table reposed, with a ghastly, pallid complacency, a pile of wax fruit under glass. Over this little mausoleum hovered the adorable, stout little ghost. "I have come back, you see. And this is only a beginning . . ." It did not seem to me at all odd that before the end of dinner a well-known (and exceedingly modern) poetess said to me: "Do you like Tennyson? I adore him!"

A week or so later I was privileged to have tea in the house of a young woman who, some months ago, permitted the famous Mrs. Devazy-Watson to decorate her mansion in the very latest style from top to toe.

"How do you like it?" my hostess asked me when she had taken me up and down and in and out. I didn't like it. It was not that I objected to the slabs of green and orange, the ceilings swimming with nude women, very fat and muscular, the angular, shiny furniture, and the beds like planks in a condemned man's cell. I disliked it only because it was all so dusty and trying to the eyes.

She saw my doubt. "I hate it," she fiercely whispered. "I would like a feather bed, candles, and a tin bath tub." She was of course exaggerating, but again the stout little figure and the pony chaise hovered triumphantly near.

Then, this week, I have been staying with what the daily press calls "one of our youngest and smartest married women" — my friend, Mrs. Rattle, who only three years ago was a leading member of the band known as the Bright Young Things. Mrs. Rattle is greatly improved by marriage. When she was a B. Y. T. she was a little too deeply enamored of pyjama parties, privately printed masterpieces from Florence, and the deadliest and greenest kind of cocktail.

She has an enchanting infant of two. This child is all that it should be in the way of obedience and pretty manners, but I had not been in Mrs. Rattle's house twenty-four hours before I realized that the poor little thing was suffering a discipline that put Mussolini entirely into the shade.

"You are bringing this child up rather strictly, aren't you?" I asked Mrs. Rattle.

"Strictly!" she replied. "Look at the sort of upbringing I had! Why, my parents let me do anything I liked. Not so with *this* child I can assure you!" And once again the little ghost. . . .

WELL, after all, life is only one damned exaggeration after another, and I am not writing this article to prove that we have all, with one whisk of the skirt and the trouser-blade, flung ourselves fifty years backward! If one thing is at all certain in this very uncertain world, it is that we never go back. No, we never return, but what we do do is to make new patterns — and the pattern that this year of grace, 1930, seems to me to be beginning to contrive, both in Europe and in America, is, I think, worth examining.

The Great War, assisted by Professors Freud and Jung, taught the ordinary simple man and the ordinarily not quite so simple woman that they ought first to be ashamed of themselves, and, secondly, to be much more ashamed of the God who made them (or didn't make them, according to the latest discoveries.)

This sense of shame is, when he is conscious of it, the very first thing that man tries to get rid of. And quite rightly, too. It was easy in this present instance to shift all the responsibility upon a Deity who couldn't answer back and (again according to the latest discoveries) had been for thousands of years putting up a bluff, claiming a fine piece of work that He hadn't really had anything to do with!

Here, then, was this humbugging Deity, and here was this poor oaf, man, who (according to the latest discoveries) wasn't responsible for a single one of his stupid actions.

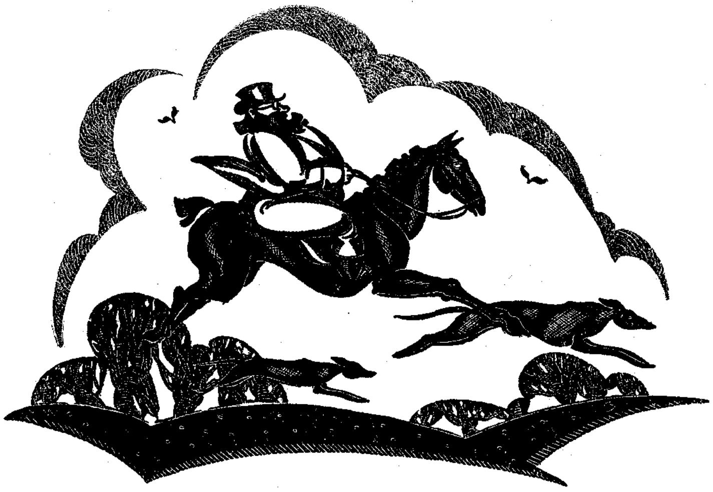
And here, of course, was found to be the great, irrefutable difference between those whiskered, peg-topped gentlemen, those crinolined, locket-wearing ladies, and ourselves: namely, that they not only shouldered the responsibility for their acts but definitely expected a message of thanks for them, while we admit no responsibility and would fling the thanks scornfully into the dustbin even if we received them.

Look for a moment! Behind every Victorian act, lurking in the railway bridges, the almshouses, the protection of crossing sweepers, the benedictions of Florence Nightingale, the poems of Tennyson, the elopement of the Brownings, the curses of Lady Lytton, the Crystal Palace, the Italian opera, the County of Barchester, the immoralities of Covent Garden, the romances of Kew, the saintliness of Wilberforce, the *Origin of Species*, the jokes of Theodore Hook, the Highland cattle of Balmoral, and the indiscretions of Prince Edward — in all these, and more than these, lurked always the Noble Purpose; and the only question that this paper, influenced as it must be by that bonneted figure, that pony chaise, and that Indian servant, is going to ask is — simply — whether that same Noble Purpose (disguised of course) is about to return!

The Noble Purpose of the Victorian Age was one-third noble, one-third ignorant, and one-third courageous. The nobility in it produced sentiment, the ignorance conceit, and the courage fortitude. We are to-day, in 1930, neither so sentimental nor so courageous. We are certainly more conceited. But a word as to this sentiment. There is nothing to-day, whether in Europe or America, that we fear so completely as sentiment. We call it sentimental to believe in any kind of God, to believe in home life, in business integrity, in morality in art, in morality in marriage, in conduct inspired by unselfish motives, in romantic friendship, in happy endings.

And, in one sense of the word sentiment, we are perfectly right. The Victorians set up a standardized morality in which they never believed for a single moment. They pretended that the instant two people were married their lives were consecrated to one another. They pretended that parents, because of their superior wisdom, had every kind of right over the children. They pretended that the human body was an unpleasant object, decent only in darkness. They pretended that all British business was immaculate. They pretended that God's eye was never closed and that Sunday observance covered a multitude of sins.

All of this has been said so often before that it was platitude long before Lytton Strachey made it a public monument; but there



Anthony Trollope, a ton in weight, riding to hounds

is one point about it that has not, I think, been sufficiently emphasized — namely, that at the heart of this apparent hypocrisy there was a perfectly genuine and real belief. This belief was neither dogmatic nor ethical; it was a belief of blood and bone, of sound health and a pursuing, inquisitive vitality: it was a belief in the absolute worth-whileness of human life.

III

IT WAS EASY to refuse to drop conventions when the blood was coursing so warmly through the body. So long as life was an adventure, the clothing of life could be as absurd as you please.

Take some of the typical figures. Dickens with his amateur theatricals, his public domestic quarrels, his little expeditions to Paris with Wilkie Collins; Anthony Trollope, a ton in weight, riding to hounds although he could scarcely see in front of his nose; Elizabeth Barrett being rescued by her impetuous lover out of her dark room, turning tables in Florence, and shouting "*Viva!*" out of Casa Guidi windows as the procession passes in the street below; horse-faced George Eliot eagerly holding her Sunday salons; Mrs. Trollope and her Cincinnati Bazaars; Mrs. Oliphant, bravest of women, scribbling her fiction beside the bed of her dying child; Fitzgerald affectionately scolding Posh for his extravagances; Meredith and Leslie Stephen shouting arguments on the Sunday walk — these figures as we look back on them have a kind of radiancy of health that is not, even in its origins, altogether fallacious.

Yes, but that cocksureness was bound to go. It was a cocksureness (at least as far as England was concerned) of class as well as of belief. A great deal of our present anæmia has its origin in our determined assertions that every man is as good as his fellows. Every man is *not* as good as his fellows. And in that direction at least the bonneted figure is going to win her victory. And it is, I think, one of the oddest features of our present state that we should be so actively engaged in reasserting the importance of individualism while at the same time we nourish the individual on the meanest little standardized tabloids of false science.

At the word *science* the pony leaps into the air, the Indian servant springs to attention, and John Brown prepares for the enemy. It is surely here that we are conscious of the great change, although possibly there is no change at all, for we have simply erected one conceit in place of another — nobility of conduct has given way to pride of knowledge.

Everyone must be aware that our literature of the last ten years has had pride of knowledge for its motive, just as Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope depended upon nobility of conduct for theirs. Our novels, from *Ulysses* to Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point*, have been the most conceited works of fiction English literature has ever seen. Exulting in every possible gibe at that poor fish of a fish, the Son of Man, exaggerating every sexual and physical act until the air is dark with phallic symbols and the floor befouled with excrement, they have yet been as nobly moral and as coldly chaste as the stories of Charlotte Mary Yonge. They have done a great service for us in the clearing away of humbug, a great disservice in their constant teaching that man has an ignominious beginning, a worthless conclusion, and an intermediate biological frustration. "Teaching," yes; for these novels, poems, and philosophies of our postwar world are intensely moral. There, at least, we may shake hands with our Victorian aunts and uncles. Just as Thackeray complained that the conventions of his time forbade him to tell the sexual truth, so we may say that the conventions of *our* time forbid us to tell anything else, and the hypocrisy of the one is quite as blinding as the hypocrisy of the other.

In our eager desire to tell the truth at last, we miss it as completely as the architects of the

Albert Memorial ever did. Our new and chilly individualism has led us to a perfect flood of sterilized autobiography. The Victorian poets, novelists, and painters were driven to creation. They were seized with a kind of ecstasy of making things, so that Browning must paint when he was not writing poetry, and Trollope must garden, and fantastic figures of an almost demoniac energy — like Henry Kingsley and Laurence Oliphant — were to be found on every side.

And then, after the roaring tempest of that extravagant creativeness, comes the still, small voice of our own period trying to tell the truth. Trying to tell the truth about ourselves because science — which has extended the planetary system at one end to a quite blasphemous distance and has plunged its fingers into the bowels of the electron at the other — has told us that, after all its exertions, it isn't really very sure of anything. So nobility of conduct and motive being forbidden, and the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth being the only duty of the artist, autobiography is the only wear. And autobiography of how depressing a kind! Instead of the glorious vigor of Mrs. Gamp, Major Pendennis, or the savage Heathcliffe, we have the consequences of a Seidlitz powder and the obstinacy of a nauseating chill.

IV

NOR IS this to say that our own period is drab or in any way less picturesque than the Victorian. It is gayer, brighter, more adventurous. Victoria knew nothing lovelier than a silver airplane flying against the sun, nothing so marvelous as the strains of the Philadelphia Orchestra challenging the air for a thousand miles or more, nothing more eloquent than the tombs of the Unknown Warriors. We are alive to-day, I have no doubt, in the most thrilling and adventurous period that man has yet passed upon earth. "Ah, yes. Here is the same old Victorian conceit back again. They thought that they were the most marvelous of possible beings, and from that belief spread all their sentimentalities, hypocrisies, and the rest!" But there, exactly, is the difference!

They found their splendor in their immortal destiny; we are finding ours in the courage of men who, hopelessly wrecked, are clinging cynically to the bare rock. We have no destinies at all. We have no nobility because we have no souls, no individuality because we are but chemical formulas. We have no hopes because we have nothing to which we may look forward.

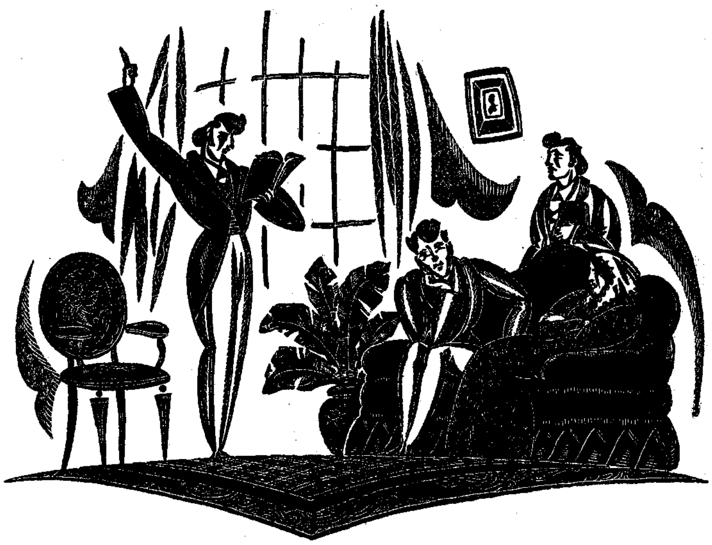
Grand then our courage, splendid our haughty independence, magnificent our cynical indifference! And out of this very courage, independence, and indifference will there be born this new nobility, a new sense of spiritual individuality, a new belief in a purpose and a goal?

It may be. It may be that there is the Old Lady's gate of reëntrance. For as space and time are no more, so nobility of conduct and the assurance of a grand personal destiny may have been with us all this while although we did not know it.

The Round Table of King Arthur was hidden for a moment by the shining dustbin of *Ulysses*, and that green-breasted, ham-faced female of Matisse's hanging on that wall over there is closely related to the electrically illuminated wax fruit at the table center.

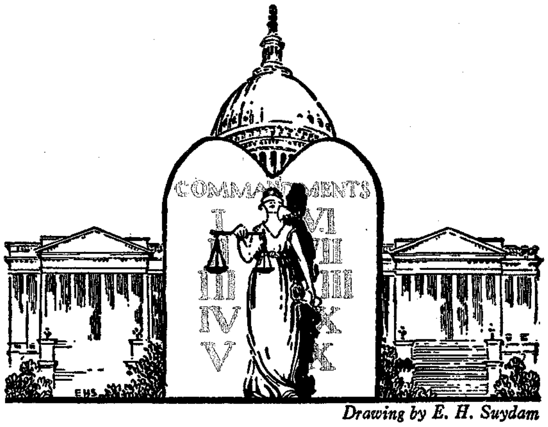
Creative zest is returning; romance is returning; once again men will look forward to an incredibly romantic destiny.

The wheel turns full circle and the new sentiment is after all the old, the new knowledge only a confirmation of ancient proverbs and runes, the new man of science the ancient prophet, the coming Christ the friend of the children of Nazareth.



Horse-faced George Eliot eagerly holding her salons

RELIGIOUS Lobbying



Drawing by E. H. Suydam

I—The New Theocracy

by EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL

LAST FALL the Senate appointed a committee to investigate the activities of professional lobbyists. Thus far its time has been principally devoted to unraveling the skeins of tariff intrigue. The religious lobbies have not yet had their innings, although there has been a preliminary exchange of discourtesies between Senator Copeland of New York and the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, concerning the definition of what constitutes a lobby. However the word *lobby* may ultimately be defined doesn't greatly matter; the Senate will have to deal with the thing itself, which is certainly a very vocal, if not always tangible, phenomenon in our current politics. For proof of this, the reader is referred to the two papers which follow.

In a system of representative government, it is not at all strange that minorities should try to browbeat Congressmen into enacting their own pet theories into law. Other governmental systems are also subject to this evil — some of them in even greater degree. Look, for example, at modern Italy, where Mussolini represents a minority of one. There, representative government is not even a pretense; the ruling minority accomplishes its purposes by direct action, without wasting time persuading, cajoling, threatening, bribing, or buying outright the elected masters of word-magic whose constitutional right it is to turn whims into laws. In this respect, and from the point of view of the minority, the Italian system is far superior to ours.

But as Lord Bryce pointed out long ago, whatever the chief merit of democracy may be, it is not efficiency — a judgment which applies quite as much to democratic lobbies as to democratic legislatures. This, I take it, is the moral to be drawn from the Eyanson case. The high-tariff people were too efficient and overreached themselves. They attempted to transplant the Italian privilege of direct action to the American scene — and it didn't work. Had they been wiser, they might have learned from the religious lobbyists that indirect action, though slower, brings more lasting results.

For this is the moral to be drawn from the victories of the Anti-Saloon League. Not being permitted to draft laws for the people, they accepted this limitation and did the next best thing — they drafted the laws for the legislatures. In other words, they adapted themselves to the American scheme of things. In the early days they encountered many disappointments, but through thick and thin they were sustained by a truly American belief that virtue (their own) would triumph in the end — and it did.

Beginning as the spokesman for a minority, the successful lobbyist becomes the silent partner of government and the chief defender of the nation's laws against all comers. Thus, while the rest of us may voice misgivings now and then about the success of our democratic experiment, the lobbyist is always a patriot. He knows that everything he does is for our best interest (though we may not), and this faith is a two-edged sword, inspiring his crusades and preserving him against the gnawings of disillusionment.

Such being the ethical nature of this animal that lives in a lobby and breeds on politics, it was the most natural thing in the world that certain types of Christian ministers should have discovered that they had in them the makings of excellent lobbyists. I mean that particular species of divine — not universal as yet, nor peculiar to any one sect — who, in the smallness of his understanding, has managed to corner Ultimate Truth and seize it by the tail, and spends the rest of his life proclaiming it with brassy eloquence.

A minister of this kidney knows what is best for us (even though we do not); but until recently his lot was not a happy one. His Messianic dreams were frustrated because he was bound by his parish, and he seemed to waste all his years in a blind alley. For what shall it profit a man to know what is best for us, unless he discover a way to force his knowledge upon us, and — what is more — force us to act upon it? So when the churches discovered lobbying, the frustrated parson at last came into his own.

The old notion of religion as an intensely personal concern of the individual carried with it the axiom that right conduct depends upon self-control. In the old days, therefore, the churches thought their main job was to teach men and women the rudimentary principles of morality so that they would know how to govern their appetites. But it was a slow and discouraging process. You might teach a child that certain things were good and others bad; in some cases you might even teach him how to discriminate between the two in the abstract; but there was never any absolute guarantee that he would prefer the one and not the other.

When the whole tempo of modern life was speeded up by mass production, national advertising, and high-pressure salesmanship, it was only natural that certain types of parsons should begin to hanker for quicker results and bigger and better conversions. In everything else emphasis had already shifted from the individual to the social mass, so the churches decided to follow suit.

The change was a momentous one. It meant a complete reversal of religious values. Morals, which had once had to do with the individual's choice between right and wrong, now graduated to social ethics and became a matter of crusades and movements. Instead of teaching people how to resist temptation, the new idea was to remove the temptation itself through the easy processes of legislation. The moral struggle was transferred from the hearts of men and women to the halls of Congress and the state legislatures. The traditional minister had been a shepherd to his flock; the new minister organized high-sounding committees and agitated for laws regulating our private habits.

Henceforth all of us were to be good, not because we had achieved some degree of mastery over ourselves, but because the policeman menaced us with his club and we couldn't help it. Because of this close alliance between religion and government, the very nature of law became obscure and took on a halo of divine sanction. Thus the preachers were able to preach law observance as the greatest of all virtues, and we were all relieved of moral responsibility through that simple bit of priestly magic which transformed morals from self-control into an utter submission to outer control by the government.

This, one must admit, was no small achievement. No wonder that our religious lobbyists have thrown aside an outmoded humility and now speak with more becoming cockiness and defiance. Like the successful business man, they can now show tangible results by pointing to the statutes they have had enacted by our legislative bodies, both state and national. And the end is not yet, as the two following articles will indicate. The country still languishes for lack of countless new regulatory laws which must be fought for and won.

All of this is very splendid, but it will be a sad day for the fraternity of lobbying parsons when at last there is a law to cover everything and our slightest peccadillos will be punishable in a police court. Perhaps they will then see, as many of them now do not, that there ought to be another law — just one more — prescribing the death penalty for any historian of the future who shall dare to identify this Age of Progress as "The Reign of Legal Terror."

II—Protestant Meddling in Foreign Affairs

by F. DE MIEUX

I

THE SEPARATION of church and state now ceases at the twelve-mile limit — at any rate, in the view of the Protestant denominations. The concept of a free church in a free state, which has colored our entire political thought and has created many of our characteristic social institutions, has been sacrificed to considerations of ecclesiastical expediency and of hierarchical prestige by the spokesmen of American Protestantism. At a time when the Catholic Church in America has been showing an increasing circumspection in tempering the traditional policy of Rome to the American ideal, the Protestants have faltered in their belief that the appropriate rôle of the church in politics is purely moral. Certainly this becomes evident when one considers the relation of the Protestant churches to our foreign politics.

The old notion was that if church members are taught the bases of faith and morals, they will, as individuals, tend to apply these standards in their political activities and will thus permit the churches to exert a powerful, if indirect, influence upon government. While this has seemed slow and unsatisfactory to certain ecclesiastical minds in every age, it has afforded the best guarantee of ecclesiastical prestige; for it shields the hierarchy from the vicissitudes of political action and, by leaving to others the means, reserves to itself the end of clerical action — namely, social morality.

It must accordingly be regarded as extraordinary that the Protestant sects have in recent years tended to abandon this circumspect attitude toward the state. They have apparently turned from the hard task of promoting the moral regeneration of individuals, and have fixed their attention, among other things, upon the conduct of American foreign relations. No one could quarrel with them for this, had they confined themselves to formulating and supporting the great moral aims of foreign policy — peace and international friendship. But they have gone further. They have endeavored to prescribe the precise technical means by which these highly desirable ends may be attained.

They have maintained lobbies at Washington. They have conducted propaganda. They have actively interfered with the treaty relations of the United States. They have kept alive agitation on subjects of international controversy. They have, on occasion, been guilty of flagrant war-scare mongering in order to achieve their technical objectives. They have given an exhibition of the most distressing varieties of Messianic megalomania. They have allowed themselves to be used to promote the ambitions of private (and opposition) politicians, bankers, and publicists. They have loudly demanded the reduction of our armaments, the lowering of our tariffs, the subversion of the Monroe Doctrine, the cancellation of our war loans, our adherence to the World Court, our membership in the League of Nations, the admission of Japanese immigrants, and other international actions of a character which has aroused deep suspicion of their motives. They have prevented Senatorial consent to a Treaty of Amity and Commerce with a group of Asiatic nationalists in Turkey, and have demanded a precisely opposite attitude toward another group of Asiatic nationalists in China. And they have guessed wrong nine times out of ten.

It is not the purpose of this paper to argue that the things which the Protestant churches have recommended are intrinsically wrong. It is obvious, however, that it is indiscreet for these churches to intrude in the fallible and technical sphere which they have invaded. Either that, or the traditional Protestant position in politics is wrong. And if it *is* wrong, we should let the Armenian and Greek Christians formulate our policy in the Near East; we should let the Orthodox Jews dictate our policy in Palestine; we should let the Catholics lay down the principles which should govern our relations with Latin Europe and Latin America; and we should permit the missionaries to define our policy in Africa, the Far East, and the South Seas. At the same time we should turn loose every creed, sect, and ecclesiastical organization in a domestic free-for-all for the control of the legislative and executive branches of the government.

II

IN ONE SENSE it is only fair to admit that in matters of foreign policy the churches are as much sinned against as sinning. Without their knowledge they have become agencies for promoting the ambitions and policies of distinguished individuals. Such prelates as Bishop William T. Manning and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman of New York have not hesitated to commit the churches to their own opinions on public affairs. Such professional peace workers as Frederick J. Libby and Sidney R. Gulick have eagerly sought allies for their propaganda among the 150,000 Protestant churches and 25,000,000 Protestant church members of America. Such publicists as Professors James T. Shotwell, T. Parker Moon, and Manley O. Hudson and Messrs. S. O. Levinson, David Hunter Miller, and Raymond L. Buell have likewise sought to make the godly a sounding board for their opinions.

Drawings by Robert Malone

BISHOP JAMES CANNON, JR.

Financial aid and encouragement for these purposes have come from sources as diverse as the editor, Mr. E. W. Bok, the merchant, Mr. E. A. Filene, and the banker, Mr. B. M. Baruch. Educators of the standing of Eliot of Harvard, Butler of Columbia, Hibben of Princeton, Faunce of Brown, and Garfield of Williams have lent academic prestige to their cause. And former Wilsonian office-holders have endeavored to nullify the policy of their Republican successors through appeals to Protestant prejudice. Among these, Ambassadors Gerard and Morgenthau stand preeminent.

Finally, responsible American statesmen have not hesitated to utilize the churches in support of particular projects. William Jennings Bryan did so with respect to his Conciliation Treaties. President Wilson did so with respect to the League of Nations and the Treaty of Versailles. President Harding and Secretary Hughes did it for the Washington Treaties. Secretary Kellogg did it for the General Pact for the Renunciation of War. And Senator Borah is constantly canvassing Protestant circles to obtain support for the numerous international causes which he has espoused.

The result has been that the Protestant bodies have obtained an exaggerated impression of their own power and omniscience, and have been lured into a false position in which their prestige is at the mercy of every breeze that ruffles the water of international society. Where their advice is not followed and their prophecies fail, their influence inevitably suffers. The attempt to blend the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove has too often led to the innocence of the serpent and the wisdom of the dove. At the same time, when they do not actually control policy, their recommendations have the effect of vastly confusing our national counsels and weakening our national policy.

III

TO GO into a detailed account of the various irruptions of Protestant ecclesiastics into the field of foreign policy is a wearisome and stultifying task. The writer has compiled a tentative list which reveals a well-nigh universal itch in American Protestant circles to interfere with matters which they do not understand. Official pronouncements by the Episcopal and Congregational Churches blandly assume a national dereliction of duty which is nowhere supported by those inconvenient things — facts. The Congregationalists asserted at a regular meeting of the National Council, that "the United States should . . . find some more effective way to take our part in bearing the burdens of the world, solving its desperate problems, and promoting peace among men." This is a typically adroit intimatum that the United States is not doing its share in promoting world peace and bearing burdens. In Holy Scripture the chief bearer of burdens who spoke with moral authority was Balaam's ass.

Curiously enough, the Episcopalians — generally the most tolerant and civilized of the Protestant groups — have been an arch-offender in matters of foreign policy. In 1926, one hundred and ten Episcopalian Bishops led by Dr. Manning, and mobilized by ex-Ambassador Gerard and Mr. David Hunter Miller, protested to the Senate against ratification of the Turkish-American Treaty of Lausanne on the extraordinary grounds that Turkey was "an avowedly unrepentant and anti-Christian Government." The treaty failed of ratification at that time. The beneficiary of this failure was neither America nor the Ottoman Christians, but the British oil interests which were then engaged in a struggle with both the State Department and Angora for control of the territory and petroleum deposits of Mosul. Now that the Mosul question has been settled to the satisfaction of these interests, it will be interesting to observe whether the Bishops will continue to oppose orderly treaty relations with Turkey.

So it goes. We find the hierarchies and councils of the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Reformed Presbyterians, and two major interdenominational bodies demanding our membership in the League of Nations. We are not yet a member of that august body. Methodists, Presbyterians (Reformed and otherwise), and three major interdenominational bodies have urged our membership in the World Court. The Senate has yet to decide whether we shall become a member of that court. All church bodies, the Federal Council of Churches, the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, and the Study Conferences of "representatives of 35 communions and allied religious organizations" have strenuously advocated American disarmament — and God knows how effective they have been.

The Federal Council made a last-minute effort to prevent the passage of the Fifteen Cruiser Bill in 1928, although that bill had the effect of making possible a friendly settlement of our naval differences with the British. Both the Reformed Presbyterians and the Quakers have officially advocated the admission of Japanese immigrants on a quota basis. The Congregationalists, the World Alliance, and the Interdenominational Study Conference have advocated the abrogating of the Monroe Doctrine in favor of that *ignis fatuus*, "collective Pan-American sanctions." The Reformed Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Federal Council, the World Alliance, and the above-mentioned Study Conference have vigorously demanded the abandonment of "economic imperialism," of protection of our citizens, and of our high tariffs. An elaborate proposal for the abandonment of the Philippines has been formulated by representatives of "35 communions and allied religious bodies."

The Methodists and Congregationalists have opposed compulsory military training and the advertising of the voluntary Citizens' Military Training Camps, as tending to give a "wrong impression" of our attitude toward peace. Arbitration is rather perfunctorily endorsed by the Federal Council and the Reformed Presbyterians — one suspects because it is not so exciting as other less effective but more showy means of promoting international peace. At any rate, we find the Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Methodists demanding the outlawry of war in very loud tones.

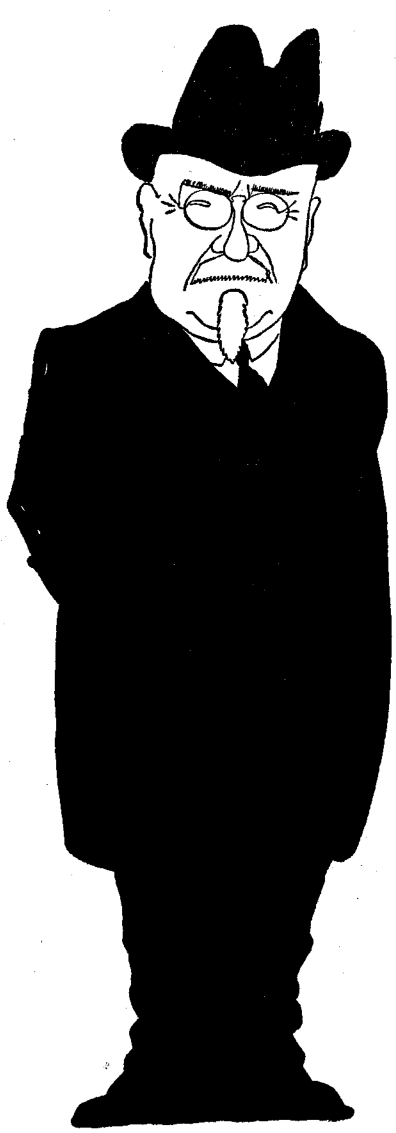
The real cream of the nut comes when the churches take up the matter of lobbying. Apparently, publicity and propaganda are all wrong if you are a shipbuilder and all right if you are a church (the difference, presumably, being that between a knave and a nave). The Methodists in 1924 announced their determination to "launch an aggressive campaign to teach the nature, causes, and consequences of war. We call upon all our people to support for public office men pledged to support these ends (World Court, League, and disarmament). The ballot and other direct processes of democracy must now be employed in securing a warless world."

In 1927, the Commission on International Relations secured the adoption by the National Council at Omaha of the following significant recommendation: "That the Commission seek not only to shape public opinion but also upon occasions of sufficient importance *to interpret the opinion of our fellowship* upon matters of public concern as expressed by the National Council." This enables the Commission to speak for the church without the tedious necessity of finding out what the church membership believes — a good commentary on both the unsubstantial character of much church propaganda and the fate of democratic principles in the hands of ecclesiastical politicians.

The Friends admit to lobbying with respect to immigration legislation and naval appropriations. (See "Seventeenth Annual Report," American Friends Service Committee.) The numerous pamphlets of the Federal Council of Churches illustrate a publicity campaign extending over a decade in behalf of such matters as disarmament, the World Court, and military training.

IV

WHAT IS the answer to all this mobilization of ecclesiastical sentiment in behalf of non-American interests? There is no answer. The Protestant motives involved in this subversive departure from American traditions are no longer moral, but are purely matters of ecclesiastical expediency. The churches were singularly indifferent to foreign policy in the precise period when the World War was being prepared. They functioned efficiently as national patriots during that conflict, whereas the Catholic Church made at least one determined effort to restore peace. In consequence, the moral authority and prestige of the Protestant bodies emerged from the war in a badly damaged condition. Church attendance fell away and public apathy threatened the Protestant organization with economic obliteration.



DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON

In the struggle to survive, various tempting expedients offered themselves. The first was purely doctrinal and embraced such sham-battles as the Fundamentalist-Modernist cleavage and the more recent Protestant-Catholic controversy. But the American people declined to pay their money for a choice between doctrinal squabbles and religious proscriptions. The Virgin Birth and the miracles are not what they used to be in the days of the Dayton Trial, and only a few bigoted souls — on both sides of the Roman road — are laboring the Catholic question in American politics.

On the other hand, there was peace and there was disarmament — both good, non-controversial, and highly moral subjects. Political society had a bad hang-over. The world was weary of warfare and of its resultant high taxation. So the churches, at first cautiously and then wildly, discovered their ungovernable passion for world peace and for a reduction of taxes through disarmament, as the popularity of these desirable objects became increasingly obvious. So long as both these themes remain popular, it would be idle to expect institutions which are fighting a relentless battle against public indifference to their moral mission to abandon this course of least resistance in tickling the public favor. If the churches follow the trend of events with sufficient uproar, they can pretend that they are leading the public.

It is much easier for a committee of clergymen to instruct the government in its moral duty to join the League of Nations than it is for an individual clergyman to win an adult American soul to repentance and grace. It is far pleasanter to edit ecclesiastical edicts on foreign affairs in the shadow of the Capitol than it is for the same individual to teach Sunday School children the principles of right moral conduct in the shadow of a church spire. It is demonstrably less difficult to "speak for the 150,000 Protestant Churches of America" than it is to fill one of them with a congregation on the average Sunday in golfing weather.

And it will continue to be much better paid until the world has forgotten about war a little and taxes are a little lower.

Then, when "another World War" is becoming an actual possibility, you will find that the Protestant churches are no longer passionate for peace and no longer so impressed with their moral mandate to dictate American foreign policy. In the meantime, there is ample Biblical authority for the principle of suffering fools gladly.

III—The Catholic Board of Private Morals

by ALFRED DASHIELL

I

"I WOULD rather be governed by the Roman Catholic Church than by the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals." Such was a comment heard not infrequently during the heat of the last presidential campaign. It may be considered as indicative of the state of mind of many people of liberal ideas at the time. One of the tenets of a liberal faith seems to be that no one shall breathe a word against the Roman Catholic Church. Especially in that lamented campaign did liberals rush fiercely to its defense. Admiring Governor Smith and hating the mean spirit of much of the opposition to him, they quite naturally made common cause with his maligned religion.

For the Catholic Church seemed a liberal institution compared to its opponents. A partisanship for the under dog prevented one from examining too closely its activities in fields where similar moves on the part of Protestants were severely condemned. And, most important of all, the Roman Catholics were allies in the battle against the organized forces of prohibition. Catholics seemed to have fewer busybodies in the field of personal habits.

Reëxamining the Catholic position in cool perspective, without the benefit of their opponents' fanaticism, one finds that one's former opinion must be decidedly qualified. There is a growing note of protest and an added querulousness in the Catholic voice in America, together with what seems an added imperiousness abroad. In the field considered the most private of all, Catholics are the busiest body in the world. Catholic priests frequently deliver tirades and even post notices on church doors dealing with the length of women's skirts and the style of the neck. Of late one can note tenser activities on the part of Catholic organizations in the suppression and censoring of moving pictures and in attempts to purify literature.

On the subject commonly called "morality," but really meaning sexual morality, we find the Catholic Church in a crusading mood, approaching nearer and nearer to the lobbying methods of evangelical prohibition crusaders, her officials talking as extremely as did ever Bishop Cannon or the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson. There is also growing in Washington a formidable organization of Catholics housed in large quarters on Massachusetts Avenue, which is even more far-reaching in its activities than is the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. This organization is the National Catholic Welfare Conference — an official creation of the American Bishops, blessed by the Holy Father.

II

LIKE MANY another organization for molding public opinion, the National Catholic Welfare Conference grew from a wartime body — the National Catholic War Council. It is two years the junior of the Methodist Board, being founded in 1919 as the National Catholic Welfare Council. Because of internal difficulties during its first years, it is only now becoming dangerous. Some of the American prelates and laity did not approve of its early aims and activities and it fell under the ban of the Consistorial Congregation. After two of its supporting Bishops made a trip to Rome, the decree of annulment was recalled by the Pope himself, and he issued an emphatic personal endorsement. In 1923 it emerged as the National Catholic Welfare Conference and resumed its activities.

It is directed by an administrative committee of seven Bishops, elected at the annual meeting of the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of the United States. The membership at present is: Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco, Chairman; Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul; Bishop Murray of Portland; Bishop McDevitt of Harrisburg; Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland; Bishop Lillis of Kansas City; and Bishop Gibbons of Albany. Each of these, except Bishop Murray, directs a department, and the nature of the activities of the organization may be seen from the titles of the departments — executive, education, press, social action, legal, lay organizations. A beautiful chart shows how they all work together. The press department, which furnishes elaborate editorial, news, feature, and picture services to Catholic papers, is headed by a former Hearst newspaper man. The "canned" editorials from Washington appear in a large proportion of the Catholic press.

The General Secretary is the Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P. — an energetic, pleasant-looking person, who was recently awarded the rare honor of an S.T.D. by the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities in Rome. Father Burke has eight bureaus under him and among the problems dealt with by his department are: coöperating with the federal government in the taking of religious censuses; knowledge and distribution of tariff schedules, particularly those referring to the importation of altars, statues, and other articles for church use or furnishing; helping such Catholic broadcasting stations as may wish it in the presentation of their claims before the Radio Commission; defending the laws that prohibit the use of the mails for immoral and obscene purposes; "and scores of other matters of equally serious concern. Among them may be mentioned education, immigration, marriage and divorce questions, eugenics, federal censorship of motion pictures, Americanization, principles and movements affecting industry, and the hundred and one proposals, related immediately or remotely to Catholic interests, that are constantly discussed or proposed for legislation by this or that national convention or group of national organizations."

The Bureau of Publicity and Information reports that reliable and up-to-date information has been furnished to meet the propaganda favoring both control and sterilization of the mentally unfit. The Bureau acts with the National Councils of Catholic Men and Women — the two lay organizations which form the backbone of the Conference — in international coöperation against these movements. The phraseology of these reports sounds curiously like the emanations from the Methodist "Vatican" concerning "information" to meet "propaganda" on the liquor question.

So we see in Washington two powerful religious lobbies, one representing Protestants, one representing Catholics, sometimes opposed to each other, sometimes in mutual support. There is little to choose between them. Their spirit, as shown in the pronouncements of their leaders, is the same. They are the church militant in politics, resolved to make people conform by law to their conception of "right fundamental principles of morality." Their chief point of difference as far as the public interest is concerned is that the Methodist Board would prevent the individual from forming his own drinking habits and the Catholic Board would regulate man's — and especially woman's — sexual life.

Such opposite characters as Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts and Thaddeus Caraway of Arkansas have recently been moved to protest against the "organized minorities" in Washington. We may leave out some of the sinister implications of lobbying and take Mr. Coolidge's description of lobbyists' activities: "Organizing such minorities has come to be a well-recognized industry at Washington. They are oftentimes led by persons of great ability, who display much skill in bringing their influence to bear on the Congress. They have ways of securing newspaper publicity, deluging Senators and Representatives with petitions, and overwhelming them with imprecations that are oftentimes decisive in securing the passage of bills."

Certainly Dr. Wilson and Father Burke seem to be such persons. The latter, however, appears less in the public prints, leaving that to his superiors — the administrative Bishops. The N.C.W.C., of course, would deny, just as the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals has denied, that it is a lobby. Yet from the statements of the N.C.W.C. to its adherents in the Official Catholic Year Book, one would gather that its secretaries and functionaries are in on every piece of legislation which "immediately or remotely" affects Catholic interests, and are bringing to bear whatever pressure they can to secure favorable action.

III

IF LOBBIES ARE SINISTER, there is nothing more threatening in the N.C.W.C. than in the Methodist Board, save the potentiality of numbers and the coherence of the Catholic Church. But the question becomes particularly pressing when a church head is the infallible interpreter of matters of faith and morals, and when the Catholic Church enters the political arena to fight on such matters as birth control, which affects non-Catholics as well as Catholics, declaring that it is a matter, not of opinion nor even of canon law, but of Divine Law.

Patrick J. Ward — an official of the N.C.W.C. — in a recent article in the *New Republic*, stated the Catholic position on birth control. Part of it is worth quoting as evidence of the spirit of the organization: "Contraception," he declares, "is not a matter of choice with the individual, but is forbidden by the natural law which is binding on all men, regardless of their religious beliefs. The laws of the state must conform to the natural law. . . . Catholics have no apology to make in the matter. They have the right to resent this inveterate habit of certain people who, because Catholics oppose a policy or a law which they believe to be against good morals and public welfare, place them in the light of opposing the wishes of the people, or of interfering in the affairs of non-Catholics."

A critic answering Mr. Ward's argument pointed to the fact that the evangelical Protestant churches make similar pronouncements concerning the use of alcoholic liquors. Mr. Ward replies:

"The use of alcoholic liquors is not sinful. The use of contraceptives under any and all circumstances *is sinful.* Protestantism, particularly in the evangelical churches, denies moral certainty and authority. By what authority, then, do these bodies make sinful the use of alcoholic beverages, and where do they find moral sanction for prohibition? The Catholic Church is at least consistent, since its moral teachings rest on certitude and authority. As the mouthpiece through which God's laws are made known to men, it declares the conscious and willful frustration of conception to be intrinsically evil."

Mr. Ward might have added that not only the evangelical churches but most intelligent Americans deny moral certainty and authority. They certainly do not admit that the Roman Catholic Church is the only mouthpiece through which God's laws are made known to men.

They will also be likely to disagree that the laws of the state must conform to the natural law as interpreted by the Roman Catholic Church.

The American hierarchy, of course, declares that the action of the N.C.W.C. is not binding on individual Catholics. Nevertheless, the Conference presumes to represent the Catholic laity before Congressional committees, and the distinction is probably not clear in the mind of the average Catholic.

Some Catholic papers resent the presumption. The *Fortnightly Review*, of St. Louis, referring to the testimony of Charles F. Dolle, Executive Secretary of the National Council of Catholic Men, before a Senate committee, said: "His statement will be the first intimation to millions of laymen — if they ever read it — that they have given their adhesion or entrusted their religious right and interests to

Mr. Dolle's Council of Catholic Men. . . . Mr. Dolle ought to know that of the nearly 15,000 parishes in this country not even 500 have parochial branches of the National Council of Catholic Men. . . . If he essays to speak for the hierarchy, the clergy, and the laity as a whole, and undertakes to pledge them to the Phipps Bill, his presumptuousness transcends anything recorded in a good many years."

From such criticisms we get a picture which is not usual from the coherent Roman Catholic Church. We see that these organizations are much like Protestant organizations. On paper they look huge and powerful. Chapters are established all over the country. Conventions meet and adopt resolutions. Representatives appear before legislative committees, or political conventions, and speak for the total membership.

Meanwhile, the rank and file know little of what goes on. Paid secretaries, in order to prove their worth, give a great show of activity and browbeat Congressmen until they incur the wrath of their own adherents.

IV

THE ENTHUSIASM with which Catholic women take to these reforming measures rivals that of the W.C.T.U. and the D.A.R. For instance, Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick, who was recently awarded an honorary degree by Fordham University, told the Catholic Young Women's Club how her protest had turned to the wall Margaret Sanger's movietone picture on birth control. "I called on them," she said, "and told them Mrs. Sanger had to come off. . . . Within the week, the picture went to the wall and has not since emerged."

According to Mrs. McGoldrick, the motion pictures are "a tremendous missionary field." Forty Catholic college women act as reviewers and in the month of March (1929) passed on 210 pictures. "The first question we ask is whether a picture is suitable to be shown in the convent schools or church halls. We do not pose as being censors. We want to work with the producers, not against them." Mrs. McGoldrick then cited instances of coöperation which producers had extended rather than risk offending their large Catholic audiences.

From this it would appear that Mrs. McGoldrick elicits "coöperation" from the producers by citing statistics of the number of Catholics in the country and modestly acting as spokesman for them. Her comment on the "missionary" possibilities of the motion picture and its adaptability to convent and church hall would seem to indicate that she demands that the pictures shall be in strict accord with Catholic teaching.

Archbishop Hanna, Chairman of the Conference, addressing the Arch-diocesan Council of the National Council of Catholic Women at San Francisco recently, said of the N.C.W.C.: "Now, in these days of the closest organization the world has ever known, unless we emulate those who oppose us and organize for our own defense, we will succumb to persecution. . . . We who are children of the martyrs must expect to be persecuted. But it is not in our blood to lie down meekly and be trodden underfoot. We must organize and unite in anticipation of persecution. United and standing in our millions for the great things of Country and Church, victory must be ours."

Compare Archbishop Hanna's statement to a recent one by the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson: "We have no interest in either political party and nothing against them unless they get in the way of this child of the Church (in this case, prohibition). If they do, we do not care by what names they are called, we will trample them under foot and destroy them forever." Is there any apparent difference of spirit between the two utterances?

As an example of what organized Catholics consider to be "persecution" is this from Bishop Gibbons of Albany, reporting for the Legal Department of the N.C.W.C.: "It is satisfactory to report that while bitter anti-Catholic legislation was proposed in a number of states during the past year, which concerned particularly marriage, education, and benevolent institutions, no headway was made in securing enactment of such legislation in any state. . . . We feel we should call to your attention the probability that some kind of Federal legislation will be attempted conceiving a uniform law with regard to marriage and divorce."

To the ordinary mind, a uniform divorce law could scarcely be classed as bitter anti-

Catholic legislation, since it does not make divorce mandatory upon Catholics. But it seems that the Roman Catholics of the country are in a fighting mood. With a large and active organization in Washington which is still trying to prove its mettle, it is not hard to foresee increased and even frenzied activity.

What is to be the end of all this? It would seem from the activities of these bodies of Catholics and Protestants that the theoretical separation of church and state is not a fact. Both seem to have found that people can no longer be taught, but must be restrained by law. Both have departed from the realm of conscience and descended into the political and legislative arena. We often have reason to be grateful for the denominationalism of the Protestant churches, when certain sections of them unite on a moral crusade to be accomplished through regulatory laws. When the Catholics wheel into position to organize a moral crusade, they will have means of bringing the organized pressure of approximately twenty million people to bear upon our legislators and officials.

The only hope of averting religious strife more deadly than any we have seen for many years is that the N.C.W.C., which is to all intents and purposes the mouthpiece of American Catholicism, is correctly interpreting neither the Catholic Church nor the spirit of American Catholics. The hierarchy is treading on dangerous ground when it begins to emulate Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson. Is the Catholic laity taking them seriously?

The Part-time Mother

Drawings by Johan Bull

by FRANCES FRISBIE O'DONNELL

Child-rearing and housekeeping traditionally go together, because in the history of the human race it has been convenient to combine the two activities. Since woman bears and feeds the infant, it has often been impossible for her to hunt unhindered, to cultivate the fields distant from her dwelling, to follow the warpath, or to march forth in defense of the home. While she has remained near her abode in order to nurture her children, she has either done or superintended the doing of whatever was necessary in the way of homemaking. Man — taking advantage of his freedom from impediments — has assumed that this commodious way of dividing labor was a matter of divine ordinance. "Woman's place is in the home," he says, voicing his preference in Jovelike tones.

But woman nowadays is not impressed with, much less afraid of, man's thundering. Since there appears to be no fundamental reason — aside from the convenience of former days — for combining motherhood with dishwashing and mending, or with the personal management of a house full of servants, she has quite properly decided to pay no attention to masculine mandates. Modern transportation and easy communication have changed the social outlook for woman — and, by the way, for babies. Provision for individual needs has become possible through the mobility of modern life. If a mother cannot train a child as well as psychologists in a nursery school, if home con-

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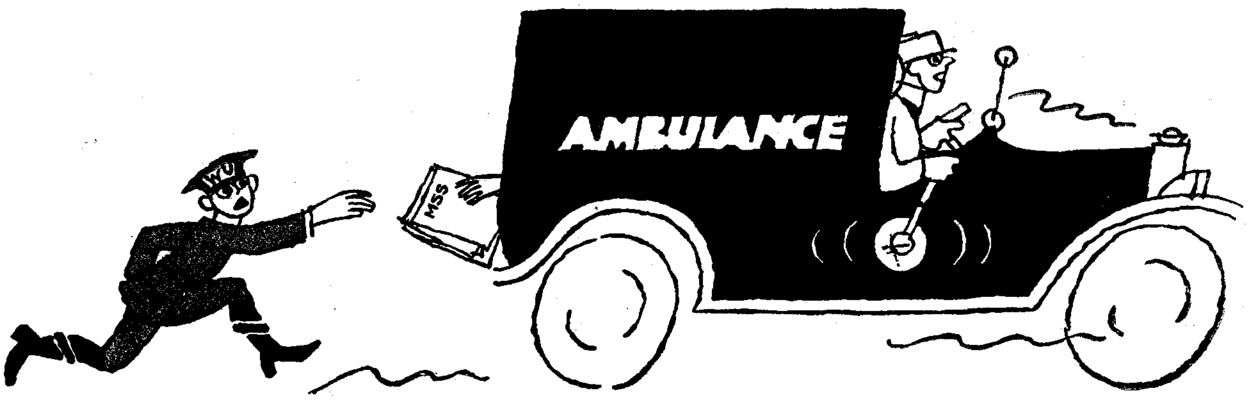


ditions cannot be made conducive to his best development, he can be transported to a world for children. If his mother does not find her highest satisfaction in her kitchen, a cook can come to give her freedom so that she may go her own way while household tasks are performed by somebody better fitted for them.

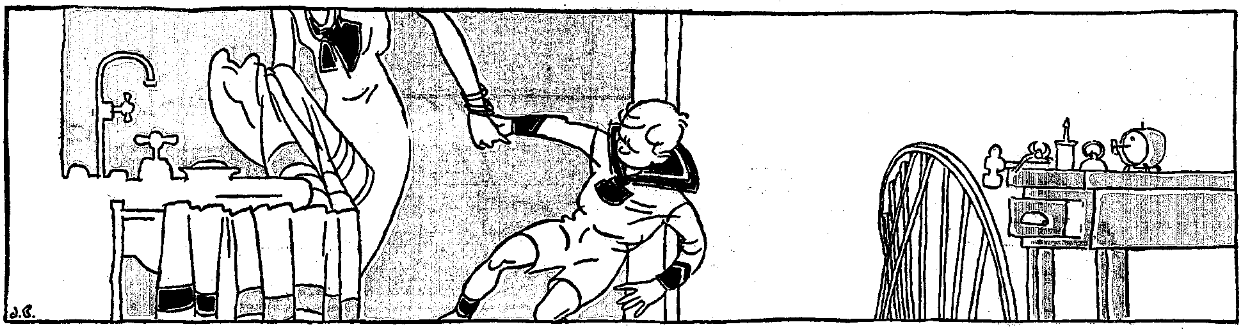
I know of a woman in an important editorial position on a newspaper who did not drop the reins of her office even for the day in which she was giving birth to a child. Several times during that day, and later as she lay in bed in a hospital, she gave directions to her subordinates by telephone. Neither she nor her infant suffered in any way, as they would have fifty years ago if she had tried to combine business and motherhood.

COMMON SENSE AND MOTHERHOOD

IN SPITE of the fact that we live in a changed world, many people still hold that motherhood and personal home management are — or ought to be — linked by an unbreakable bond. Many feel that although certain women find nothing much that they are fitted to do at home, they should nevertheless stolidly stay there. They should be pillars standing immovable amid the ruins of the old social structure. It would seem the part of common sense to recognize that all mothers are not alike and that all do not assume parenthood under similar conditions.

Some — whom most of us envy — have plenty of money and may be relieved of the drudgery connected with homemaking. This lot may seem easy to those of us who have only a meager income on which to supply family needs and thriftily take up the burden of performing all household duties as well as those of motherhood. But after all, it is not the financial status in which she lives; it is the *kind* of woman who expends all her energy in her home that determines whether this way of life is wise or foolish. Many women are domestic and are happiest superintending the details of home life from menu-making to flower arrangement. To these I say heartily, "Stay at home, my dear sisters — and God bless you! But just because no competitive game in the outside world is attractive to *you*, that is hardly an adequate reason why a different type of woman should do as you do." The pressure of public opinion or even of her own conscience should confine no woman to the home. All society ought to demand of her is that when she bears a child she try to become the best possible mother.

Whatever mode of life tends to develop the most perfectly rounded, the most genuinely successful, the happiest woman at the head of the home, is the mode that will make the best mother — and consequently, the best child. I don't care where she spends the hours of her day, how much wealth enables her to give her children "advantages," or how hard she tries to be a "good" mother, an unhappy woman is a bad mother. Whether or not she is conscious



of the blight she casts upon her child, he will be influenced by her attitude of defeat and disappointment.

Lucky is the child who has an achieving mother. It is the sense of having accomplished something one considers worth while that lifts one's spirit and makes one a cheerful, invigorating companion for husband and children. For many a woman the literal building of a home is her masterpiece. Hour by hour and day by day she practices creative art by putting imagination and thought and labor into homemaking. But there is no reason why one with a different kind of executive ability cannot make her home just as lovely without giving it her continuous supervision. My children would be no better off if I washed every dish they eat on, waxed the floors they walk on, or if I continuously superintended these tasks. What I *am*, how I feel toward life, my understanding of my children's nature, their problems, unconscious wishes, and ambitions, makes more difference to them than any service I could render them even if I became their slave.

Sympathy with young life — so essential to successful motherhood — is preserved in many of us only by going on ourselves in the path most satisfying to us. How can we meet youngsters on their own ground if we kill youth within ourselves by dropping aspirations and activity in what to us is inspiriting? I know whereof I speak. For ten years I tried to do what has been traditionally expected of a dutiful mother. In the midst of housekeeping I tried to keep myself patient and helpful toward my family. But somehow things did not run smoothly. The vain attempt to manage children and a house at the same time made me feel tired and old. I concluded that although these activities have always been combined in human history, they do not inevitably work together. To be a sympathetic, wise mother is one art; to be a competent housekeeper is another art, and one that is very different.

I determined to try the experiment so many women are now trying — that of putting the detailed management of the home into the hands of someone better fitted for it by temperament and training, and doing myself what I need to do to be happy. Did my children love me any less after the organization of our life was changed? Because I had spent my day writing at a desk instead of scrubbing pans at a sink, did they come to me any less eagerly at evening to whisper their secrets? Did they feel that I was no longer interested in them because I no longer cleaned their spinach? Not at all. As a matter of fact, a day of work I enjoyed left me less fatigued, less perturbed, more ready to enter into a discussion of what had happened at school or into the whole-hearted telling of a fairy tale. My influence upon my children seemed more salutary than when I tucked them in at night, sighing — inwardly at least — over the trials and disappointments and futilities of a day spent in what to me is drudgery.

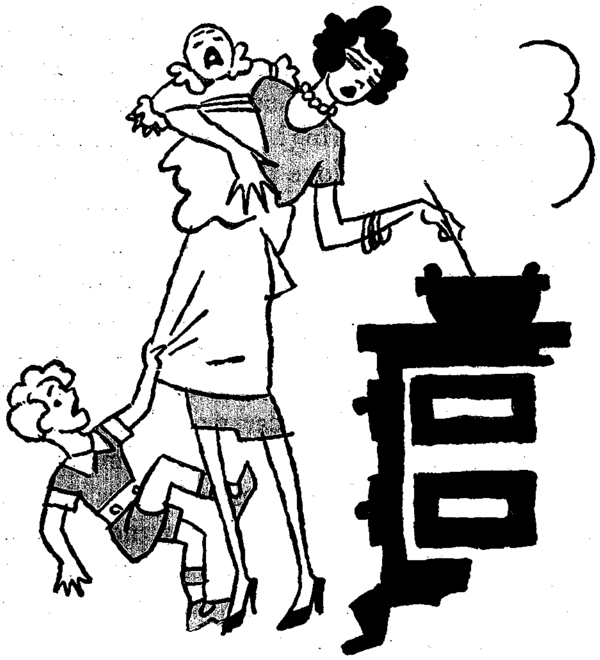
CHILDREN — AND CAREERS TOO

ONE mother who has substituted personnel work in a factory for household duties told me that she now actually gives her children more attention and affection than she did when she was caring for their physical needs. "Housework consumed so much of my energy," she said, "that never, from the moment they got up in the morning until they went to bed again, did I find a moment when I could be myself with them. In the evening I was too tired or too absorbed in plans for the next breakfast even to tell a bedtime story. But now, Sundays, holidays, the hours of every day before and after going our own ways — at business for me, at school or under the care of a wise nurse for them — we spend in real comradeship."

The motives which urge wives to seek

careers are many. Just as great a weight of despondency may oppress the person who is surrounded by luxury as the one who does the family washing. Striving, conquering, is as real a spiritual need for the rich as for the poor. Having material things poured into her lap, with no outlet for her energy, is no better for a mother than it is for her offspring. Since activity in some interesting work outside the home may be all one woman needs in order to give her poise and contentment, she may select some line that offers no financial return. She may be a civic reformer if she likes. Even though she may harm the world a bit, she will do herself good. Another knows that a career must bring her a monetary income if it is to be fully satisfactory to her. If she wishes to employ someone to take her place at the kitchen sink, she must earn the money to do it. The woman pressed by economic necessity, by desire to give her child advantages he could not have without her contribution in cash, is not to be pitied. This very pressure may lead to personal achievement which otherwise she would never have attained.

When a mother who needs freedom from irksome tasks, and also the certainty that her child will get the education and opportunities she covets for him, attains financial independence, she has built a foundation for ideal relations between him and herself. She is not one who whispers timidly, "I wish I could," but one who declares, "I will." The dreary voice of impotence is not forever bursting into her consciousness; she knows the calmness and stability and strength which come from "I have accomplished." Unworried by longings for her son which she cannot help him realize, she knows she can do for him something more vital than patching his pants. Is such a mother likely to fail to urge her son on to accomplishment for himself any more than a mother pursued by the fear that he will be unprepared to meet life? A mother's fear too often becomes her child's fear.



Of course a genuine career for a mother generally means separation from her children part of the time. I should not advise anyone to try to carry on any form of self-expression with a child at her skirts. This means either annoyance and hampering of one's own movements or too many prohibitions for the boy or the girl. If a mother possesses skill in candymaking and wishes to utilize it in increasing the family income, she ought to secure a secluded kitchen where her child will not be irritated by the command not to dip his fingers into the fondant. Kitchens and offices and studios — with the inhibitions they inevitably demand — bring out undesirable emotional responses in a youngster.

The child, too, needs his own laboratory where he may freely satisfy his curiosity concerning the world in which he lives. "One thing at a time" is in no field more mandatory than in this one of successfully combining outside activity with mothering. While one is painting, composing a bit of music, or managing the affairs of a business concern, one had better do it whole-heartedly; then when one is with her child, not try to do anything much but be an attentive mother. In this, too, I know whereof I speak. Once I tried to write a short story in the room where my little girl plays. Of course I didn't hear her when she exclaimed, "Oh, mother, see the tower I built for my elephant to live in." And of course she felt that her mother was not interested in her projects. "A place for everybody and everybody in his place," points the way to a happier world.

Present-day psychology has removed our fear of part-time separation from our children. It shows us the dangers of dominating the child's personality — especially by his mother. It shows us how many evil results — even physical ones — may follow the childhood formation of emotional ties that are too strong and can be broken only with suffering. Why, the modern-minded person asks, do we allow these harmful, inhibiting ties to be built? "Prevention is better than cure," sounds too trite for repetition, but in no phase of life is it more important to remember than in the relationship of mother and child. Don't ever allow your baby to tie himself to your apron strings if you want him to grow into an independent, unhampered individual.

Last summer when I saw my two sons — ten and twelve years of age — off to camp, I was glad that neither they nor I felt like shedding tears, glad that these boys assumed that they were capable of living for two months without my presence. At the railway station I witnessed the separation of a mother and her thin, sickly-looking boy of about twelve years. Both wept as he clung to her, begging her not to leave him. "I have to, dear," she explained. "The doctor says you must go." Then before she tore herself away she stooped and tied his shoestring. Later, as the train rolled away, I stood on the platform waving at my laughing boys. In front of them was that physically malnourished, emotionally overfed, distracted little fellow trying to open the window to jump out, and beside me stood his mother, sobbing, "I don't know what Ralph will ever do. He has never tied his necktie for himself."

INHIBITING INHIBITIONS

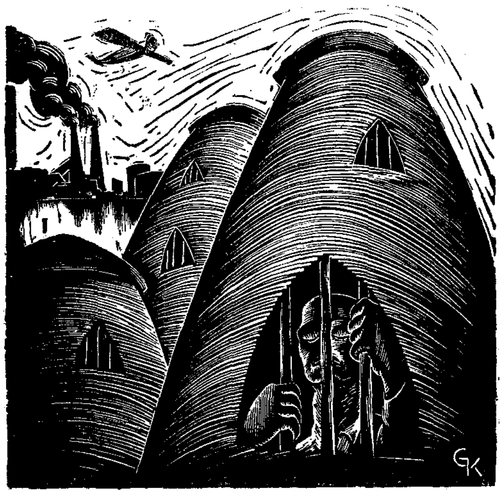
THIS IS an extreme instance; but it is not unusual for mothers to make their children dependent on them physically and emotionally — unable to face life alone. However, the mother with a career for herself seldom makes this mistake. I'd be willing to swear in court without knowing anything about her other than what I saw in the few moments at the station, that that sobbing mother has no activity outside her home, that she is buried in her house. During the hours a woman spends apart from her child he is almost certainly growing in independence. At least he is probably building up no harmful emotional ties under the care of other people; strangers are not so likely to encourage them as is a mother who clings to her child as her one source of gratification. By not allowing these dangerous emotional bonds to form, we avoid many tragic experiences not only for our children but also for ourselves.

A child who is not continuously with his mother may have the advantage of being handled by people who have an impersonal attitude toward him. Understanding, sympathy, he needs. But he does not need somebody with him all the time who, naturally and unconsciously, as a mother does, feels that he is the center of the universe. Of course my child is to me the Great Creator's masterpiece; but he ought not to be impressed with the notion. I can't help feeling terribly disturbed when my little girl bumps herself, and can hardly help being oversolicitous in my treatment of her. Why not give her a chance to come under the influence of a less personally interested human being who, without a quickened heartbeat, can sincerely say, "Oh, that bump wasn't very bad. Let's try the sliding board again and see if we can land without a bump next time."

There may be a surfeit of every good thing — even of mother love. I wonder how many marriages would endure as "love matches" if the husband and wife had to be together practically all the time for the first six years of wedded life. They'd get so sick of their constant association that they wouldn't want to see one another for the next six years. Yet this continuous companionship of people who naturally have different interests, different needs, is what we have traditionally demanded for mother and child in the years before he has been sent to school. Either the child has been dominated by the mother, forced to accept her as the pattern of ideal personality, or she has been made his slave and he a tyrant.

The folly of this way of living! Can't we see that even babies are human beings and can be pitifully marred in their emotional constitution by too much mothering? If it were not for the overdose of mother love that children get even in their pre-school years I believe there would be more enduring, beautiful, wholesome affection between mother and child through all of life. For her to go her own way part of the time, live life for herself, means emancipation not only for her but also for her son and her daughter. Few of us will carry outside interests so far that we reserve *no* time for companionship with our children. Most of us err on the other side, and fail to realize that the joy and the profit of intimate human relationships can be known only by unfettered beings — by free parents and free children.

Prison BLIGHT



Woodcuts by Gan Kolski

by RALPH CHAPLIN

Ex-convict 13104, for four years a political prisoner in Leavenworth Penitentiary

CLINTON PRISON, Dannemora, N. Y., July 22, 1929. — Three convicts killed and two guards badly beaten in five-hour riot. . . . Auburn Prison, Auburn, N. Y., July 28. — Seventeen hundred prisoners battle with guards; two killed, many wounded. . . . Federal Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kan., Aug. 1. — Mutiny at mess ends in club-and-knife war between convicts and guards; one insurgent killed, several injured. . . . Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, N. Y., Aug. 1. — Fearing rebellion, Warden Lawes removes prison arsenal from key room at gate entrance to secret place outside walls. . . . State Prison, Canon City, Colo., Oct. 4. — Prison massacre is staged by 150 long-termers, who kill three guards outright and capture others; when assurance of safe conduct is refused, convicts kill four more guards at hour intervals. Cornered, the ringleader shoots his four henchmen and commits suicide. . . . Auburn Prison, Dec. 11. — Second mutiny occurs; chief keeper and eight prisoners killed; rioting is quelled only when state troopers storm the prison with tear bombs and machine guns.

I

I DID NOT notice it at the time, but it is plain now that the air was vibrant with mutiny on that day when we marched into the big mess hall in Leavenworth. For weeks the food had been becoming more and more a daily disappointment. Eating was practically all we had to look forward to, and naturally the increasing vileness of the food became the chief topic of our talk. And such talk! You may say that we pitied ourselves, but there was reason. Prison fare at its best is nothing to write home about, and now it had reached a point where the thought of what was awaiting us at mess produced a feeling of nausea. We had been patient, God knows, but our patience with parsnips had reached the breaking point.

Old Man Canary had said the parsnips must be eaten up. The Warden and the Deputy seemed to have no doubt about the matter. Well, we had done our best, but parsnips had become poison as far as we were concerned. We had been fed parsnips with such relentless regularity that our heads and stomachs would start to ferment at the mere mention of the word. We all had grievances. We all nursed feelings of resentment against some injustice or other. And parsnips had become the burning symbol of all our wrongs. We had reached the end of human endurance. Nothing in the world mattered to us any more, just so we didn't have parsnips for mess. Men in a similar state of mind once started a tea party in Boston Harbor. I don't think any one of us expected trouble that day, but I can see now how the atmosphere was charged with thunder as we marched into the mess hall. I can see now that the storm had to break. Our nerves were tense and aching.

The guards must have felt it too, for their faces were drawn and their eyes restless. Now and then one of them would look over his shoulder to the kitchen, where the steam caldrons were emitting lusty jets of an unmistakable odor. There were nearly two thousand of us at mess, seated six abreast. Externals were just the same as usual, but somehow something was different. The band, mercifully, had stopped playing. The guards were in their places. In a moment the signal to start eating would be given. There was a pause. The odor of parsnips floated through the room. The air became heavy with the sickening aroma. Then a low murmur became audible — questioning, querulous, formidable. It persisted stubbornly, gaining volume as it traveled from section to section. Old Man Canary raised his gavel. . . . Tap!

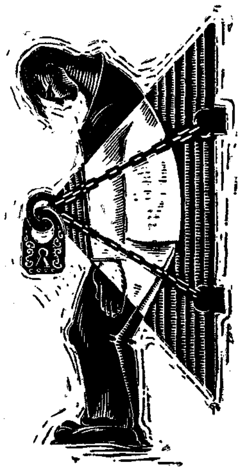
III

CLATTER of knives and forks and dishes, somewhat louder than usual. The band burst forth without warning. Jerky blares of nerve-racking discord. The Negro prisoners, who were the first approached with the parsnips, passed their plates with sheepish grins but without complaint. An ugly rumbling broke out in the other sections. It diminished in a moment and died out as if from self-consciousness. Then it was revived in the next row and the next, gaining courage and force as it traveled. Wherever "hashers" approached the rows of prisoners, there were black looks and imprecations. Plates were jealously guarded as if in fear of contamination by the unwelcome decoction. The murmuring became louder until the great room was fairly bursting with it. The walls and ceiling threw the overtones back into our ears like angry whispers. It was frightful to hear. Old Man Canary slowly stood up in back of his elevated bench. He raised his hand impressively for silence; but the tumult redoubled. The old guard hunched his shoulders slightly and looked nervously toward the enormous steel doors which barred the main entrance to the mess hall. They swung shut as if by magic. The band was writhing in another spasm of blatant sound.

Suddenly, a high-pitched voice — almost a scream: "Give us something to eat, you belly-robbing sons of bitches!" A roar of approval from all parts of the hall. More cries of a similar nature. Someone started to beat with a heavy cup on the greasy mess bench. The angry staccato seemed to quiet the outburst; but for a moment only, and then everyone was at it again, yelling with renewed vigor. The tumult was terrible. A cup crashed on the cement floor. A plate was shattered against the wall. In less than a second the air was full of plates and cups being similarly demolished to the accompaniment of a wild chorus of howling. The band had scurried for safety. Old Man Canary was no longer to be seen, and most of the guards had also disappeared. Someone had pushed over a "hasher"; he tried to regain his feet but slipped and lay foolishly, face downward, in the middle of a steaming puddle of hot parsnips. A guard was discovered beating a hasty retreat toward the great steel doors. A cup flew in his direction. It missed, but a second — directed more skilfully — knocked off his blue cap and sent him staggering against the bars. The doors opened for him just in time. Catcalls, curses, screaming — and the undiminished smashing of plates and cups. Pandemonium.

Suddenly, in the midst of the unearthly uproar, the great barred doors swung open. The Deputy Warden entered — alone. His face was ashen white, but he walked firmly. He stopped, facing us from the middle front section. . . . With a snarl a lean, gray, numbered figure leaped into action, every muscle taut as he heaved mightily. A cup cut the air with great force. It missed the Deputy by a slight margin but plopped through the abandoned bass drum with a droll sound. It was a ludicrous anticlimax. The tension was broken. A few prisoners giggled hoarsely. The Deputy coolly turned to the left and raised his hand to the first two sections to rise and march to their cells. A moment's hesitation. Two or three Negroes struggled to their feet. The Deputy's hand was still raised. A few more stood up, grinning sheepishly. Then a ripple of numbered uniforms and a determined clatter of seats slammed backward. In less than a minute both sections were in motion, shambling out in a converging double line through the broken crockery, just as if nothing had happened. It was all over.

We looked at one another, stupified. There was nothing more that could be done. From every inaccessible point of vantage about the mess hall rifle and machine gun muzzles grinned at us menacingly. Every entrance, except the great steel doors through which the Negroes were filing, was barred and guarded. The windows were barred. We were like rats in a trap. The Deputy raised his hand again and again. One section after another arose with a clatter of seats and prepared to march to the cells. We all marched out, kicking aside the broken cups and saucers. The parsnip party was over — all but finding someone to blame for it. And that is never difficult in prison. The stool pigeons would make their confidential reports. The "hole" would be overcrowded for a while. Afterward a new crop of ugly yellow 3's would appear on tattered prison suits.* They would be worn a long time.



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THE MESS HALL mutiny at Leavenworth described above is not so significant as some of the graver disturbances of a similar nature that have occurred recently, but at least it indicates a few of the factors that produce such upheavals. In order to get to the bottom of the matter, one must find out what prisons are like and what the men are like who inhabit them. There is a great deal that might be said about prisons and prisoners, just as there is a great deal that might be said about police brutalities in the big cities. Most of it will never find its way into print. It is a far cry from the jail house and "stir" to the newspaper office and the comfortable suburban fireside.

It seems generally conceded that prisons are necessary for the maintenance of modern civilization. It was so in the past and is so today. The ancient plan is plain enough: if a man breaks a law, lock him up. This is the rule we follow. We have locked up plenty of men. In fact our prisons are so full that there is scarcely any more room for new prisoners. Yet the general increase in crime and recurrent prison mutinies, among other equally grave symptoms, seem to indicate that locking men up is about all we know how to do. We neither control crime nor reform the criminal. In fact, it appears sometimes that our remedy is almost as dangerous as the disease.

The prison is the enigma among modern institutions. It is like the Sphinx: everyone knows it is there, but no one knows what it is there for. Is it just a place of punishment where a vindictive society works hurt upon the bodies and minds of men and women who have broken its laws? If it is, we should know it and proclaim the fact boldly and without hypocritical pretenses. Is the prison a place of isolation or segregation — a sort of moral pest-house where persons with uncontrollable anti-social instincts are kept from contact with their fellow men? If so, why are persons sick in the head permitted to reënter society and spread contagion before their diseases are cured? Is the prison a place of reformation where offenders against the law are shown the error of their ways and taught and trained to become useful members of society? If so, why are men prevented from helping their dependents and denied every opportunity to make a living or to learn how to make a living? And why are they sent back into the world penniless, softened by idleness and with minds and bodies corrupted by prison disorders?

Let us grant that these questions are irrelevant — as some good citizens believe. Let us admit that the main thing is to keep the law-breaker locked up until he pays his debt to society. There still remains an important matter to be considered — the effect of imprisonment upon the moral fiber of the prisoner. Prison life brings out the worst, not the best, in human nature. Flowers die and weeds flourish in prison air. I am not claiming that every ex-convict has been hopelessly polluted, or that he has been unfitted for civil life by his incarceration. This is not true. Many ex-convicts make good; but their struggle is hard and the prison does absolutely nothing to help them. In fact, prison experience makes it harder rather than easier for a man — especially a young man — to go straight. If he is not hopelessly debased and unprepared for civil life, it is not the fault of the prison; for that is the very thing that prison life tends to do to a man. Regardless of whether the prison is the open sore, the cesspool of wickedness, the university of crime, and all that, the fact that it encourages idleness, vice, low cunning, and desperation instead of their opposites is enough to stamp it as a plague center in an already sick civilization.

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*Third-grade prisoners have no privileges and are usually deprived of all or part of their good behavior allowance, thus being forced to serve their full sentences.

The penal institutions of the United States send forth annually nearly a quarter of a million ex-convicts. If prison life tends to make each unit of this perennial outcropping a potential germ carrier of crime, the matter of prison reform becomes the concern of all. What influences do these men bring with them from the dark places where they have lived? If it is merely suspected that the process of imprisonment results in the contamination rather than the protection of society, who is there to say that the problem of the prison is not worthy of serious consideration?

IV

THE PREVAILING prison system has its apologists, it is true. Officialdom, stubbornly rooted in tradition and entangled in red tape, cannot see any farther than its own filing cabinets. To the official the prison is a concrete fact, an institution sanctioned by custom — almost sacrosanct. No reforms can be looked for in that direction. Newspaper editors, whose knowledge of prisons is derived from reading what other editors have said on the subject, are never tired of telling us how prisons have improved. They point out that, a few centuries back, men were hanged for stealing sheep, children were executed for petty larceny, the rack and wheel were in general use. They point with pride to the fact that some prison cells now have running water and electric lights and that murderers are burned to death with high voltage instead of being boiled in oil or hanged or drawn and quartered. Here editors usually stop, without attempting to show how the prison protects society or in what manner it prepares the prisoner for the responsibilities of civil life.

There are still brutalities in prisons — plenty of them. I have seen political prisoners in Leavenworth chained to the bars day after day until the blood oozed from their swollen fingertips. I have seen strong men broken and weak men hounded to madness. I have seen youths turned into perverts and perverts turned into loose-jawed imbeciles. But I have never seen a single prisoner bettered by his imprisonment, unless as the result of his own courage and character. And I must admit that I have yet to see a criminal kept by the fear of punishment from returning to the ways of crime. Punishment can no more cure crime than it can cure insanity. In fact, if we lock men up in order to punish them and to fill their minds with the fear of the law, then our theory of punishment stands indicted by its own record. All we have to show for our efforts is a steady increase in crime and a plethora of criminals. Crime seems to thrive abundantly on the kind of treatment it receives to-day.

Whether or not prisoners are treated to "cruel and unusual punishment" at present is not the point. Any kind of imprisonment is cruel — especially where the law-breaker is cared for by the state and his family left to starve. Right now the question is: to what extent does the process of imprisonment safeguard the property and persons of the majority of people in America who manage to keep out of jail? When a convict is about to be released we should not ask ourselves, "Has he been punished enough?" but rather, "What is his frame of mind now that he is about to reënter society?"

Men living behind walls and bars are still nominally governed by the laws of the land. So are the guards and prison officials. The prisoner has his rights, but he is helpless. And nobody cares a hang. If the Warden is crooked and the Deputy cruel, the prisoner must take the buffet with a smile and tighten up his belt without complaint. Whenever an orgy of lawlessness occurs — as in a mutiny — there are usually reasons, less obvious but far more illuminating than those summed up in any trite remark about "human nature." Human nature is the same in prison as it is "outside" — only more so. The criminal has his code of honor and his own sense of justice, and while they differ in degree and intensity from the honor and justice of the "outside," they are very real things to him. The majority of jailbirds I have known feel that society has wronged them. This sounds absurd, I know; but, whether we agree or not, sometimes the other fellow's point of view is amazingly interesting.

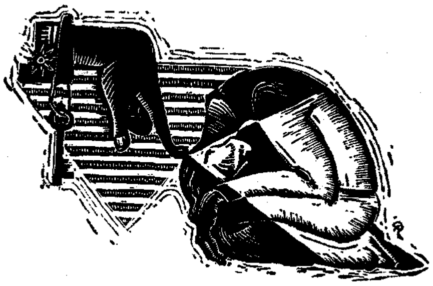
* * *

ONE CANNOT live with men in prison — cooped up intimately with them year after year — without learning a lot about them. Prisoners are refreshingly truthful in talking about their cases to other prisoners. They seldom lie to one another. It isn't necessary to lie; there is nothing to be gained by it. Because of this, only a convict can understand a convict. The Warden, the Deputy, and the guards are not paid to understand — and they don't. The chaplain and the parole officers would like to understand — but they can't. The superintendent of prisons, the uplift societies, judges, newspaper editors, and other outsiders are so far removed from what is going on that what they are able to learn about the convict is largely guesswork. Then, too, nobody seems to care about the prisoner's frame of mind. Yet his frame of mind is the all-important thing — the ultimate objective of his imprisonment.

It seems to me that someone should take the trouble to try to find out the attitude of the quarter of a million ex-convicts who are loosed on society in America each year. Admitting that they have been isolated for a while — what of it? They are no better now than when they were put away. They come out penniless and embittered. They have not learned how to make an honest living or how to find pleasure in useful work. And at least some of them have learned to love the ways of crime and idleness in prison and are free to carry the contamination with them wherever they go. Admitting that they have been punished — what of it? Those who feel a sort of grim satisfaction in seeing an offender suffer for his sins will find that satisfaction a poor safeguard to a society threatened by the evils born of imprisonment.

What I am trying to say is that the problem of criminality should be taken seriously. Crime, like malaria, is not an accident but a phenomenon. It deserves at least as much study and attention as the matter of mosquito abatement. Sanitation and civilization go hand in hand. Public health is inseparable from public hygiene. No doubt this is as it should be. But how many bloody and destructive mutinies in mismanaged prisons, overcrowded and reeking with degeneracy, will be required to convince the public conscience that the corruption and not the correction of the prisoner is the tendency of our system of imprisonment?

Laissez-faire is as dangerous in relation to crime as it would be in relation to smallpox. Indifference is deadly. The question of prisons and their inmates is not one to be lightly brushed aside. Shutting one's eyes to it will not help. Trusting to the wisdom of prison authorities is just another way of keeping things as they are. Pooh-poohing the problem will not dispose of it. The time will come sooner or later when society as a matter of self-protection must attempt the reformation of its criminals even if the entire prison system of the country has to be reorganized in order to do it. But that time will not come until criminals and prisons are recognized as matters of major importance, studied in the light of modern science, and handled by intelligent specialists instead of mediocre beneficiaries of the political spoils system. In the meanwhile, the situation will become worse — not better.



Selling Science to the Public

Drawings by Julian de Miskey

by EDWARD MURRAY EAST

Biologist, Professor of Genetics, Harvard University

SOME YEARS before Mr. Leach began to publish the data which permit the readers of THE FORUM to estimate the precise IQ of his guests, I had the privilege of listening to a near-Socratic dialogue carried on by two noted editors of literary journals and three scientists distinguished in their respective fields. One of the publicists had offered battle by twitting the academicians on the masterly way they employed words to conceal their thoughts from the uninitiated. "We have in the American people," he announced, "the greatest readers in the world, with a *per capita* consumption of printed pages far greater than that of any other nation. Their intellectual curiosity is broad and insatiable. In history, politics, economics, and social affairs, as well as in pure literature, the demand thus inspired is fairly well satisfied; but in those departments of knowledge collectively known as science, usable material is so scarce as to be virtually nonexistent. And all because the scientist seldom endeavors to present his discoveries to the world at large— and usually fails when he makes the effort."

One of the gentlemen of the laboratory retorted acidly: "This is as it should be. If you will permit me to say so, you are mistaken in believing that the bulk of the American people have a real desire for knowledge. They possess only that animal curiosity which prompts a herd of cows to wander toward the fence, there to stand dumbly fascinated by the passage of events along the public highway. They are intelligent enough, but mentally lazy. They make no effort to understand the objective attitude of the rationalist, to master the elements of logic, or to become familiar with the basic facts essential to sound judgment in any department of knowledge. Scholarly zeal is absent. The sole demand of the reader is for spectacular descriptions and exaggerated generalizations which will titillate his emotions for the moment and will leave him in possession of tag-ends of science which he can drag into the conversation superciliously at opportune moments and thus demonstrate his wisdom. For these reasons it is decidedly better that science should retain the esoteric character it had in earlier days, since a little learning has become vastly more dangerous than it was in the time of Alexander Pope."

WHO WRITES POPULAR SCIENCE?

HIS COLLEAGUES did not wholly agree. The era when secret cults maintained a monopoly on erudition had passed, they thought; and since certain aspects of science will be broadcast anyway, the broadcasting should be done as well as possible. On the other hand, the reflections of the editor found no wholehearted acceptance. "The difficulty," said they, "is not wholly the literary ineffectiveness of the average scientist. Part of the blame for the failure to set approved science before the public in an acceptable manner must be borne by those in charge of the machinery. There are many excellent men, authorities in their lines, who can write of their specialties in simple, understandable, and interesting prose, as witness the long list of admirable contributions in such journals as *The Scientific Monthly*. Had any member of the publishing guild ever examined the files of these serials with the expectation of asking certain of the more proficient authors to write special articles for his own publication? No! Certainly not! He takes the easier way and makes his selections from among the unsolicited manuscripts passing across the editorial desk. Thus it is virtually certain that the accepted article on artificial silk will be written by a professional journalist who endeavors to conceal his ignorance of chemistry by humorous allusions to the approaching necessity for birth control among silkworms. Why is no effort made to obtain an account of the new industry from a responsible chemist? Because the editor does not know where to find a chemist capable of fulfilling his requirements? Nonsense! With fifteen thousand chemists in the United States, expert advice can be had for the asking. The real trouble is that the editor has been dealing with literary form so exclusively that he has not come to realize the necessity of expert advice on content when considering articles devoted to popular science. How else can one account for the fact that our most dignified literary journal recently published a story on the most abstruse problem of biology, the inheritance of acquired characters, which was written by a retired chemist and was devoted solely to lauding the speculations of a Chicago patent attorney?"

I am inclined to think that the debaters of this evening were in substantial agreement. Each of the three arguments presented contains a high percentage of truth, and all are compatible when one makes due allowance for the inalienable right of those who have dined well to draw the long bow.

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A TOUGH MIND

WHAT OUR cynical friend had in mind in his disparagement of science for the people was not a return to the customs of the medicine man or a revival of the Rosicrucian mysteries, but rather a statement of the undeniable fact that real appreciation of much human lore requires exhaustive training. In an advertisement, the late Dr. E. E. Slosson was pictured as a writer able to open the Einstein theory to untutored minds with elegance and ease. Of course he could do nothing of the sort. Dr. Slosson was very adroit at explaining the distinction between relativism and reality, at describing the concepts of space and time in intelligible terms, or at drawing pen pictures of the variations in our sense perceptions under different conditions of observation. But all this gives one scarcely a better insight into true Einsteinian Relativity than the story of the purple cow gives into the niceties of zoölogical taxonomy. To open the door of Einstein's inner sanctum the reader must be a past master in mathematical technique; all others must be content with peeping through the keyhole.

We appreciate these requirements in certain cases. Presumably Birkhof has not been asked for a popular article on the Problem of Three Bodies, despite the witchery of the title to his specialty. But we are less likely to realize how many years of preparation are necessary for a full grasp of so many of the questions dealing with the physical and the natural sciences that are bandied about unconcernedly in daily conversation. The man on the street, with an undrilled mind and no scholarly background, demands to have them explained to him fully and convincingly within the limits of a six-page article. It can rarely be done. Take, for example, those numerous topics of general sociology which are so popular nowadays: the nature of intelligence and the use of intelligence tests, the inheritance of mental ability, the influence of natural selection, the effect of consanguineous marriages, the treatment of the criminal. These subjects involve problems which can be stated briefly and intelligibly and can be treated without the use either of the technique or the terminology peculiar to special sciences. Yet a discussion of any one of these questions is more likely to confuse than to clarify the mind of the layman, because his basic preparation in science is too shadowy to permit him to evaluate the data correctly and thus to avoid the pitfalls of fallacious logic.

Notwithstanding these strictures, much sound science can be made interesting and helpful to the general reader. The reasons so little has been available are not difficult to find. The American public normally demands science in homeopathic doses, while the best science is found in book form. Numerous publishing houses have long carried extensive lists of serious books, in many of which science is presented entertainingly with no sacrifice of accuracy. Such works deserve to be found in every home where culture is an ambition. Unfortunately their circulation is negligible. People purchase Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and the other Victorian classics because of their established reputation. Modern works, having much greater value because they are up-to-date and more clearly written, are left to gather dust on the bookman's shelves. The publisher cannot afford to advertise them, and readers are therefore ignorant of their existence. It would be a great boon if some reputable journal would organize a department presided over by a committee of scientists whose duty it would be to select the best non-technical books of the day and present them to the public. The science selected by the literary lions of the existing book clubs has been absurd.

THE CURSE OF JOURNALISM

THE PECULIAR history of American journalism furnishes another reason for the meager supply of worth-while science in popular form. For years nearly all of what passed for science in newspapers and magazines was the product of professional journalists. Not until the present decade has there been a substantial market in serial publications for articles from producing scientists, though a certain amount of space has always been available to scientifically-minded essayists of the type of John Burroughs. It follows that good stories have been rare. The major part of the press material was put together by obscure reporters, ignorant as Hottentots and blithely unaware of their deficiencies. The remainder was the product of the special writer, the selected graduate of newspaperdom, who, at best, was compelled to write undiscriminatingly of a universe he had not entered. Such copy was salable because it was assumed that the authors had been trained to scent out news and to handle it effectively in colloquial phraseology. Their stuff could be depended upon to have pep.

This system led to the formation of vicious literary habits which are not easily discarded, though the system itself is passing. The editor continues to harbor the delusion that his nostrils are as keenly sensitized to scientific news as to other news. He does not see that news of scientific importance is earmarked by qualities other than those of the divorce court. Science seeks to master nature, not to stimulate glandular secretions. The editor seldom notes this distinction. He selects insignificant themes which appeal to the emotions; and having selected, requires that they be treated in the style of the jazz age — a style inconsistent with the dignity of science. Articles must have human interest, he says; by which he appears to mean that they must be interlarded with nonsense stories after the manner of Stephen Leacock.

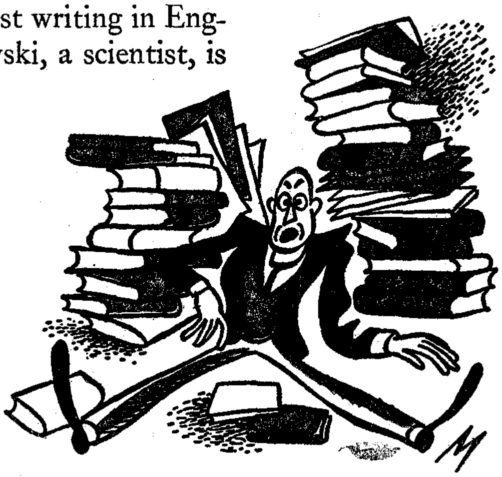
I recall that even our subsidized Science Service made these grave errors in reporting the serious communications made at the last International Congress of the Plant Sciences. Ancient themes were lauded as new discoveries; trivial papers were played upon to an accompaniment of extravagant adjectives; and the half-dozen dissertations of genuine merit were unmentioned. Journalistic chieftains of to-day disclaim responsibility for the public appetite for sensationalism. In their own eyes they are passive agents, supplying demand, with circulation figures as highly sensitive indicators of communal opinion. The excuse has a mere shadow of validity. The editors of yesterday used a system which inculcated low tastes; their successors should correct them. At all events, whether my analysis of the situation is correct or incorrect, the vulgarity of the current demand in science is the main reason why so many scientists dislike to display their wares. It is the chief difficulty in preventing an adequate supply of satisfactory non-technical papers in all branches of knowledge. And another thing, if the public taste were educated, demand would increase twenty-fold.

FOR ACCURACY AND AUTHORITY

THE trend toward better things in popular science, to which I have alluded, is merely the growing tendency to use more competent writers. Though the spectacular and the trivial are still in evidence, ignorance no longer plays first fiddle. Increasing numbers of eminent authorities take up the pen to chronicle the discoveries in their own special fields. Trained scientists, such as Slosson and Free, are turning journalists. Capable special writers are being developed who endeavor to explore those portions of the world of science which they propose to describe. And each type has value.

The kind of essay most pleasing to the scholarly reader is that written by the specialist who has the first-hand knowledge and the balanced judgment which enable him to discuss his subject in all its relations. How broad a circle can be brought under such influence depends upon what efforts are made to discover scientists having literary ability. Mr. E. W. Scripps founded and endowed Science Service for the express purpose of seeking out and encouraging scientists to tell the public about their work. Thus far the organization has functioned largely as a collective agency with its own write-up men; but Mr. Scripps undoubtedly was right in feeling that the man who makes discoveries is quite likely to be the man to tell about them. The reiterated statement that scientific men cannot write is, I believe, too strong a condemnation. By accepted literary standards most of them seem somewhat clumsy and hesitant; though Havelock Ellis, a scientist, is thought by many competent judges to be the greatest living stylist writing in English; and Bronislaw Malinowski, a scientist, is the literary peer of his compatriot, Conrad.

But is one justified in judging scientists by the usual literary standards, where grace and rhythm are so admired, even when they embellish bald platitudes? Scientific work implies considerable literary experience, a dozen books and several hundred lesser monographs being a not uncommon output. The ABC's of its style are accuracy, brevity, and clearness. Is there any good reason why they should be discarded for others at the demand of the man of letters? In the opinion of those most concerned, science, even popular science, is not written primarily for the *entertainment* of the reader. If it must be so written, the scientist is not interested in providing it. Let his judgment of values be accepted and he will work as hard as any communist for revolution — a revolution to enthrone the spirit of science in the nation. But the output of each individual should remain small. The successful popularizer ought not be tempted to become a Voltaire.



The gifted amateur has certain limitations, to be sure, but he will always have a breadth of appeal far beyond that of the professional scientist. We should have more conscientious writers like Henshaw Ward. They would have a great influence for good. The difficulty is that if they do not play fair, or if they become so vain and pretentious as to deal authoritatively with matters beyond their ken, the public has little protection. This also applies to the scientist turned journalist. He, too, must live by the pen, and it is difficult for him to refuse to undertake an article upon an unfamiliar subject. He tries to cram it from textbooks, misses the important points, and draws erroneous conclusions. The result is sad.

THE MAKING OF PROPHETS

ONE HARDLY needs to emphasize the fact that no one man is able to analyze or to synthesize all knowledge. Biological lore alone runs to tens of thousands of volumes. Dr. Shull's extension for biology of the Dewey library system runs to over three thousand subdivisions. Such being the case, it is out of the question to expect authoritative work from a writer who gleans in too many fields. Yet this is just what is demanded. Let an article or a book be received enthusiastically by the public, and the poor author is at once besieged by requests for papers upon subjects of which he knows nothing. He is accepted as a prophet; and, as a people, we love prophets. The working scientist usually, though not invariably, resists these Satanic whisperings; for he takes a pride in the esteem of his colleagues. The changeling journalist not infrequently lacks these compunctions. His head may have been turned by the applause greeting his first literary effort; or, he may have had no scientific reputation to lose.

Whatever the cause, he is now a great man by popular election, and he likes the position. We have with us to-day quite a number of these Esaus who have sold their birthrights for a mess of editorial puffage. The dogmatic assurance with which they write has made their names familiar to everyone. Their productions have but one merit: they add to the gayety of those who know.

There is one further danger connected with spreading the gospel of science. At the moment, it is perhaps of more importance than the others. Science seeks truth through objective fact. It may be true, as claimed by their devotees, that other types of truth are demonstrable through metaphysics and theology; but in method and objective, science stands apart. Unfortunately, few laymen appreciate this distinction. The present generation has come upon the scene at a time of rapidly shifting values. The moving force of our age is science, not faith. Yet the masses of the people are living under the shadow of the old folkways in which God and heaven and hell and sin are concrete conceptions not to be questioned. They demand that the old wine be put into the new bottles. And popularizers in science are greatly tempted to accede to the demand, which means nothing less than a complete betrayal of their trust.

Professor Eddington's recent book, *The Nature of the Physical World*, had a great sale. Why? Not because the author is a distinguished physicist. Not because he is able to write simply on complex problems. No, it is because he ceases to be a scientist at a certain point in his labors. The last few chapters of the volume are pure mysticism, and it is upon these chapters that the reviewers comment with wild enthusiasm. The point is even more easily demonstrated by reference to Wiggam's last volume, which is devoted to a description of modern investigations in psychology. The method adopted was that of the personal interview, supplemented by a study of the published work of each man interviewed; and Wiggam carries the thing through with exceptional skill. The last chapter, however, is consecrated (I use the word advisedly) not to the experiments of a psychologist, not to experimental work at all, but is concerned with the tenets of religious belief held by Michael Pupin, the physicist. I have no sympathy with such tactics. Let us propagate science in the spirit of science, or not at all.

What I Believe

Living Philosophies—VII

by JOHN DEWEY

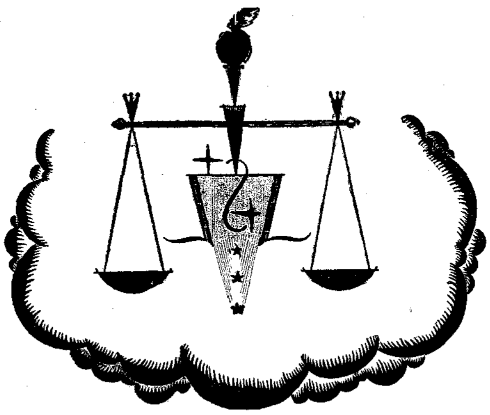
I

FAITH was once almost universally thought to be acceptance of a definite body of intellectual propositions, acceptance being based upon authority — preferably that of revelation from on high. It meant adherence to a creed consisting of set articles. Such creeds are recited daily in our churches. Of late there has developed another conception of faith. This is suggested by the words of an American thinker: "Faith is tendency toward action." According to such a view, faith is the matrix of formulated creeds and the inspiration of endeavor. Change from the one conception of faith to the other is indicative of a profound alteration. Adherence to any body of doctrines and dogmas based upon a specific authority signifies distrust in the power of experience to provide, in its own ongoing movement, the needed principles of belief and action. Faith in its newer sense signifies that experience itself is the sole ultimate authority.

Such a faith has in it all the elements of a philosophy. For it implies that the course and material of experience give support and stay to life, and that its possibilities provide all the ends and ideals that are to regulate conduct. When these implications are made explicit, there emerges a definite philosophy. I have no intention here of trying to unfold such a philosophy, but rather to indicate what a philosophy based on experience as the ultimate authority in knowledge and conduct means in the present state of civilization, what its reactions are upon what is thought and done.

For such a faith is not at present either articulate or widely held. If it were, it would be not so much a philosophy as a part of common sense.

In fact, it goes contrary to the whole trend of the traditions by which mankind is educated. On the whole it has been denied that experience and life can regulate themselves and provide their own means of direction and inspiration. Except for an occasional protest, historic philosophies have been "transcendental." And this trait of philosophies is a reflex of the fact that dominant moral codes and religious beliefs have appealed for support to something above and beyond experience. Experience has been systematically disparaged in contrast with something taken to be more fundamental and superior in worth.



Drawings by John Melching

Life as it is actually lived has been treated as a preparation for something outside of it and after it. It has been thought lawless, without meaning and value, except as it was taken to testify to a reality beyond itself. The creeds that have prevailed have been founded upon the supposed necessity of escape from the confusion and uncertainties of experience. Life has been thought to be evil and hopeless unless it could be shown to bear within itself the assured promise of a higher reality. Philosophies of escape have also been philosophies of compensation for the ills and sufferings of the experienced world.

Mankind has hardly inquired what would happen if the possibilities of experience were seriously explored and exploited. There has been much systematic exploration in science and much frantic exploitation in politics, business, and amusement. But this attention has been, so to say, incidental and in contravention to the professedly ruling scheme of belief. It has not been the product of belief in the power of experience to furnish organizing principles and directive ends. Religions have been saturated with the supernatural — and the supernatural signifies precisely that which lies beyond experience. Moral codes have been allied to this religious supernaturalism and have sought their foundation and sanction in it. Contrast with such ideas, deeply embedded in all Western culture, gives the philosophy of faith in experience a definite and profound meaning.

III

WHY HAVE men in the past resorted to philosophies of that which is above and beyond experience? And why should it be now thought possible to desist from such recourse? The answer to the first question is, undoubtedly, that the experience which men had, as well as any which they could reasonably anticipate, gave no signs of ability to furnish the means of its own regulation. It offered promises it refused to fulfill; it awakened desires only to frustrate them; it created hopes and blasted them; it evoked ideals and was indifferent and hostile to their realization. Men who were incompetent to cope with the troubles and evils that experience brought with it, naturally distrusted the capacity of experience to give authoritative guidance. Since experience did not contain the arts by which its own course could be directed, philosophies and religions of escape and consolatory compensation naturally ensued.

What are the grounds for supposing that this state of affairs has changed and that it is now possible to put trust in the possibilities of experience itself? The answer to this question supplies the content of a philosophy of experience. There are traits of present experience which were unknown and unpossessed when the ruling beliefs of the past were developed. Experience now owns as a part of itself scientific methods of discovery and test; it is marked by ability to create techniques and technologies — that is, arts which arrange and utilize all sorts of conditions and energies, physical and human. These new possessions give experience and its potentialities a radically new meaning. It is a commonplace that since the seventeenth century science has revolutionized our beliefs about outer nature, and it is also beginning to revolutionize those about man.

When our minds dwell on this extraordinary change, they are likely to think of the transformation that has taken place in the subject matter of astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, psychology, anthropology, and so on. But great as is this change, it shrinks in comparison with the change that has occurred in method. The latter is the author of the revolution in the content of beliefs. The new methods have, moreover, brought with them a radical change in our intellectual attitude and its attendant morale. The method we term "scientific" forms for the modern man (and a man is not modern merely because he lives in 1930) the sole dependable means of disclosing the realities of existence. It is the sole authentic mode of revelation. This possession of a new method, to the use of which no limits can be put, signifies a new idea of the nature and possibilities of experience. It imports a new morale of confidence, control, and security.

The change in knowledge has its overt and practical counterpart in what we term the Industrial Revolution, with its creation of arts for directing and using the energies of nature. Technology includes, of course, the engineering arts that have produced the railway, steamship, automobile, and airplane, the telegraph, telephone, and radio, and the printing press. But it also includes new procedures in medicine and hygiene, the function of insurance in all its branches, and, in its potentiality if not actualization, radically new methods in education and other modes of human relationship. "Technology" signifies all the intelligent techniques by which the energies of nature and man are directed and used in satisfaction of human needs; it cannot be limited to a few outer and comparatively mechanical forms. In the face of its possibilities, the traditional conception of experience is obsolete.

Different theories have expressed with more or less success this and that phase of the newer movements. But there is no integration of them into the standing habits and the controlling outlook of men and women. There are two great signs and tests of this fact. In science and in industry the fact of constant change is generally accepted. Moral, religious, and articulate philosophic creeds are based upon the idea of fixity. In the history of the race, change has been feared. It has been looked upon as the source of decay and degeneration. It has been opposed as the cause of disorder, chaos, and anarchy. One chief reason for the appeal to something beyond experience was the fact that experience is always in such flux that men had to seek stability and peace outside of it. Until the seventeenth century, the natural sciences shared in the belief in the superiority of the immutable to the moving, and took for their ideal the discovery of the permanent and changeless. Ruling philosophies, whether materialistic or spiritual, accepted the same notion as their foundation.

In this attachment to the fixed and immutable, both science and philosophy reflected the universal and pervasive conviction of religion and morals. Impermanence meant insecurity; the permanent was the sole ground of assurance and support amid the vicissitudes of existence. Christianity proffered a fixed revelation of absolute, unchanging Being and truth; and the revelation was elaborated into a system of definite rules and ends for the direction of life. Hence "morals" were conceived as a code of laws, the same everywhere and at all times. The good life was one lived in fixed adherence to fixed principles.

III

In contrast with all such beliefs, the outstanding fact in all branches of natural science is that to exist is to be in process, in change. Nevertheless, although the idea of movement and change has made itself at home in the physical sciences, it has had comparatively little influence on the popular mind as the latter looks at religion, morals, economics, and politics. In these fields it is still supposed that our choice is between confusion, anarchy, and something fixed and immutable. It is assumed that Christianity is the final religion; Jesus the complete and unchanging embodiment of the divine and the human. It is assumed that our present economic régime, at least in principle, expresses something final, something to endure — with, it is incidentally hoped, some improvements in detail. It is assumed, in spite of evident flux in the actual situation, that the institutions of marriage and family that developed in medieval Europe are the last and unchanging word.

These examples hint at the extent to which ideals of fixity persist in a moving world. A philosophy of experience will accept at its full value the fact that social and moral existences are, like physical existences, in a state of continuous if obscure change. It will not try to cover up the fact of inevitable modification, and will make no attempt to set fixed limits to the extent of changes that are to occur. For the futile effort to achieve security and anchorage in something fixed, it will substitute the effort to determine the character of changes that are going on and to give them in the affairs that concern us most some measure of intelligent direction. It is not called upon to cherish Utopian notions about the imminence of such intelligent direction of social changes. But it is committed to faith in the possibility of its slow effectuation in the degree in which men realize the full import of the revolution that has already been effected in physical and technical regions.

Wherever the thought of fixity rules, that of all-inclusive unity rules also. The popular philosophy of life is filled with desire to attain such an all-embracing unity, and formal philosophies have been devoted to an intellectual fulfillment of the desire. Consider the place occupied in popular thought by search for *the* meaning of life and *the* purpose of the universe. Men who look for a single purport and a single end either frame an idea of them according to their private desires and tradition, or else, not finding any such single unity, give up in despair and conclude that there is no genuine meaning and value in any of life's episodes.

The alternatives are not exhaustive, however. There is no need of deciding between no meaning at all and one single, all-embracing meaning. There are many meanings and many purposes in the situations with which we are confronted — one, so to say, for each situation. Each offers its own challenge to thought and endeavor, and presents its own potential value.

It is impossible, I think, even to begin to imagine the changes that would come into life — personal and collective — if the idea of a plurality of interconnected meanings and purposes replaced that of *the* meaning and purpose. Search for a single, inclusive good is doomed to failure. Such happiness as life is capable of comes from the full participation of all our powers in the endeavor to wrest from each changing situation of experience its own full and unique meaning. Faith in the varied possibilities of diversified experience is attended with the joy of constant discovery and of constant growing. Such a joy is possible even in the midst of trouble and defeat, whenever life-experiences are treated as potential disclosures of meanings and values that are to be used as means to a fuller and more significant future experience. Belief in a single purpose distracts thought and wastes energy that would help make the world better if it were directed to attainable ends.

IV

I HAVE STATED a general principle, because philosophy, I take it, is more than an enumeration of items of belief with respect to this and that question. But the principle can acquire definiteness only in application to actual issues. How about religion? Does renunciation of the extra-empirical compel also an abandonment of all religion? It certainly exacts a surrender of that supernaturalism and fixed dogma and rigid institutionalism with which Christianity has been historically associated. But as I read human nature and history, the intellectual content of religions has always finally adapted itself to scientific and social conditions after they have become clear. In a sense, it has been parasitic upon the latter.

For this reason I do not think that those who are concerned about the future of a religious attitude should trouble themselves about the conflict of science with traditional doctrines — though I can understand the perplexity of fundamentalists and liberals alike who have identified religion with a special set of beliefs. Concern about the future of religion should take, I think, a different direction. It is difficult to see how religion, after it has accommodated itself to the disintegrating effect of knowledge upon the dogmas of the church, can accommodate itself to traditional social institutions and remain vital.

It seems to me that the chief danger to religion lies in the fact that it has become so respectable. It has become largely a sanction of what socially exists — a kind of gloss upon institutions and conventions. Primitive Christianity was devastating in its claims. It was a religion of renunciation and denunciation of the "world;" it demanded a change of heart that entailed a revolutionary change in human relationships. Since the Western world is now alleged to be Christianized, a world of outworn institutions is accepted and blessed. A religion that began as a demand for a revolutionary change and that has become a sanction to established economic, political, and international institutions should perhaps lead its sincere devotees to reflect upon the sayings of the one worshiped as its founder: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you," and, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you."

I do not mean by this that the future of religion is bound up with a return to the apocalyptic vision of the speedy coming of a heavenly kingdom. I do not mean that I think early Christianity has within itself even the germs of a ready-made remedy for present ills and a ready-made solution for present problems. Rather I would suggest that the future of religion is connected with the possibility of developing a faith in the possibilities of human experience and human relationships that will create a vital sense of the solidarity of human interests and inspire action to make that sense a reality. If our nominally religious institutions learn how to use their symbols and rites to express and enhance such a faith, they may become useful allies of a conception of life that is in harmony with knowledge and social needs.

Since existing Western civilization is what it is so largely because of the forces of industry and commerce, a genuinely religious attitude will be concerned with all that deeply affects human work and the leisure that is dependent upon the conditions and results of work. That is, it will acknowledge the significance of economic factors in life instead of evading the issue. The greatest obstacle that exists to the apprehension and actualization of the possibilities of experience is found in our economic régime. One does not have to accept the doctrine of economic determination of history and institutions to be aware that the opportunities of men in general to engage in an experience that is artistically and intellectually rich and rewarding in the daily modes of human intercourse is dependent upon economic conditions. As long as the supreme effort of those who influence thought and set the conditions under which men act is directed toward maintenance of the existing money economy and private profit, faith in the possibilities of an abundant and significant experience, participated in by all, will remain merely philosophic. While this matter was led up to by a consideration of religion, its significance extends far beyond the matter of religion. It affects every range and aspect of life.

Many persons have become acutely conscious of economic evils as far as they bear upon the life of wage earners, who form the great mass of mankind. It requires somewhat more imagination to see how the experience of those who are, as we say, well-to-do or are "comfortably off" is restricted and distorted. They seem to enjoy the advantages of the present situation. But they suffer as deeply from its defects. The artist and scientific inquirer are pushed outside the main currents of life and become appendages to its fringe or caterers to its injustices. All æsthetic and intellectual interests suffer in consequence. Useless display and luxury, the futile attempt to secure happiness through the possession of things, social position, and economic power over others, are manifestations of the restriction of experience that exists among those who seemingly profit by the present order. Mutual fear, suspicion, and jealousy are also its products. All of these things deflect and impoverish human experience beyond any calculation.

There may have been a time when such things had to be endured because mankind had neither the knowledge nor the arts by which to attain an abundant life shared by all. As it becomes increasingly evident that science and technology have given us the resources for dealing effectively with the workings of economic forces, the philosophy of the possibilities of experience takes on concrete meaning.

* * *

OUR INTERNATIONAL system (since, with all its disorder, it *is* a system) presents another example, writ large, of the restriction of experience created by exclusiveness and isolation. In the arts and technical sciences, there already exist contacts and exchanges undreamed of even a century ago. Barring our execrable tariff walls, the same is true of commerce in physical commodities. But at the same time, race and color prejudice have never had such opportunity as they have now to poison the mind, while nationalism is elevated into a religion called patriotism. Peoples and nations exist in a state of latent antagonism when not engaged in overt conflict. This state of affairs narrows and impoverishes the experience of every individual in countless ways. An outward symbol of this restriction is found in the oft cited fact that eighty per cent of our national expenditure goes to pay for the results of past wars and preparing for future wars. The conditions of a vitally valuable experience for the individual are so bound up with complex, collective, social relationships that the individualism of the past has lost its meaning. Individuals will always be the center and the consummation of experience, but what an individual actually *is* in his life-experience depends upon the nature and movement of associated life. This is the lesson enforced by both our economic and our international systems.

Morals is not a theme by itself because it is not an episode nor department by itself. It marks the issue of all the converging forces of life. Codes that set up fixed and unchanging ends and rules have necessarily relaxed in the face of changing science and society. A new and effective morale can emerge only from an exploration of the realities of human association. Psychology and the social disciplines are beginning to furnish the instrumentalities of this inquiry. In no field has disrespect for experience had more disastrous consequences, for in no other has there been such waste. The experience of the past is largely thrown away. There has been no deliberate, cumulative process, no systematic transmission of what is learned in the contacts and intercourse of individuals with one another. It has been thought enough to hand on fixed rules and fixed ends. Controlled moral progress can begin only where there is the sifting and communication of the results of all relevant experiences of human association, such as now exists as a matter of course in the experiences of science with the natural world.

In popular speech, morals usually signifies matters of sex relationship. Phenomena of a period of acute transition like those of the present are poor material upon which to base prediction and foresight. But it is clear that the codes which still nominally prevail are the result of one-sided and restricted conditions. Present ideas of love, marriage, and the family are almost exclusively masculine constructions. Like all idealizations of human interests that express a dominantly one-sided experience, they are romantic in theory and prosaic in operation. Sentimental idealization on one side has its obverse in a literally conceived legal system. The realities of the relationships of men, women, and children to one another have been submerged in this fusion of sentimentalism and legalism. The growing freedom of women can hardly have any other outcome than the production of more realistic and more human morals. It will be marked by a new freedom, but also by a new severity. For it will be enforced by the realities of associated life as they are disclosed to careful and systematic inquiry, and not by a combination of convention and an exhausted legal system with sentimentality.

VI

THE CHIEF intellectual characteristic of the present age is its despair of any constructive philosophy — not just in its technical meaning, but in the sense of any integrated outlook and attitude. The developments of the last century have gone so far that we are now aware of the shock and overturn in older beliefs. But the formation of a new, coherent view of nature and man based upon facts consonant with science and actual social conditions is still to be had. What we call the Victorian Age seemed to have such a philosophy. It was a philosophy of hope, of progress, of all that is called liberalism. The growing sense of unsolved social problems, accentuated by the war, has shaken that faith. It is impossible to recover its mood.

The result is disillusionment about all comprehensive and positive ideas. The possession of constructive ideals is taken to be an admission that one is living in a realm of fantasy. We have lost confidence in reason because we have learned that man is chiefly a creature of habit and emotion. The notion that habit and impulse can themselves be rendered intelligent on any large and social scale is felt to be only another illusion. Because the hopes and expectations of the past have been discredited, there is cynicism as to all far-reaching plans and policies. That the very knowledge which enables us to detect the illusory character of past hopes and aspirations — a knowledge denied those who held them — may enable us to form purposes and expectations that are better grounded, is overlooked.

In fact, the contrast with the optimism of the Victorian Age is significant of the need and possibility of a radically different type of philosophy. For that era did not question the essential validity of older ideas. It recognized that the new science demanded a certain purification of traditional beliefs — such, for example, as the elimination of the supernatural. But in the main, Victorian thought conceived of new conditions as if they merely put in our hands effective instruments for realizing old ideals. The shock and uncertainty so characteristic of the present marks the discovery that the older ideals themselves are undermined. Instead of science and technology giving us better means for bringing them to pass, they are shaking our confidence in all large and comprehensive beliefs and purposes.

Such a phenomenon is, however, transitory. The impact of the new forces is for the time being negative. Faith in the divine author and authority in which Western civilization confided, inherited ideas of the soul and its destiny, of fixed revelation, of completely stable institutions, of automatic progress, have been made impossible for the cultivated mind of the Western world. It is psychologically natural that the outcome should be a collapse of faith in all fundamental organizing and directive ideas. Skepticism becomes the mark and even the pose of the educated mind. It is the more influential because it is no longer directed against this and that article of the older creeds but is rather a bias against any kind of far-reaching ideas, and a denial of systematic participation on the part of such ideas in the intelligent direction of affairs.

It is in such a context that a thoroughgoing philosophy of experience, framed in the light of science and technique, has its significance. For it, the breakdown of traditional ideas is an opportunity. The possibility of producing the kind of experience in which science and the arts are brought unitedly to bear upon industry, politics, religion, domestic life, and human relations in general, is itself something novel. We are not accustomed to it even as an idea. But faith in it is neither a dream nor a demonstrated failure. It is a faith. Realization of the faith, so that we may work in larger measure by sight of things achieved, is in the future. But the conception of it as a possibility when it is worked out in a coherent body of ideas, critical and constructive, forms a philosophy, an organized attitude of outlook, interpretation, and construction. A philosophic faith, being a tendency to action, can be tried and tested only in action. I know of no viable alternative in the present day to such a philosophy as has been indicated.

Sir Arthur Keith will contribute the next paper to this series.

The African BIG GAME

Drawings by LeRoy Baldridge

by JOHN W. VANDERCOOK*

IT IS DIFFICULT to explain the praise and dignity which is always attached to killers. That they are praised is undeniable. A general, if only his wholesale killing is large enough, is assured of fame. The common soldier is more admired than the common artisan. And in the realm of sport the shooter of pigeons and chipmunks rates himself a somehow more masculine figure than, for example, the best chess player alive. If everyday hunting undergoes a process of enlargement — larger rifles, larger animals, and a larger purse to back the hunt — and the scene is shifted to Africa, then rotogravure sections, news columns, and particularly the hunters themselves simply cannot contain their admiration.

African Big Game Hunting (the capitals are the hunters') is reputed to require courage. The hunters are rumored to undergo appalling hardships. They are supposed to "explore." And latterly, probably because a few are realizing the crudity of their occupation, Big Game Hunting is said to advance the cause of science. Now I've been twice in what is optimistically called "unexplored Africa," have had some contact with big game hunters, heard and read more of them, and have some knowledge of the animals they go to kill. I should like to submit that not one of the above boasted virtues has, in the vast majority of instances, the slightest reference to fact.

Courage, of course, is relative. A Central African would be dazed by the rare courage of the New Yorker who flings himself hourly into the full stream of Broadway traffic with no nobler purpose than attaining the opposite curb. But the African's opinion, based on ignorance and distance, would be no more worthless than are the views of a sedentary citizen on African dangers. Such abstracts must be balanced at the source.

THE LOWDOWN ON LIONS

THE CONTRAST between the way the Africans themselves hunt and the methods of the foreign sportsman is sufficiently revealing. For example, there is an actual lion-getting device used by some tribes of northeastern French Guinea. It is very simple. The first step is to build the framework of a house — a cage-like structure made of innumerable long, thin sticks laced tightly together with flexible bark. This framework is, except for the absence of a door, exactly like the first stage in building any native house. A thatched roof is added, lashed in place, and the bottom line made rigid with additional reënforcements.

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All is now ready. A dozen or more hale young men hoist the skeleton hut to their shoulders and sally forth. The rest of the town, resolute but fully awake to the entertainment possibilities of the hunt, deploy through the scrub until they rout out a lion, which they then drive through a kind of bottle neck double line composed of their own shouting and gesticulating persons, toward the cage bearers. Suppose all goes well. The lion charges down upon the twelve men and their wobbling, lofty hut. It arrives. With beautiful precision the men sidestep and heave — and lo, the lion is neatly encased where it can be dispatched at leisure! Of course, if there is any difficulty, the men explain, they themselves can always hop inside the cage, drop it, and make faces at the lion wandering helpless without. These Guinea natives are not sufficiently civilized to speak throatily of "sport," but they do do a small business with European animal dealers in search of live lions, and they find the game entertaining.

It is a curious survival that the old-fashioned flintlock, muzzle-loading rifle, although it has not been in general use for nearly a century, is still obtainable in many of the trading houses in West Africa. Still more startling is the use the Gola tribesmen of the Liberian interior make of them. The muzzle-loaders one sees on sale have been dipped in a bath of house paint — the better to preserve them — and are brightly encrusted inside and out. What happens when a good charge of powder is exploded in one, no white man I know has ever cared to ascertain. The Golas, however, use them to kill wild elephants — in this fashion.

According to a childishly hysterical law, natives are forbidden to buy balls, so they use instead a short-shafted, iron-tipped arrow which is dropped in the muzzle against the powder charge. Several Golas thus equipped then search out an elephant. When it is located, their next task is to get *under* it — literally. Experience has taught that the force of the exploded arrow is spent after a flight of a few yards and that at best it is ineffectual against any part of an elephant's hide except the soft belly. Several hunters at once try to get so close to the huge creature that by putting the gun butts on the ground (where the recoil will do no harm) they can properly aim the arrows. They fire and flee. Then, unless the elephant has miraculously been felled by the one volley, they reload and follow, continuing sometimes for days. All the meat, of course, is eaten. The ivory is brought to the coast for sale.

MILD ANIMALS I'VE KNOWN

LESS CURIOUS but equally spectacular is the commonplace East African method of hunting with the native spear — usually a soft piece of iron on a fragile shaft. Lions are beaten into the open and then stabbed in straight-forward personal encounter. Guns, due to the fidgety prohibitory laws in force in all parts of Africa, are almost never employed by natives. Yet without them they effectively protect their cattle and rarely meet with fatal accidents. The explanation, of course, is that wild beasts are not one-hundredth so dangerous as they are reputed. All capable judges not obsessed by their own importance and by a desire for indiscriminate killing, agree to that. The two greatest of all wild animal photographers — Major Arthur Dugmore and Mr. Martin Johnson — ridicule the notion of the spontaneous ferocity of big game animals. And they, above all mortals, should know.

In the course of an ordinary African journey, and I care not where one's route lies or how remotely one penetrates, I profoundly believe there is no more danger from animals than there is from being hit by a stray meteor. The Africans themselves are convinced of that. I once asked a native what he would do if he should encounter a lion on his path. He grinned, picked a stick from the ground — and threw it!

On the Cameroon plateau and in the Liberian forests, especially while walking at night, my wife and I, most emphatically unarmed (firearms, among other things, are beastly heavy), have been close enough to leopards, and, once or twice, to lions, to catch the curious, acrid scent of their bodies. I confess to rapid walking and prolonged holding of the breath — but I am sure now that the danger was nonexistent. Africa has been populated these many millenniums and beasts have an instinctive fear of men. If a large animal is relentlessly pursued and wounded, it will give an excellent accounting — certainly. But the circumstances under which white men hunt are always an adequate guaranty of safety.

First of all, every big game hunter, and there are invariably several in a party, is equipped with a multiple-shot, modern rifle which aims true at upward of half-a-mile and delivers such a terrific impact that the bullet will upset most animals, no matter where it hits. And always near at hand is to be found an efficient native gun-bearer equipped with and capable of using a duplicate weapon. Much shooting, in fact, is now done from the idiotic security of an automobile's back seat. Some expensive Englishmen have even announced that there is "sport" to be had from an airplane.

The common method, however, is to kill a zebra, drag its body — and the scent of it — around for a time and then, with darkness, repair to a *boma* (a shelter made of thorn branches), to a comfortable treetop, or some other location of complete security, there to await the arrival of a lion. When it comes, it is merely killed from ambush.

The usual daylight hunt is assisted by gangs of natives who are unarmed except for spears. These beaters go into the grass and scrub clumps where game lurks and drive it out toward the spot where the hunters (frequently seated in camp chairs) are waiting. When the lion is conveniently near, the white men shoot. If they miss, they merely shoot again. Mortal accidents, except when some incompetent idiot wounds an animal and then follows it blindly into concealment, are practically unheard of. "Almosts" are more common. And they have a glamorous dignity.

One must also bear in mind that the shooting of even allegedly dangerous animals forms but a very small part of the African huntsman's bag. The ordinary $500 Visitors' License (extra big carcasses cost extra) in Kenya Colony, for example, permits the killing of forty-three different species; and of these just two — the lion and buffalo — would harm a fly. The remaining forty-one include such terrors as Thomson's gazelle and the small Colobus monkey.

RUBBER-TIRED HARDSHIPS

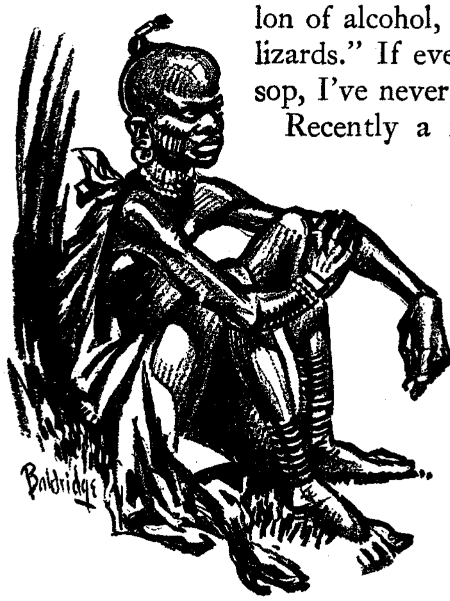
THE QUESTION of reputed hardships is part of the same myth. Most hunters set out from Nairobi, a twenty-two hours' trip by railway from the coast, and Nairobi has learned through long experience how to make hunting very comfortable indeed. An ordinary mortal (I speak from experience) can be perfectly comfortable on a walking journey in the African interior with, at most, six native porters for the possessions of each white person. But I have never heard of an East African hunting party that set out with less than thirty pieces of baggage and as many men to carry them, and I have very frequently heard of processions of more than two hundred porters. Tents, chairs, tables, and beds are taken, immense quantities of European food (and drink); and it is almost always possible, even when bound cross-country, to go horseback or by motor.

A safari is infinitely more comfortable, for instance, than a week-end camping trip in Maine. Yet a month rarely passes without some such remark as the following appearing in the press: "Mr. Kibitzer and his party during their hunt for the greater kudu underwent severe hardships . . . (And, one sentence farther on) The motor trip through the jungle was accomplished in a Ford and a light motor truck carrying eight natives."

I hope it is not libelous to chortle?

One should also bear in mind that the temperature of the East African plateau, where most big game hunting is done, is, except at high noon, extremely equable. The mean annual temperature of that fearful land, in fact, is officially stated at 63 degrees Fahrenheit! The dangers of disease are, I feel, like most things about that unfortunate continent, over-rated. I only wish I could feel as rosily and flamboyantly well on Manhattan Island as I always am in the West African lowlands — a worse region by far than the high Eastern plateau. But — I quote from another clipping: "Not the least of the perils braved by the Baron and Baroness was the journey through Uganda during the height of the sleeping sickness epidemic, when more than 200,000 natives died from the effects of bites from tse-tse flies."

And so, I might add, is your old man! My comment would doubtless be echoed by a great many thousand resident officials, planters, and merchants, and their wives and children, both in Uganda and in the "fly belt" all the way westward to the mouth of the Congo. The boast is exactly as empty as if a traveler should vaunt that he "braved" the United States during the influenza wave.



Were it not for the newspapers' continued insistence on the term "explorer," it would hardly be necessary to insist that big game hunters have, as an almost universal thing, no claims whatsoever to that dignity. Few, indeed, ever go into territory that has not long since been carefully mapped and is not now the home of innumerable white traders and officials. Not many Americans realize that anyone may now cross equatorial Africa along the Congo-Kenya route by a modern system of railways and steamboats. Many side trips — for example, the one into the famous Ituri forest — may be made by motor car over excellent roads. Sportsmen seem to have a curious knack for suppressing these details. Exploring consists of the mapping and detailed geographical description of utterly new land — and nothing else. Only a trained surveyor can explore and it is a terribly slow and difficult process. If for no other reason, the rapid motion of hunting parties would hopelessly preclude their right to be designated as "explorers."

Lately "hunting trips" have come to be mysteriously metamorphosed into "scientific expeditions." The change, though it is usually ridiculous, is at least hopeful. For I can think of no other explanation for the change than the one mentioned at the start: that opinion against nondescript slaughter has grown — feebly, yet a little — to the point where animal killers feel they need some excuse. A marvelously poor scientific excuse will serve. This is from one of the many Big Game books: "The game we wanted was lion and buffalo, with a good hope of rhinocerous and a less hope of elephant. In addition to this, I procured a small sheet-iron tank half full of a gallon of alcohol, in which I proposed to collect lizards." If ever Cerberus was flung a poorer sop, I've never heard of it.

Recently a motion picture taken by the members of a private shooting party, a picture largely composed of edifying shots of the brave gunners clambering onto corpses and hopping idiotically up and down as they smirked into the camera, was shown in New York. From beginning to end the captions muttered about "science." And at the end, a shade unfortunately, the scientific results were shown in all their glory — a huge quantity of antelope horns, several skulls, and a few ivories! Nothing whatever that was new, not a single complete specimen, not one object that could add a microscopic fact to zoölogy or any other science. Whether one prefers to interpret this as a silly lie or as mere abysmal stupidity does not matter. There are innumerable similar examples.

All For Science!

No one is more embittered against all this flapdoodle than are legitimate scientific collectors. Their work is made more difficult and their deserved fame cheapened. Nevertheless, responsibility for the hoaxing must be laid at the door of certain accredited museums. If anyone wishes to lead a scientific expedition into Darkest Africa, I can explain, in a few words, how it may be arranged. It is to be understood that funds are practically unlimited.

First, plan the trip, decide where and when you want to go. Suit your own convenience, for it will not matter in the slightest. Then, if as an afterthought you decide science is more reputable than sport, select some museum of easy conscience and explain the situation. Possibly it will simplify things a trifle if you have previously bestowed a handsome money gift and become a founder or benefactor of some wholly admirable but impoverished zoölogical society. The curator, though he may secretly wish you were in hell, will find himself in a difficult situation. He can't well refuse. If you promise on your return to present him with a few ill-cured skins or broken horns for which you will have no use in your trophy room, you can — if you have selected the right curator — from that moment on call yourself and your half-educated friends, the "Bohunk University-Jones African Scientific Expedition."

If, however, the curator still resists, there is another trick against which few scientific organizations, for perfectly honest purposes, can hold out. Say that you will take along at your expense one or two entomologists, botanists, or ornithologists, to be named by the museum. Although you will naturally change your plans in no whit for their convenience, though you will bundle the unfortunate gentlemen along at a rate hopelessly incompatible with the work they wish to do, they will still collect a little and learn a little. Their poor names, of course, will never reach Page One, but yours will.

I must confess that I am hopelessly at a loss when I try to analyze the fundamental issues — the ones truly important — to anyone interested in that most peculiar thing, the human mind.

A lady, in an interview, says, "I just love hunting. I just adore it, in fact." Butchers serve a useful purpose, but I've never heard of one who "adored" the killing. What satisfaction could there have been to Richard Harding Davis, and to thousands of lesser men before and after him, in shooting hippopotami, creatures as harmless as they are huge, from the deck of a moving steamer? No one can hope to retrieve the body. The greatest delight possible is to see red puddles on the surface of the stream as the beast sinks forever out of sight. Yet shooting hippopotami is a regular amusement of the passengers aboard Nile and Congo boats. It is among the attractions mentioned in the tourist circulars.

"I KILLED THOSE"

A WELL-KNOWN writer inserts as frontispiece to one of his books a photograph of a colossal hall which he calls his "Trophy Room." Countless lopped off heads of animals leer from the wall, and every available space is covered with the skins of beasts — killed (and mind you, here the glory lies!) by the gentleman himself. The room, and I suppose he lives in it — although to my eyes it possesses all the cozy charm of an abattoir — is, I presume, like most things we collect about us, a kind of monument to self-esteem. "I killed those," he can say. (It seems ungrateful never to mention the intermediary gun, but somehow they never do.) "Because of me there is just so much less life upon the earth! Therefore I am great and in that have I shown my power."

I am unimpressed and very frankly puzzled. Shooting for necessary meat, and shooting to protect one's own land from depredation — these are old things and wholly comprehensible. But to kill . . . to kill the rapidly thinning beasts of Africa, to seek out with double fury those species which are already nearly gone, to kill birds, foxes, apes, zebra, deer; to kill, when chance offers, every living thing upon the earth for the paltry reason that mere killing somehow bolsters pride, or for the still stranger and more tawdry reason that it shows one knows how to aim a gun (a very wondrous dignity!) — this, I feel profoundly, is indecency and unbecoming to all the prides of human kind. But the wanton slaughter will continue.

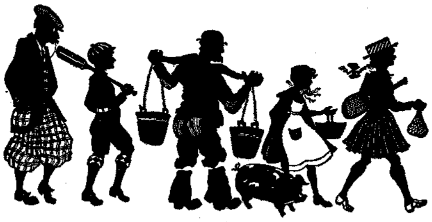
"It is a primitive instinct," they say. I know of several other nasty ones.

SILHOUETTES
from an English Village

by

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

I



THINNED and browned by hotter climes,
Major Browne feeds on the *Times*
And writes his weekly letter: *Sir,*
Our heads are not the men we were!
General Boddy's not the man
To send to calm Afghanistan!
Age has stooped the Major's shoulders,
But his sharp blue eye still smoulders.

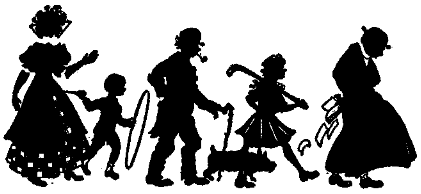
A cricket bat and Billy Jones
Turn this world of tears and moans
Into such a place of mirth
One feels the wings upon the earth.

Like a hairy, patient ox,
Tom the water-bringer walks;
Leans his neck against the yoke —
British oak on British oak.

Susan Simes, Red Riding-Hood,
Makes her pig do what he should
And mind his manners like a king
When she takes him marketing.

Marjorie grows like a stalk
Of a July hollyhock;
Her mother faces with despair
The day of putting up her hair.

II



MISS Dollick wears a regal bonnet
With half of this world's flowers on it;
Head up, tail above the dasher,
She goes to buy a bacon rasher.
When she talks to folks, her eyes
Look higher up than folks can rise.
She shops in elbow gloves, for she
Has bishops in her family tree.

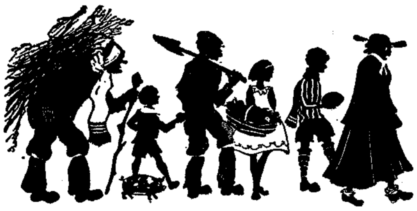
Roger, plump of cheek and knee,
Reminds one of a strawberry.

Mr. Tompkins, ne'er-do-well,
Wears a bowler like a bell,
And the joy his soul lives on
Is lifting it to old Sir John.

Hilda has a sealyham;
The world for her is pop and jam,
Hockey sticks, and wind that shows
It's love upon her freckled nose.

Vicar Brex goes through the street
His eyes upon his homely feet;
Chrysostom whispers at his side,
And Bede who told how God once cried
To cowherd Cædmon in a flame,
And Ambrose with the honey's name.

III



LIKE the Old Man in the Moon
Goes old Jeremiah Doon,
Fagots on his creaking back
Through all weathers bright and black.

Jack has neither house nor lands,
Just a shovel and two hands
To keep his little son in shoes
And eyes like heaven's morning blues,
To keep the daughter he adores
In radiant new pinafores
And cheeks like roses on the moors:
And so Jack makes his shovel shine,
And life is larks and sun and wine.

A Kitchener in ruddy teens,
Lord Roberts of the football greens,
Lithe of limb and clear of eye,
A morning star within the sky,
A lad who builds his body straight
To bear a world-wide empire's weight.

The Curate has an eye that sees
Through all the village vanities;
He knows what all his sons are at
And stores it in his shovel hat.
He is the shepherd vigilant,
A captain in Church Militant.

Mata Hari Trapped

Continued from page 138

After the lapse of only a few days, Mata Hari was summoned to appear at the office of the Second Bureau. When she was admitted to see Captain Ledoux and his colonel, she was informed that the information concerning the German submarines had been proved correct. The previous night two of these craft had been sunk in an attempt to land rifles at Mehediya.

"We have had sufficient proof of your integrity," said the chief of the Second Bureau, "and if you continue as you have begun, you will be of the greatest value to us. All that now remains is to utilize your services to the best advantage. Have you any suggestion to make?"

"Well, *mon colonel*, I have recently signed a contract to dance in Brussels. You know that as a Dutch subject I am privileged to move about in the territories of the countries at war. It is easy for me to get to Brussels from my own country, especially as I have influential friends who will help me. What could I do in Brussels? Do you have difficulty in conveying instructions to your agents there? One of my diplomat friends told me that it was exceedingly difficult to get the required kind of information from the agents in occupied territory, because it was so hard to tell them what was wanted. I suggest, therefore, *mon colonel*, that you employ me in carrying instructions to the agents whom you have there. Being a woman, I might not know just what to look for if I were left to myself, but if there are others to do the work, I would gladly get in touch with them to carry out your instructions."

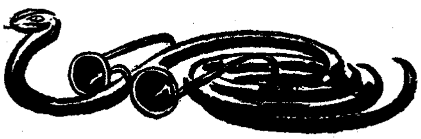
"That is a good idea. Prepare yourself for the journey then, and when you are ready to depart, we will give you a list of our agents in Belgium with whom we wish to communicate, and a copy of the instructions we would like to have conveyed to them."

A Neat Trick Neatly Turned

In such simple fashion did Mata Hari carry out the orders of her employers and obtain for them what she knew to be the invaluable documents which meant so much to the weary German espionage agents. When the precious list of twelve French spies was handed to Mata Hari, the officer of the Second Bureau impressed upon her the necessity of guarding it with her life, should such an extreme penalty be exacted in its defense. The value of that piece of paper to the Germans, he said, was incalculable; if they knew it was in her possession, there was not the slightest doubt that they would make strenuous efforts to relieve her of it. The officer then wished her good fortune on her first mission for the French.

Again Mata Hari had to journey by way of England, but the risk which she ran of exposing herself a second time to the London police was now enormously reduced by the mission she was sent on. The officer at the Second Bureau had already told her that she would be "signaled" to Scotland Yard, whose duty it would then be to facilitate her passage.

When Mata Hari arrived in England, it is quite probable that she made careful note of the war material collected in the harbor at Dover, where she landed. She had an unexpected stroke of good luck in being detained a few days in London, where she was able to observe the effects of the air raids and to note some of the measures taken to combat them. This was information which she had been instructed by the Germans to gather in Paris, so that it must be of even greater value if gathered in London. At last the London police informed Mata Hari that a boat was available for her journey, and that the police themselves would make the necessary arrangements for her. The obliging men went further: they escorted her to the boat and saw that everything was made comfortable and convenient for her.



This obstacle happily surmounted, Mata Hari was able to retire to her berth before the ship pulled out of the Medway under its escort, with the satisfied feeling that she had outwitted her oldest enemies, had completely deceived the French, and had performed another of her surprisingly brilliant feats of espionage. A safe haven lay ahead. In Holland she would be gratefully received by her German employers, and there would no longer be the strain of living under constant fear of danger — especially that danger which creeps up from behind. Instead, there would be a reunion with her lover from whom she had been so long separated and for whom she had worked in exile with unfailing success in a series of the boldest exploits. There would also be innumerable old friends of that officer class she had learned to adore.

And, besides, she was weary of Paris; she needed a change of pleasures and a variety in dissipation. Of course, there could now be no return to Paris until she went in the wake of the victorious German troops to enjoy a truly Roman triumph, with her former French lovers as her trophies. It was a pleasant prospect.

The Other Side of the Case

The officers of the Second Bureau were not really quite such easy dupes as Mata Hari had supposed them to be. True, her first visit to their departmental offices had produced a momentary anxiety. The reason the spy had given for approaching them was her urgent need of money — a very plausible excuse for one with her extravagant tastes; but it was learned on inquiry that her bank account enjoyed an unaccustomed balance. Thus relieved of their first fears, and persuaded that there was a dangerous underlying motive for her extraordinary conduct, they decided to allow the affair to follow a natural course in the expectation that something more might be learned.

The news of the German submarines increased their perplexity. To anyone unfamiliar with the tortuous methods of secret services, this piece of information and the use made of it presents special interest. The betrayal seems inexplicable. Here was a woman volunteering knowledge which had eluded the search of the cleverest agents in the French service. If the information was false, no good purpose could be served in surrendering it. If it was true, it was suicide to reveal it without authorization. Information of this nature was so jealously guarded that only those immediately concerned with the allocation of the duties could ever have possession of it (often the submarine commanders received sealed orders); and for Mata Hari to share such secrets was equivalent to an admission that she was in the innermost counsels of the enemy.

The betrayal is inexplicable to anyone unaware of the prodigious lengths to which the harassed German secret service was prepared to go in order to purchase its reputation for omniscience. The lives of two submarine crews was the price offered to purchase French faith in Mata Hari, so that she might secure a confidential mission for the purpose of betraying that faith. As an example of German psychology, this act would be amusing if it were not so amazingly tragic. The only object it could possibly achieve with men accustomed to the curious procedure of volunteer agents, was to confirm suspicion. At first there did exist the possibility that Mata Hari's offer of service might be genuine; but the accuracy of this priceless information she offered as bait removed any shadow of doubt that there was some deep underlying purpose.

The next step, therefore, was to uncover her real motive. The French had only a dark hint that Mata Hari had been instructed to obtain some further information; they had uncovered her secret channel of communication through the neutral Dutch Embassy, and one of the messages she had received in this way had urged her "to pursue a matter previously mentioned." When Mata Hari had unexpectedly offered her services to the French Second Bureau, it became clear at once that the surest way to find out what she was after was to let her choose her own mission from the many that were available. She had suggested that she be put into communication with the French agents in Belgium, and this revealed to the French what the Germans were really trying to find out.

But what of the French betrayal of their agents in Belgium? The Germans were anxious to put a stop to their activities; knowing this, had not the French entrusted to Mata Hari's keeping a list of their spies' names? Was not this on a par with the Germans' betrayal of their submarine crews? Not quite.

Shortly after Mata Hari left on her mission, the German counter-espionage service in Brussels arrested a French agent whose name was on the list supplied to Mata Hari. Three weeks later he was shot. The name of that one man happened to be the only genuine name on the list, and it had been put there with a purpose; the other names were all of fictitious persons. The selected victim was a traitor who was serving two masters without honesty to either; for, while he was working for the French and accepting their pay, he was performing a like service and receiving a similar reward from the enemy. Since this man was secure behind the German lines, he was out of the reach of punishment by the French, but by giving a hint of his dual occupation to the German police the punishment was left to them. We know that it was carried out efficiently, to the mutual satisfaction of both sides.

Now came the question of dealing with Mata Hari. The French argued that since she was deliberately seeking to betray them in a way which was bound to become known to them, she considered her work in Paris completed with the accomplishment of this mission, and she was seeking a safe means of escape to Holland. They were determined that she should not reach this haven of safety. On the other hand, to detain her would arouse the suspicion that they knew of her treachery, and they did want to send that list of spies to the Germans: first, because it would remove one traitor, and second, because it would furnish them with tangible evidence to bring about Mata Hari's condemnation — if only they could discover what means she employed to convey the information to her German employers.

The coöperation of the London police was therefore invited. During Mata Hari's absence from her hotel in London, the men from Scotland Yard had undertaken a thorough search of her luggage, but they failed to find the secret document entrusted to her by the French. Thereupon it was assumed that she had already contrived to slip it through unobserved to the Germans. The next thing was to render her powerless to commit any further damage to the Allied cause.

So, when Mata Hari left London in the dead of night with the comfortable feeling that she had outwitted the united secret services of two countries and was headed for a tranquil haven where she could afford to laugh at danger, she was wholly unprepared for the situation which awaited the dawn. When day broke and she went on deck to see the low-lying coast line of her native land, she was greeted by the sight of unbroken sea. When she addressed a question to one of the ship's officers, he replied:

"We shall not land for another two days, madame."

"What, does the journey to Holland take so long now?" she asked in dismay.

"Holland? Why Holland?" asked the officer. "We are bound for Spain and you will be in Cadiz in two days' time — that is, if the submarines do not get us."

And of all the places in the world, the one which she had the least desire to visit was the Spanish capital, to which she must go from Cadiz.

The Spanish Campaign

When Mata Hari arrived in Madrid, she was almost as destitute of means as when the inhospitable doors of her Dutch home had been banged behind her fourteen years earlier. The only difference was that the first expulsion had been at a time when she was comparatively without experience in the profession of making one's way in the world. Now she had the assurance of a varied and successful experience. With unerring instinct she chose the right spot for opening the Spanish campaign, for this redoubtable woman was very far from confessing personal defeat. The Ritz Hotel, which she selected for her residence, had the recommendation of being the most expensive in the city. It was also the rendezvous for the members of the foreign diplomatic corps and the numerous officers attached to the various embassies for special war-time duties. For these two reasons the Ritz Hotel was the most appropriate headquarters for a lady whose first requirement was an accommodating male who would take care of her current expenses.

But in this rendezvous of officers the task of finding a suitable companion proved more difficult than she expected. It would be bad policy openly to court the friendship of the German officers, as this would naturally attract the attention of their enemies. The British would, as usual, have been warned of her coming and would avoid her like the pest. The Spaniards do not enjoy a high reputation among the frail because their devotion usually halts just at the time when a lady's hotel bills have to be paid.

There remained none but the French.

With a little maneuvering on her part, Mata Hari secured a table in the dining room next to that occupied by the French military attaché. From the outset she employed the customary artless advances by which hotel acquaintances are formed, beginning with the commonplace greetings of neighbors as they take their seats for the meal. With a woman of Mata Hari's talents it is astonishing how far a little conversation may be made to go if accompanied by the right gesture, and she was an artist in gesture. But on this occasion every art failed, every advance was repulsed, every tentative movement was checked by a frigid courtesy which plainly indicated that the French officer had no intention of swallowing the bait which the dancer invitingly dangled before his eyes.

This attitude raised doubts in Mata Hari's mind. Could it be possible that the French officials knew of her employment by the enemy? This made an interview with the German officials a necessity; it had already become desirable, in view of her need of money.

Lieutenant von Kroon, naval attaché at the German Embassy, was the head of the German espionage service in Madrid, and promptly devoted himself to the protection of the dancer. As an easy method of providing her with finances this officer decided to employ Mata Hari in his own department until instructions for her disposal were received from the chiefs under whom she had been serving while in France.

Von Bernstorff, von Papen, and Boy Ed in the United States were not the only accredited diplomatic agents whose privileged immunity was the cloak for illicit activities. In Holland, and Switzerland, too, the German officials were the heads of extensive organizations controlling a horde of spies. Spain, even more than any other neutral nation, was a regular battleground for all the secret services during the war. Some of the most thrilling dramas of spies and counter-spies are buried in the unwritten history of that country during the four years of world conflict. The German authorities made strenuous efforts to swing Spain over to the side of the Central Powers. How nearly they succeeded has only recently been made public. But the English and French Intelligence Departments were under no illusions at the time; they knew that only the personal influence of King Alfonso, with the support of a relatively few loyal but influential adherents, saved the country from participation in the war on the side of the Central Powers.

Lieutenant von Kroon took Mata Hari into his employ, as well as into the intimacy of his friendship. They occupied adjoining rooms at the Ritz Hotel, and the young naval officer gave his mistress many tangible tokens of his affection in the form of jewelry. Before long, however, it appeared that the German authorities in Amsterdam wanted their powerful spy back in Paris, and she was ordered to proceed to her post. At this point Mata Hari became a practical woman of affairs (she was known among the German agents in Spain as "The Business Man") and returned the jewels to her lover with the request that he convert them into cash. But von Kroon could not — or at any rate, would not — finance her official activities from his private purse; so, acting either at her suggestion or upon his own initiative, he sent a radio message to Amsterdam, which was headquarters for the spies' section, requesting the dispatch of 15,000 marks (about $3,000) for her use. This satisfied both parties.

There was no real indiscretion in the dispatch of this message. Everything possible was done to make its transmission safe. When distant legations desired to communicate with each other speedily, they made use of radio; but since all these messages could be picked from the air by an enemy receiving station, von Kroon put this particular message into his private diplomatic cipher, so that it would be unintelligible to any listener unprovided with the key to his code. In addition, since the utmost secrecy is maintained even in intra-departmental correspondence in the Intelligence Service, the wording was chosen with special care to make it baffling to anyone who was not familiar with their methods. Von Kroon simply asked that money be sent to the spy H21 through the usual channels.

Seemingly no blame is attached to him for the outcome of his commonplace demand. Yet, when he put his name to that radio message, he had signed Mata Hari's death warrant.

Why the Spy Returned to Paris

There are some points in Mata Hari's experiences as a spy where one has to pause in utter bewilderment until the presentation of all the related facts clarifies the situation. Her return to Paris is one of the most perplexing incidents of her career. There was much about her conduct after the deportation from England which puzzled those whose duty it was to watch her, and which suggests that there was some other motive than the necessity for information which inspired the German secret service to drive her back to Paris.

Von Kroon cannot have been ignorant of her danger; he must have known that an agent entrusted with a secret mission such as had been confided to Mata Hari by the French, and who had failed to accomplish it, ought naturally to report failure at the earliest possible moment. Mata Hari neglected to report either to the French representatives at Madrid or directly to the Second Bureau, as she could easily have done. Instead of approaching the French military attaché officially, she tried to cultivate a casual acquaintance with him in a hotel. This neglect is incomprehensible if Mata Hari ever seriously entertained the idea of returning to Paris. Indeed, there is good ground for supposing that when she volunteered to join the French secret service, it was because she was aware that their agents were observing her; and she hoped to escape from France by accepting some mission which would obtain for her a safe conduct out of the country.

It is believed, therefore, that when Mata Hari dispatched to headquarters in Amsterdam her precious list of supposed spies in Belgium, she considered her duty discharged and the matter closed — and this at a time when she was safely out of the clutches of the Second Bureau. Her conduct in Spain supports this view, for she not only made no attempt to report to the French the failure of the confidential mission she had undertaken for them, but she openly accepted as her lover the head of the German secret service in Spain. Why, then, did the German officials order Mata Hari to assume the risk of returning to Paris? Above all, why did she persist in making the attempt?

The real truth is that Mata Hari did not wish to return to Paris. She knew the attendant danger. But she was ordered to go, and go she must — or pay the penalty for refusing to obey orders. She struggled ineffectively to secure a permanent place on von Kroon's staff until she could make her way to Holland, but

German secret-service orders admit of no denial. The many terrible examples of the calamities which inevitably followed a refusal to obey orders were enough to discourage stubbornness in any agent. For example, there was the tragedy of Marussia Destrelles — a close friend of Mata Hari, and, like her, a spy in the German service. Had not Marussia been murdered in cold blood for refusing to carry out the commands of her superiors? There can be little doubt that when the Red Dancer received instructions ordering her back to France, the tragic end of Marussia Destrelles was a grisly reminder of the fate which would inevitably pursue her if she refused to obey.

"Perhaps, after all," she may have thought, "I may be exaggerating my danger. Even if the French do suspect me, they can have no proof, because they cannot make use of my correspondence without risking a rupture of diplomatic relations with the neutral country whose confidential mail I have used. If by any chance they have discovered my secret channel of information, which is unlikely, the other diplomats will protect me personally by protesting against the pilfering of their mail. As for the absence of the papers I had to carry to Belgium, I will say that I destroyed them for safety."

If Mata Hari ever reviewed the case in this light, she was not without justification for her reasoning. Actual betrayal could only come through some other channel. But even if the spy herself had willingly consented to undertake this mission, the German authorities exhibited a painfully callous disregard for the safety of an agent who had served them with marked success.

On the other hand, there is much to support the contention that Mata Hari was deliberately sent to her doom. After the time of the Chemin des Dames offensive every piece of information she sent them was either inaccurate or deceiving. The list of routes used by air pilots, which she had secured, was without result, since the French authorities had promptly changed the routes as soon as they learned that Mata Hari had revealed them. Certain information she had gathered from British officers relating to tanks was also found to be valueless because untrue; and the German service must have suspected the truth — that her informants were enemy agents aware of her purpose and willing to further it by supplying false information. Then there was the list of spies in Belgium, of whom only one could be identified — another trick. Finally, instead of proceeding to Holland, as she had been instructed, she had let the British mislead her and ship her off to Spain.

What were the Germans to think? Either Mata Hari was deliberately deceiving them, or her employment was known to the enemy agents, who were using her for the bewilderment of her employers. In either case her value had ceased and she had become a menace. But whether they forced Mata Hari to Paris against her will for the purpose of surrendering her to their enemies, or whether they had some other motive, the fact remains that the Germans themselves did not betray her. Which may or may not be further evidence of their stupidity.

During the war, every combatant nation maintained its radio stations for the transmission and reception of messages, and it soon became a desperate game to pick up one another's messages and to make what sense was possible from the information so collected. What each country wished to have accepted generally as its view of the situation was broadcast in plain language, so that its message was carried to the waiting world; but confidential matter which had to be conveyed to distant agents required great precautions so that none of the meaning should be apparent to enemies. Thus codes and ciphers were used.

Codes and ciphers have their dangers. There was an everlasting battle of wits between secret service agents to obtain possession of these precious documents, and the war had not long been in progress when it was the proud boast of these services that each possessed a department which could unravel the most complicated message, if only they were given time. Stations like the Eiffel Tower would pick up the code messages cast into the air and promptly transmit them to decoding officers, who did their best (or worst) to find out what the messages contained. At times the results were startling.

It will be recalled that before Mata Hari left Madrid, von Kroon had sent a message to Amsterdam asking for some money for her use in Paris. The naval attaché must have known that this message broadcast across France would be picked up at some stage of its journey, so he carefully coded the message to make it unintelligible to anyone who did not have the key. Unhappily for Mata Hari, the French did have the key.

When the Eiffel Tower picked up von Kroon's message, the decoding officers had their work very much simplified and were able to inform the Second Bureau that the naval attaché in Madrid had requested the Amsterdam headquarters to furnish H21 with funds for her work in Paris, the money to be sent through the usual channels.

WHAT HAPPENED IN PARIS

THIS RADIOGRAM picked out of the air was the first piece of genuinely orthodox evidence that the Second Bureau had been able to collect against Mata Hari. Therefore the word was sent to the frontier to put no obstacles in the way of her reëntry into France. When she arrived in Paris, Police Commissioner Triolet was sent to wait upon her at her hotel and, without giving her cause for alarm, to invite her to accompany him to the office of the Bureau. For some reason the police had a strong suspicion that Mata Hari might attempt some mischief against herself if she were found out, and it was on this account that they were so anxious not to frighten her before she was safe in their hands.

Arrived at the Bureau, the police officer handed Mata Hari a folded paper of ominously legal aspect. It was the warrant for her arrest as a spy.

She never even glanced at it.

In the room to which she had been conducted were several officers, and, thinking from her experience of previous visits to the place that the paper was merely authority to secure her admission to those closely guarded inner rooms, she asked the Police Commissioner:

"To which of these officers should I present this document?"

M. Triolet indicated the officer charged with the interrogation. Mata Hari approached him without hesitation and laid the warrant under his eyes. The surprised Captain Ledoux was not prepared for such amazing composure; however, he gravely motioned her to a seat and, drawing toward him a pad for taking notes, said to her:

"Tell me how long you have been in the German secret service."

The shock of the unexpected blow stunned her. For a moment she rocked unsteadily in the chair and her face went livid. It was no longer the assured, audacious Mata Hari who looked with terrified eyes at the officer and whimpered:

"I . . . I do not understand."

"Tell me, H21, when you first became a spy in the enemy's pay."

With those words Mata Hari must have known that the career of the Red Dancer had drawn to its close. Now nothing remained except the spy H21.

That night the woman who had loved luxury like the Sybarite who complained that he could not sleep because of the fold in a rose leaf on his couch, tossed feverishly on a hard bed in the prison of Saint-Lazare.

Next month, "The Dance of Death"

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Forum Definitions

What is Romanticism?

DESPITE the current interest in Humanism, no one has succeeded altogether in defining it. Irving Babbitt himself, in a recent attempt, found that he could not do it in less than several thousand words, and even then only to the satisfaction of a few. Perhaps some insight into the elusive nature of Humanism may be gained by defining its arch-enemy, Romanticism.

Like *humanism,* the word *romanticism* has so long been used to characterize a literary and critical movement that we have lost sight of the fact that in its essential meaning it is not a movement but an attitude of mind. Many of those who submitted definitions treated the word only in its limited sense as a label for the type of work produced by the poets of the nineteenth century. Others attempted merely to define *romance* and let it go at that.

The following definitions have been chosen as the most adequate of those submitted.

1. Romanticism is an attitude toward life which emphasizes emotional reactions and experiences rather than facts and intellectual understanding and refuses to conform to artificial standards in the expression of feelings and desires. (*E. Strassburger, Cedarburg, Wis.*)

2. Romanticism is a state or condition characterized by freedom of feeling, thought, and expression as opposed to classical restraint. Its corollary is a development of the emotional, the fantastic, or the picturesque rather than the conventional or the ceremonial. The term is popularly understood to be applied to that period in literature where self-expression, deep emotion, and imaginative freedom replaced the classical era of repression, formality, and sterner reality; where perfection of style became secondary to content; where the thought or feeling or flight of fancy claimed for itself a paramount interest over form. (*Mrs. Bruce Smith, Garden City, N. Y.*)

3. Romanticism is that quality of spirit which produces in man an openness to wonder, a hunger for the thrilling and the marvelous, and a delight in the spontaneous, the picturesque, the imaginative, and the idealistic. (*Charles E. Bess, Cape Girardeau, Mo.*)

4. Romanticism is the triumph of the imaginative and emotional over the conventional and formal in art and literature. (*Mary F. Giddings, Harrisburg, Ore.*)

Next: — *What is a* LOBBYIST? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by March 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*

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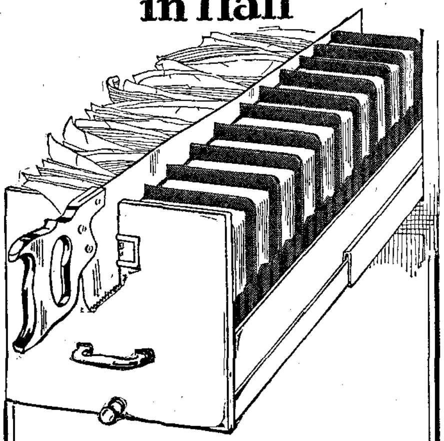

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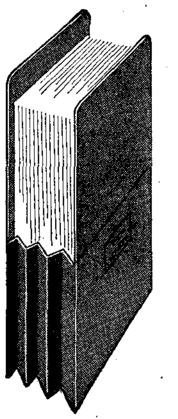

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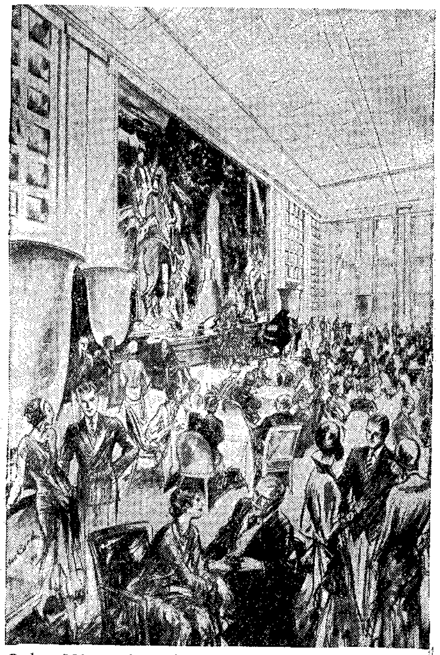

Salon Mixte of the "Ile de France" at tea hour

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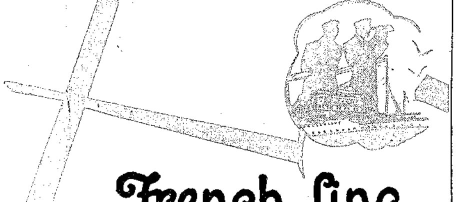

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TRAVEL
JOHAN BULL

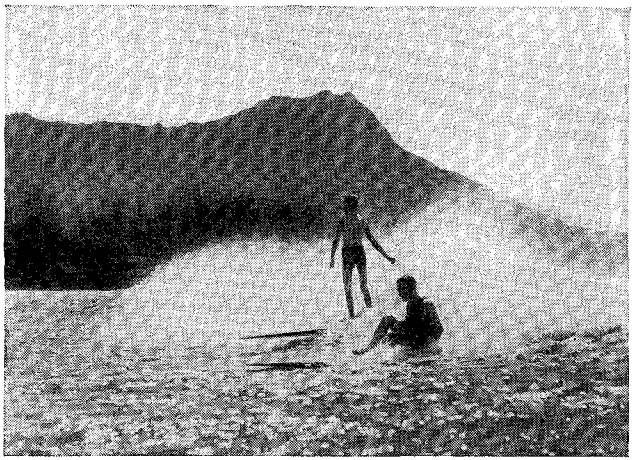
Waikiki

by ANTHONY FEATHERSTONE

AS AN ORDINARY (the boatswain said a very ordinary) seaman I had done what I could to assist the battered freighter's progress down the coast from New York, through the Caribbean, and in and out of that narrow lane called the Panama Canal. I had splashed a large amount of "soojee" on the not-too-white walls of the ship's passageways; I had carefully laved the rusted decks with fish oil — black, slippery, and extremely ill-smelling; I had helped batten down hatches, only to find that for some unknown reason they had to be unbattened immediately. And all the while, especially after leaving Balboa behind and facing a blue Pacific ahead, I had been thinking of Hawaii. For Hawaii was what I wanted to see and what, fish oil notwithstanding, I intended to see, if I saw nothing else.

The two weeks' run up from the Canal was calm — too calm. I had hoped to experience some *sturm und drang* so that, by contrast, I would be properly appreciative of those lazy, hazy mid-Pacific isles. Nevertheless, I had few regrets when, struggling into my hammock on the poop deck and watching with sleepy eyes the phosphorescent flying fishes, I heard someone say that the next day we would be in sight of land. And I had no regrets at all when that day came and we sputtered on past Hawaii, "the Big Island" (the largest and farthest west of the Hawaiian group and the proud possessor of two intermittently active volcanoes — Mauna Loa and Kilauea) and approached the island of Maui, at whose port, Kahului, we docked in the golden light of an Hawaiian sunset.

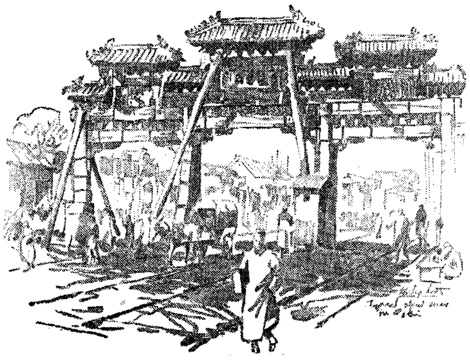
Kahului — the beauties of which Mr. Jerome Kern has celebrated in a drowsy song called "When It's Moonlight in Ka-lu-a" — is a very small and mostly native settlement whose chief virtue is that it is on the north coast of Maui and has a fairly good harbor. Like most of the tiny villages scattered through the Hawaiian islands, its atmosphere is a queer mixture of beachcombing, modern drug stores, innumerable palm and banana trees, and stores which display tuxedos and dress shirts in windows facing dusty, straggling streets populated — very sparsely — with old, wrinkled natives and toddling Japanese children. To me it was more attractive than the bustling little town of Wailuku, which lies farther inland and to which we drove on one of our three evenings on Maui. At Wailuku are two excellent hotels and several of lesser merit; at Wailuku, too, is a Japanese district which looks like another Tokio. But even the delights of a modern movie house failed to keep us there and most of our time we spent in Kahului, where in a short

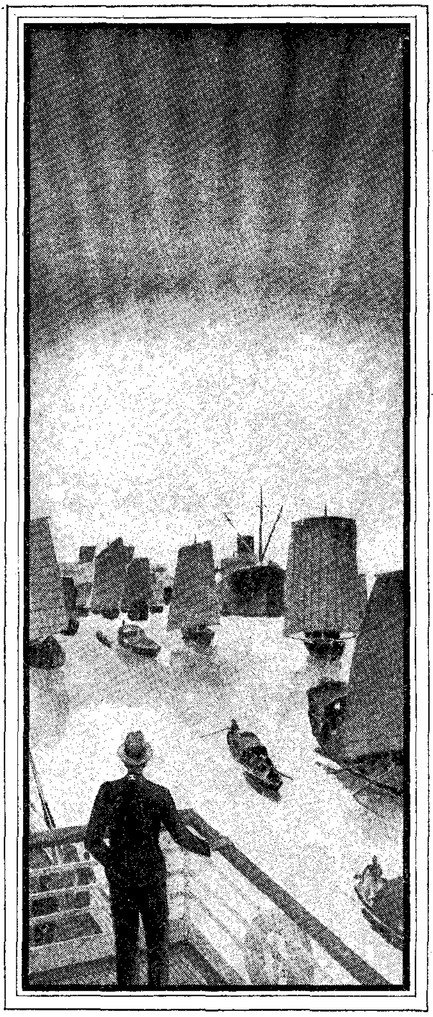


Courtesy Matson Navigation Co.

Surf-riding at Waikiki

SEE FOR YOURSELF THE AWAKENING MARKETS OF THE WORLD

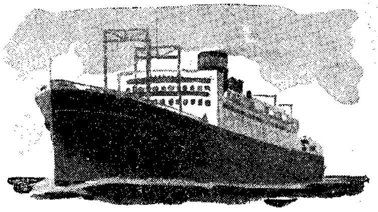




The executive whose vision must take in tomorrow as well as today, is vitally concerned with the ingress of American capital and the development of American markets in all parts of the world.

And few, perhaps, realize that a trip Round the World may be made in as little as 85 days. This allows time for a visit in 18 ports of 11 countries . . . Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, Colombo and many others . . . and if you have the time you may stop over where you like, as long as you like, and continue your trip on another President Liner as you would on another train. Your ticket is good for two years, and President Liners sail from United States ports every week of the year.

Such a trip may well be the most valuable holiday you ever took.



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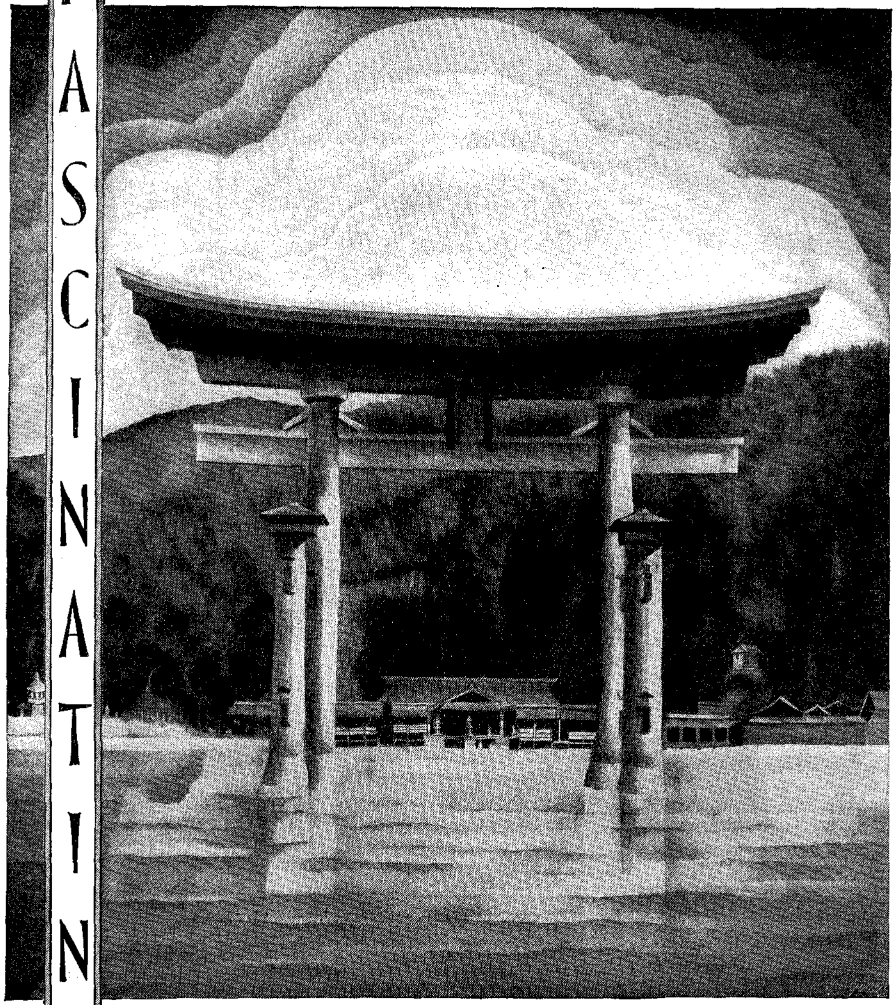


FASCINATING JAPAN

FASCINATING Japan . . . land of colour, charm and courtesy, where the East blends with the West and the past with the present. . . .

Everywhere is the scenic majesty that inspires a worship of Nature. Everywhere blossom-framed shrines, temples and pagodas preserve the traditions of the centuries. Everywhere a gentle culture is seen in the festivals of the seasons, the Tea Ceremony, the "Ikebana" or flower arrangement, in the undying art symbolized by the Momoyama screens and the Ukiyoye scrolls.

And everywhere in Japan are the modern luxuries of great railroads, hotels and motor highways as well as facilities for all the smart sports.

The wonderlands of Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the American Mail Line, Canadian Pacific and the Dollar Steamship Line. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, any tourist agency, or by the

JAPAN TOURIST BUREAU

c/o Japanese Gov't Railways
One Madison Ave., N. Y. City

c/o Nippon Yusen Kaisha
545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

Travel

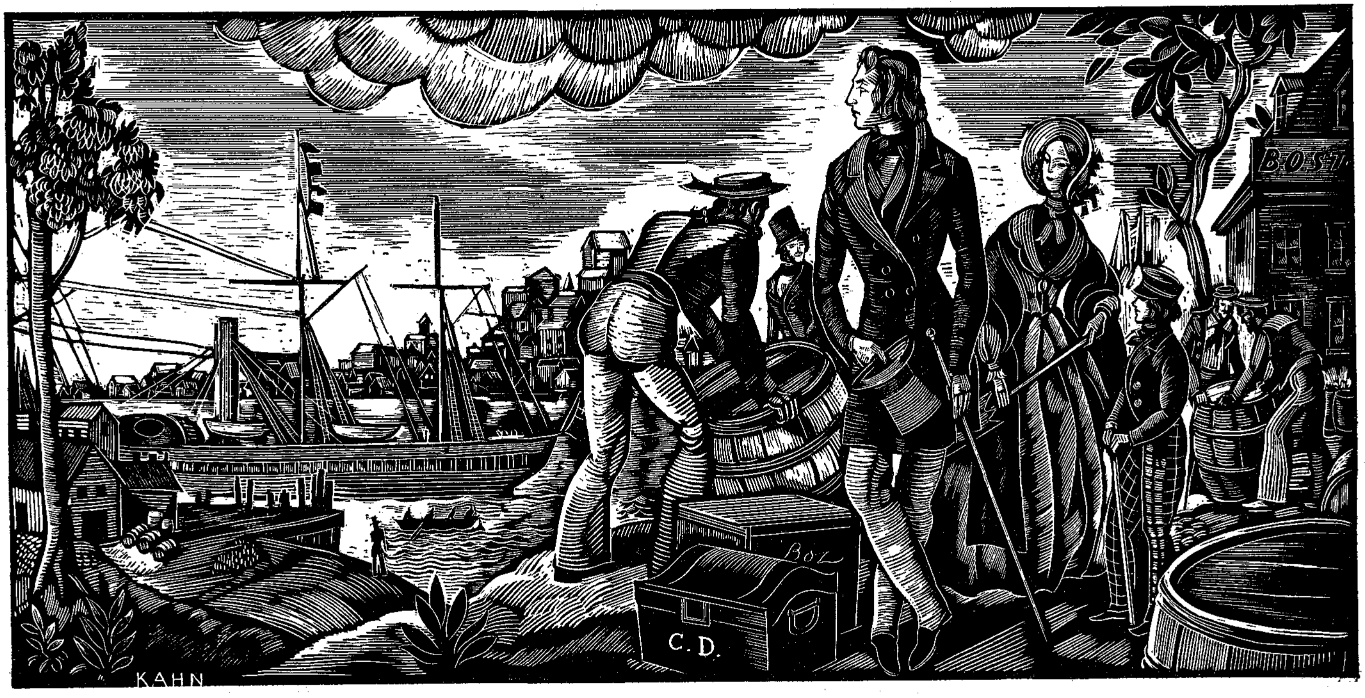
time one is able to reach apparently quite uncivilized country and in a slightly longer time a terrific canyon whose vertical sides, one of them supporting a slit of a road, are masses of dark, tropical trees and which unite at the farthest end in a gigantic angle crowned by a rushing waterfall. Perhaps it was because we had seen this gorge before we drove to the more famous Iao Valley that we decided that the latter — in spite of its reputation as a tropical Yosemite — was the less beautiful.

At the end of our apportioned time — after the crated Chevrolets had been swung out of the hatches, and the boxes of breakfast cereals had been deposited on the wharf — we sailed northwest, to the island of Oahu and the port of Honolulu. Past the barren shores of Molokai, the home of the leper colony, we went and after about eighty miles of smooth passage we neared Oahu itself — at first only a smudge on the horizon, a little later developing a profile, and still later, a beach and trees. Soon we were standing by the winches and staring eagerly at rugged Diamond Head, slowly receding to our right, and at the white, smooth sands of Waikiki. And then, in what seemed an incredibly short time, we were threading our way into the harbor itself, past the Aloha tower and to our dock.

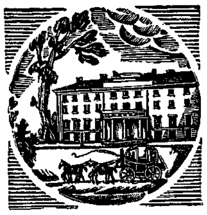
My voyage was over. I was in Honolulu. With two fellow seamen, who were also leaving the ship at this point, I conferred as to what should be seen first. The vote was unanimous — Waikiki, the beach at Waikiki. So to Waikiki we went and there had our first swim since we had dived into the oily, dark, alligator-infested waters of Balboa. The surf boards, of course, had to be tried — without much success: was it practice or merely divine right that enabled the native boys to stand erect—their slim, bronze bodies shining and taut — and skim miraculously on the crest of a wave until their boards plowed into the soft sands on the shore? And was it envy or misplaced enthusiasm which inspired fat dowagers to try the same trick, only to have their many pounds slip off the board and go down gurgling and splashing?

We picked our way carefully over the coral bottom and, getting out deeper, swam toward the skyline. Then, turning around and treading water, we could survey the beach from the best possible advantage, admiring the huge hotels — the Royal Hawaiian, pink, stucco, and Spanish; the Moana, white, wood, and of no particular architecture but pleasing nevertheless. Now we had another view of Diamond Head, this time from the side, and decided that this inactive volcano is indeed "the Gibraltar of the Pacific." It

The Britannia drops Anchor in Boston Harbor



and CHARLES DICKENS Alights



The Old
TREMONT HOUSE
where Dickens stayed

"THE indescribable interest with which I strained my eyes, as the first patches of American soil peeped like mole-hills from the green sea . . . can hardly be exaggerated . . . On Saturday, the twenty-second of January, an American pilot-boat came alongside, and soon afterwards the Britannia, steam-packet from Liverpool, was telegraphed at Boston,"—so wrote the immortal Dickens of his visit to America in 1842.

Concerning the good ship Britannia herself, Dickens had this to say! "There she is! all eyes are turned to where she lies . . . every finger is pointed in the same direction, and murmurs of interest and admiration as 'How beautiful she looks!' 'How trim she is!'—are heard on every side." And he spoke of her officers, "smartly dressed," and of her "huge red funnel, smoking bravely."

Indeed, all America shared Dickens' enthusiasm at the first of all the *steam* ships to establish regular passenger and shipping contact with Europe.

Samuel Cunard had made history. It was Ezra Gannett, man of vision and leader in the rejoicing, who bestowed upon Cunard the sobriquet—"Builder of America." And Gannett flung wide the doors of the old Federal Street Meeting House and to the assembled Bostonians addressed these burning words:

"No event since the commencement of the present century involves more important consequences to this nation than the coming of Mr. Cunard's *steam* ship Britannia. It means that our wealth will be augmented, our activities quickened, and means of employment created. How great is its value in spreading civilization over the world!"

THAT WAS IN THE YEAR 1840.

And now after 90 YEARS

Cunard's "huge red funnels" throughout the world are testimonials to Samuel Cunard's far-sightedness. The 1,000 ton Britannia evolutes into the regally sized, royally apparelled Berengaria, Aquitania, Mauretania — Cunard's famous express service. What a history is this of Cunard accomplishment!

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CUNARD

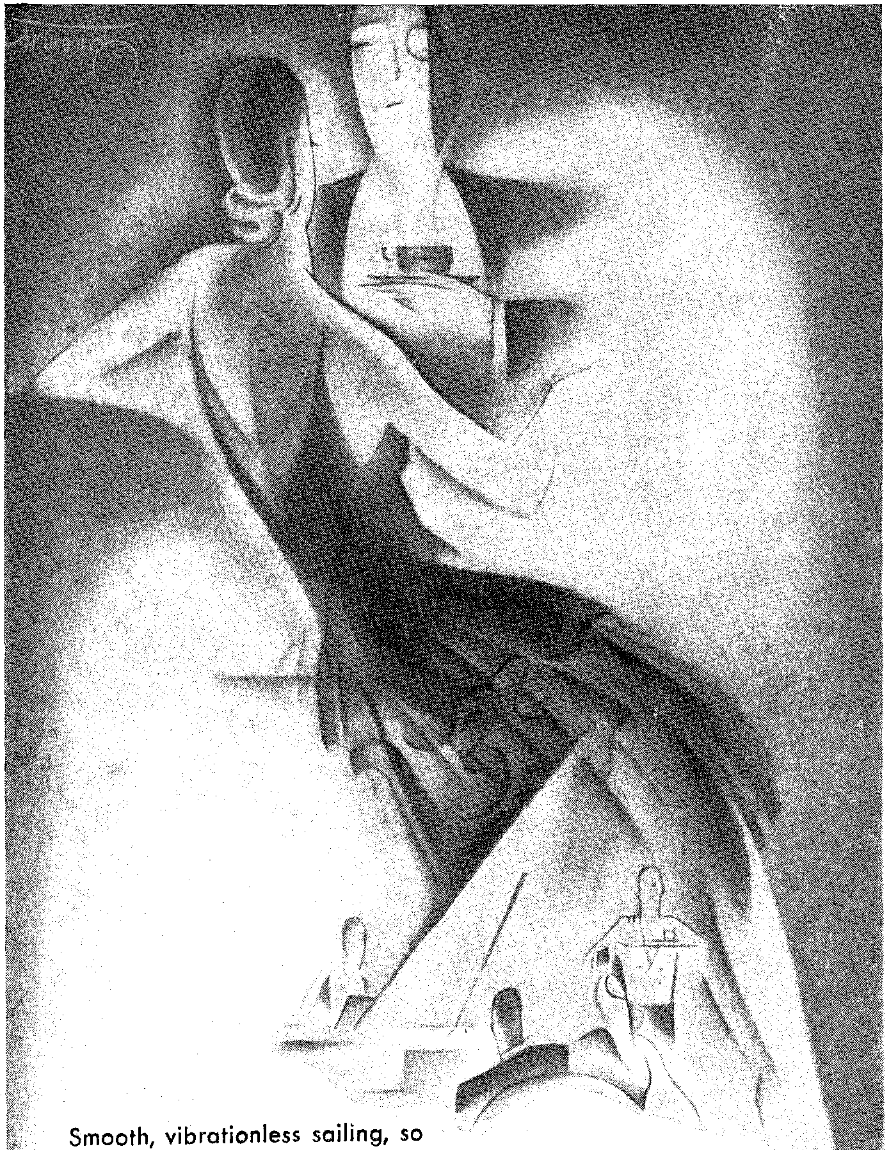
A copy of the sermon of Ezra Gannett, upon "The Coming of the Britannia" in facsimile form, as originally printed in 1840, will be sent on request.
Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, N. Y.

1840 · NINETY · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1930 was hard to reconcile its timeless, immobile face with the knowledge that its craters harbored big modern defense guns.

ONE DAY we had reserved for the circle tour around Oahu. Meeting our hired car and driver in the downtown section (which is no different from that of Des Moines or New Haven except that it is more attractive and that its crowds are an intermingling of races — Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Americans) we drove out through one of the better residential districts and, once beyond the city limits, started to ascend that finest of drives, the Nuuanu Pali. This well-paved and tortuous road winds upward in horseshoe bends until it finally reaches a flat, round table overlooking Honolulu, its harbor, and the sea. Legends surround the Pali — that of the Lizard God and the Dancing Woman, and that of Kamehameha, the ancient hero-king, who fought his fiercest battle on this same site. Standing close to the precipitous edge and remembering these fables, one can imagine that other time when the paved road was but a dangerous mountain trail and when the sight one saw on looking to the sea was not the well laid out city but merely a mass of underbrush leading down to the surf-pounded beach.

When we had gazed long and wonderingly at the view from the Pali we began our descent into the valley which lies on the other side. There were several stops which had to be made: to look at the ancient Chinese plowing his rice field with a single and very bored carabao (water buffalo); to buy mountain apples — small and bitter — from a little Hawaiian girl; to visit one of the grass houses — a type no longer in use except in the very remote parts of the islands — which commemorate that Hawaii which modern tourists will never know. Then the pineapple plantations began — great fields precisely laid out with strips of paper, which is the Hawaiian way of protecting the young plant and keeping the earth free from weeds. Of course another stop had to be made at the roadside shack on one of the Dole plantations, where we bought luscious big pineapples and gnawed at the dripping slices in the fashion of a pickaninny invading a watermelon.

IN THE END, of course, one always had to return to Waikiki. There one could lie on the golden sands under a semi-tropic sun and feel that lotus-listlessness which forms part of the attraction exerted by the islands. There one could walk on moonlight nights and hear the ukeleles' soft, whining melody — "Aloha" and the unforgettable "Song of the Islands," which, doubtless fortunately, has never been a victim of sophomores' ukeleles on country club porches in the United States.



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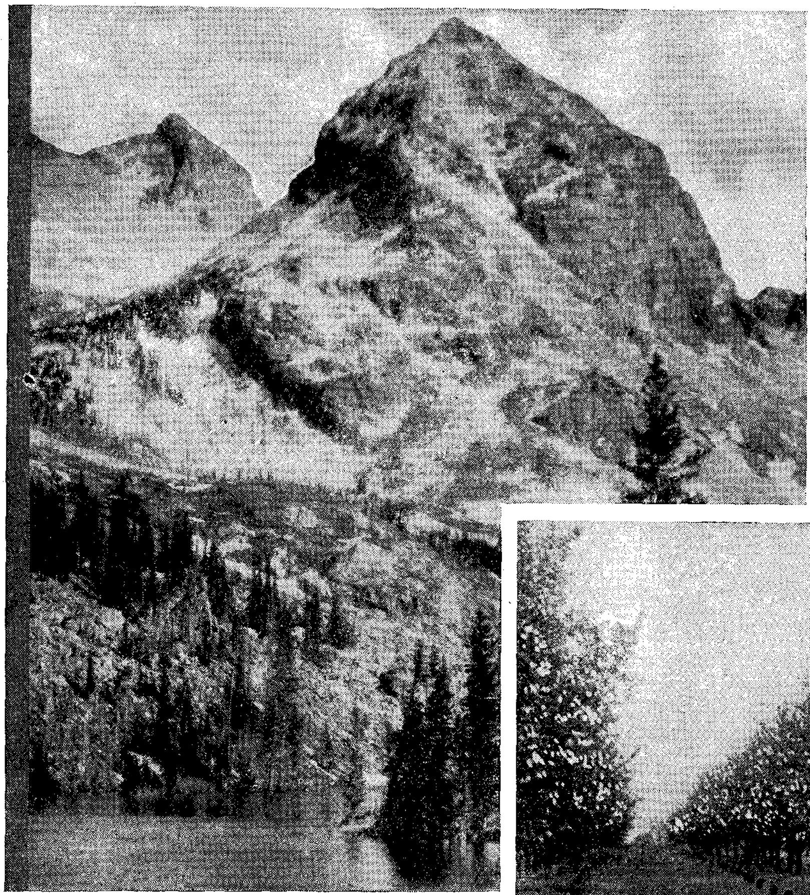

Warrior Peak in San Isabel Nat'l Forest.
Below: Rodeos are a summer attraction.
Colorado's orchards yield abundantly.

What is Colorado . . . . to you? Just an oblong place on the map?

If you're one of the few people who haven't been to Colorado, you've missed some real enjoyment. And if you've only been to Denver on business, or to Pikes Peak for a brief stopover, you have little knowledge of why Colorful Colorado "offers more in terms of real living."

If you knew Colorado, you would like to live here—and you would live in happiness, with more friends, more recreation, more good health and most delightful conditions for your work.

But don't take our word for this. Come up to Colorado on a vacation or business trip; investigate conditions in your occupation and see for yourself. Measure the low living costs. Note the great variety of outdoor joys that cost little or nothing. Look at the bright offices; the convenient, lovely, uncrowded residence districts; the comfortable farms with their abundant production of delicious eatables; the spaciousness that prevents undue traffic congestion; the ideal conditions for wage earners.

Come at any time of year—and compare the weather with what you'd be having back home.

Colorful Colorado's scenery is famous everywhere. But incomparable though it is, Colorado's scenery is the background—not the main attraction. Colorado's scenic splendor merely means that whether you are at work or play, you only have to look up to fill your eyes with a flood of soul-satisfying beauty.

Come up the next chance you get. Overnight from half the nation, two nights from almost anywhere, Colorado is near enough for the shortest vacation. And bring the family—let them have a wonderfully good time, too! The coupon below will bring you accurate information.

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION

Colorado fruits and vegetables . . . both fresh and canned . . . have a delicacy of flavor possible only from Colorado climate and Colorado soil. Ask for them and note the difference!

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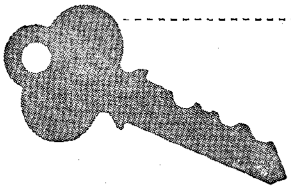

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION, 503 Kit Carson Bldg., Denver, Colo.
Send me the booklet, "Up in Colorful Colorado."
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We're All from the South on Thursdays

TO the initiated, Thursday is a day to look forward to and dream about, for that's the day Hotel Cleveland serves individual "Chicken Pie—Southern Style".

Meaty morsels, ready to melt in your mouth, of white breast and juicy second joint of tender young pullets. Choice Idaho potatoes boiled and cut fine. Fresh young celery, and a few cubes of broiled pork for zest and flavor. A dash of spice for seasoning, a sauce of chicken broth, cream and onions; the whole capped with flaky pastry, baked in a slow oven for an hour, and served piping hot.

With a treat like this, no wonder southern hospitality was far-famed!

Chicken Pie is served every Thursday noon, in the Main Dining Room and Bronze Room of Hotel Cleveland. A generous meal in itself —$1.10.

The surroundings are part of every meal

The quiet, luxurious surroundings, the deft but unobtrusive service, the well-known discriminating men and women

at the tables nearby, all play their part in making the Cleveland such a delightfully satisfying place to lunch or dine.

Hotel Cleveland

Public Square • Cleveland

1000 rooms, 150 of them at $3

Directly connected with Cleveland's new Union Terminal railroad station, and in the heart of Cleveland's vast new business development.

Travel News

ANTWERP

ANTWERP, always an ideal center for seeing Europe, will prove especially attractive to American tourists this year because of the Antwerp International Exhibition, which will celebrate the centenary of Belgium's independence and the opening of the new harbor installations which make the city one of the best-equipped seaports on the Continent. The Exhibition, to start in April, will specialize in land transport and shipping, agriculture and Colonial products, modern arts and crafts, and old Flemish art. One of the most popular attractions will undoubtedly be the latter — a retrospective collection of Flemish art (up to 1830) which is expected to be even more complete than the successful show held at Burlington House, London, in 1927. Painting, sculpture, lace embroidery, and goldsmiths' work will all be included. The ancient city itself, of course, is the finest example of Flemish art and its buildings represent some of the best architecture of the Middle Ages.

REGATTA

ALTHOUGH the regatta itself will not be held until June 26, it is not too early to mention the International Gold Cup Races at Gothenburg. In this contest, the most important yachting event in Sweden in 1930, boats from all parts of Europe and America will be entered. In addition to the regatta, yachting enthusiasts may witness the celebration of the first centenary of the Royal Swedish Yachting Club, which will be observed the third week in July at Sandham, the famous yachting port outside of Stockholm. The club is one of the oldest organizations of its kind in the world, and an elaborate program has been arranged in honor of its hundredth birthday.

HOT SPRINGS

DELIGHTFUL at any season of the year, Hot Springs National Park, in the Ozarks of Arkansas, is unusually pleasant in those unclassifiable weeks which intervene between the end of winter and the beginning of spring. It was the first of our national playgrounds — for forty years our only one — and is still the favorite vacation land of thousands. Notwithstanding the fact that Hot Springs is primarily a resort for invalids, well folk among the visitors outnumber the sick. The recreations are many — horseback riding, tennis, golf, and, of course, swimming in the many plunges. Riding particularly has its devotees; Hot Springs might be termed the last stronghold of the horse in this motorized age and country. No city of equal size in the world can boast a greater number of fine saddle animals, and in an hour's time you may see, from one of the hotel piazzas, more cantering parties than are to be found anywhere else in North America

ISLAND FLYING

THE DISTANCE between the six large islands of the Hawaiian group has been bridged by wings. Two air passenger lines have been inaugurated to maintain frequent flying schedules between Hawaii, Oahu, Maui, and Kaui, with flag stops at Lanai, the pineapple island, and Molokai. Travel men point out that commercial aviation will be a great boon to Hawaii's speedily growing tourist industry, since visitors who have but a limited time at their disposal will now be able to take the side trips from Honolulu to the popular outlying islands of the group. Furthermore, because of the year round equable climate the companies will be able to operate on an uninterrupted schedule.

CAPRI

CAPRI is one of those places which are known to most people only through books — in this instance, through Norman Douglas' *South Wind.* It is also one of those places which, when actually visited by the reader, meet and even surpass his expectations. One of the most beautiful spots in Southern Italy, its famous Blue Grotto, is reached by means of small boats. It is counted one of the wonders of Europe. Capri makes an excellent side trip from Naples: one may leave at nine in the morning, proceed via Sorrento, and reach Capri in time for luncheon, returning to Naples before dinner. Those who wish to remain longer — and we know from experience that many will — will find the island an ideal place for relaxation.

THE PHILIPPINES

ONCE ONLY a stopping-off point in the long trans-Pacific voyage, the Philippines are now to come into their rightful position as one of the most interesting and attractive island countries in the world. The formation of the Philippine Tourist Association — sponsored by Governor-General Dwight F. Davis and having Mr. James King Steele, long associated with Japanese steamship interests, as its manager and executive secretary — is the first step toward educating the traveling public to the beauties and pleasures of the archipelago. Recognition of its own claims to being a definite goal of tourists instead of merely a junction has been postponed too long, but the program of this new organization gives assurance that America's tropic outpost is now prepared and eager to receive visitors, and to demonstrate to them the amazing variety and equally amazing fertility which lie within its confines.

It's come... *the* MIRACLE *of another* GREAT OCEAN

A THRILLING new "arrangement" of half the earth's water surface! The old, veiled Far East turned into the new, glamorous Near West!

It brings Hawaii within the realm of casual trips...Yokohama within 10 days sail of Vancouver and Victoria... Shanghai...that gay metropolitan portal to China, a mere 3-day cruise-luxury beyond...Manila, the exotic South Seas, closer than travel minds ever dreamed.

NEW EMPRESS OF JAPAN ●

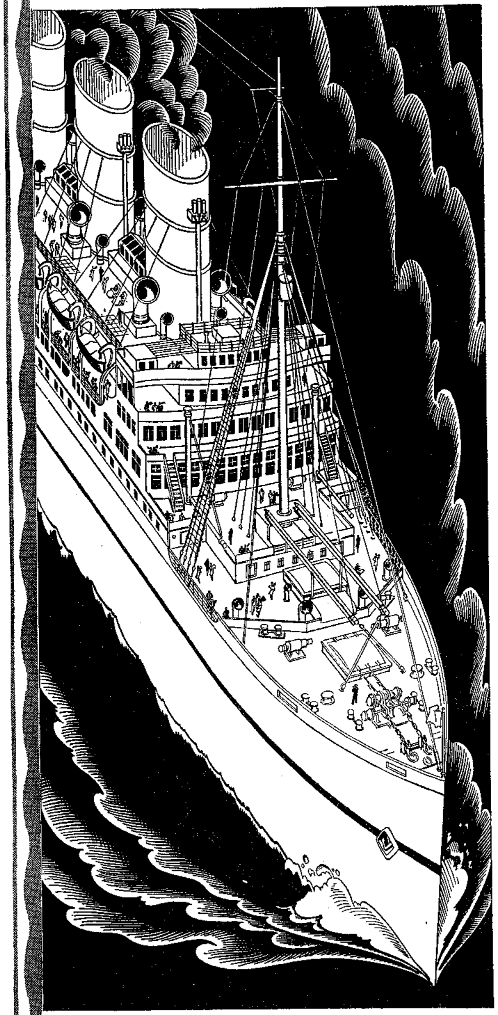
Thrilling as the miracle itself are its giantesses...the four great white Empress ships of Canadian Pacific... largest and fastest vessels to the Orient ...Empress of Canada, Empress of Russia, Empress of Asia and this year, a new, mammoth resort-on-keel... Empress of Japan, 26,000 gross tons, 21 knots speed...all the famous white Empress luxuries more pronounced than ever. Sports deck, swimming pool, cafes, imperial ballroom, period lounges, exquisite suites-with-bath.

Second-cabin of equally superior appointments. Both with that congenial, do-as-you-please, international atmosphere which makes for the pleasantest crossing.

TWO ROUTES ●

Take the paradise route via Hawaii. Or dash straight across to Yokohama via the express route. Ask for booklets telling about the new, simplified way of touring the Orient. Information, reservation and freight inquiries from your own agent or any Canadian Pacific office: New York, Chicago, Montreal and 30 other cities in the U.S. and Canada.

A Far East love song calls . . .



. . . suddenly you hear it, via the giant new Empress of Japan.

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SOUTH AFRICA

A Zulu Warrior

South Africa offers fine, fresh adventures, superlative sight-seeing, the sports and comforts of civilization, the charm of a happy hospitality — all made doubly delightful by the witching tonic of a genial climate.

And you may mingle sightseeing with golden days of leisure — with golf in sparkling sunshine, tennis on perfect courts, surf-bathing at unrivalled beaches, horse-racing, fishing in an angler's paradise, and motoring where roads and scenery are superb.

See matchless Victoria Falls, the mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins, the great Kimberley Diamond Mines, the "Golden Rand," the magical Cango Caves, the vast Kruger Big Game Preserve, the Glorious Cape . . . the picturesque native life, wild war dances, Zulu chiefs and warriors, weird old tribal customs, and superstitious witch doctors.

Full information and illustrated booklet HB2 on request to

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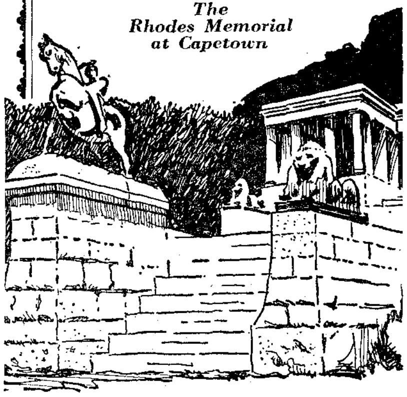
The Rhodes Memorial at Capetown



OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Readers Champion the Outlines

In January THE FORUM *published a debate between Howard Mumford Jones and Will Durant on the question: "Are the Cultural ABC's Softening Our Brains?" Commenting upon it editorially, the* New York Times *remarked: "It seems to us that the argument will not be settled until some readers of* The Story of Philosophy *are heard from. . . . How many used the outline as a springboard, and how many as a sedative?" We are glad to publish below several representative letters from readers bearing on this point. It is curious to note that we have not yet received a single letter defending Mr. Jones's position. Complete returns are not yet in, however, and next month's offering may show a division of opinion.*

To the Editor:

I am one of the "million voices" which called the outlines into existence, and I expect to profit to a high degree from them, especially from Durant's *Story of Philosophy*. To it alone I ascribe my thirst for intimate knowledge of all the greatest masters of thought and reasoning. Durant's book made me a freshman in these fields, and to him alone I give thanks.

BEN W. FORTSON, JR.
Washington, Ga.

To the Editor:

I am forty years old, with a limited intellect and no ambition to go deep into subjects; but I got a great kick out of Durant's outline. And there are millions like me.

A. S. BAKALIAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor:

I am a fair representative of what Stevenson called "the more enlightened portion of the ignorant," and I offer my experience with *The Story of Philosophy* for what it may be worth.

Before reading this book I had read a little Plato and a little Aristotle, and I could have told certain differences between Epicureans, Stoics, and Cynics. That was about all. In short, the subject did not particularly interest me. But I had become tired of having people ask me: "Does Hegel or Schlagel or Whegel give the truest view of life?" — and of having to answer that I didn't know.

So when *The Story of Philosophy* came out, I read it — with interest as I thought at the time, though my subsequent forgetting of most of it shows that my interest was not very deep. On finishing it, I said to myself: "This is an excellent book, clear and well written; and I am glad I have read it. It confirms me in my opinion that I do not care for philosophy."

It seems to me, then, that both debaters have missed the real value of the outlines. They agree that it is impossible for anyone to master all subjects thoroughly, but neither seems to realize that one may devote most of one's leisure to a few subjects and read outlines of those subjects that seem less interesting in order to keep a sort of intellectual balance. Would it be fair to call a man a "mollycoddle" if he read with enthusiasm everything published, say, about art, or history, or archæology, and then read only outlines of music, or medicine, or mechanics?

L. M. GARY
Catonsville, Md.

To the Editor:

Professor Jones looks down from a lofty height upon the "simple minds" — the "casual readers" of outlines. He is doubtful whether anything can or ought to be done for them. Even "simple minds," however, will be able to read the "No Trepassing" sign that Jones displays on his philosophic preserve. To the reader, it sounds much like the motto of Brand — "All or nothing." And with Brand it always ended in "nothing," never in "all."

B. H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

To the Editor:

After reading the debate, the first thought that came to my mind was: "A certain Professor Jones is suffering from sour grapes." It also recalled the brief dialogue between the Stoic and Cynic.

The Cynic: "I could build a better world than this."

The Stoic: "Go to work and do it; that is why God placed you here."

It would be interesting to know just what literary production has emanated from the mighty Jonesian intellect.

JOHN R. CODY
Boston, Mass.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *Go to the nearest library and ask for a copy of Jones's* America and French Culture, *published in 1927.*]

Roosevelt for President!

To the Editor:

I read with great interest the article by Governor Roosevelt on public ownership (December issue). It was splendid. He truly says: "It is the consumer who pays and pays." Look at the country to-day: all the Republican party preaches is higher tariffs and mergers to benefit the rich. If we keep on merging, the little corner groceryman, the druggist, and the cigar man will soon cease to exist. Every merger means fewer men to run the combined job. Under the present head of the government the rich are getting richer and the middle class — the foundation of our country — is getting poorer each year.

Let's work to put Governor Roosevelt in the White House in 1932! He is the only man in public life to-day who has the welfare of the common people at heart, and who is strong enough politically to beat the rich Republican party.

C. N. Welch

Sacramento, Calif.

But We Don't

To the Editor:

I think Madariaga has descended from an international observer to a biased assailant of the United States. When he was rational, his remarks meant something, but now — my gosh, you must get tired of him yourself!

Charles A. Metzner

Casco, Wis.

[Editor's Note: — *Apparently you are applying the test that Emerson observed in the Americans of his day: "Difference from me is the measure of absurdity."*]

Plaudits for Motherwell

To the Editor:

In the last few months I have had the pleasure of reading your magazine regularly. I am a foreigner in the States and as such am interested in understanding the multiple aspects of America's life and culture. In my opinion The Forum is performing a great service for the general culture of the nation by presenting the pros and cons of the most important social and political problems of the day. *Don Juan* was a splendid and lively masterpiece of biography, and I have never found such a clear and truthful analysis of the United States' foreign policy in Latin America as that given by Mr. Hiram Motherwell in the December issue.

R. Suarez

Columbus, O.

Prison Reform

To the Editor:

I tremble for the cause of prison reform when I read articles like your "Share My Cell" in the December issue. Here is a man striving to be a littérateur, and painting staccato, jazzy pen-pictures when simplicity and plainness are called

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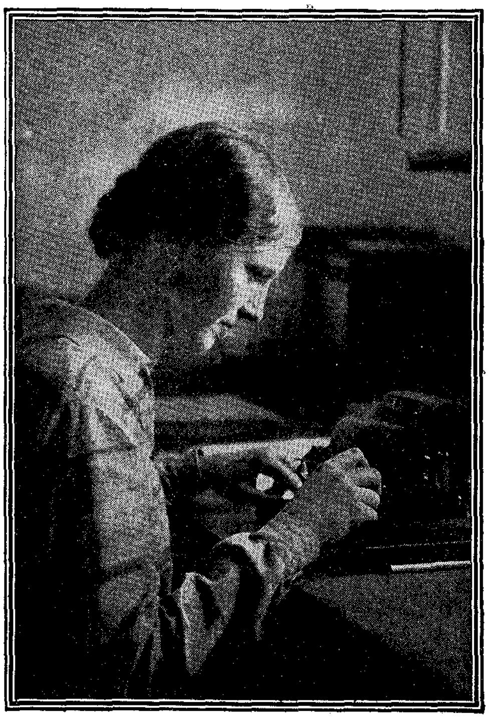

Anny Rutz, who works in a saw-mill, plays MARY *in the Passion Play*

Europe's greatest attraction this summer is the famous Oberammergau Passion Play. First enacted in 1634 to relieve their village of the plague, this solemn drama is now presented by pious peasants every ten years.

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for. I hope Mr. Chaplin will confine his further efforts to fiction and leave the pleading of causes to blunter and less pretentious writers — writers who will leave "style" out of the picture so that facts may be seen.

Occo Orbaan

New York, N. Y.

[Editor's Note: — *You miss the real point. Criminals are human beings, with "senses, affections, passions" like the rest of us. The essential consideration in any sane program of prison reform is not the objective facts of prison conditions, but the subjective effects of these conditions on warped human beings most of whom will be turned loose upon society with minds and characters warped still more by their imprisonment. To describe how prison life reacts upon the criminal is to reveal human facts of the first importance. For more of this same order of facts, see the second Chaplin article on page 167 of this issue.*]

A Family Compromise

To the Editor:

Why not settle the question of mixed marriages as the parents of a friend of mine did? The boys born to this couple were to be reared in the husband's faith — Lutheran; the girls in that of the mother — Roman Catholic. This agreement was reached before marriage and was kept through life. Never was there any religious strife in this home, for religious discussions were taboo.

Charles V. Garn

Woodville, O.

[Editor's Note: — *This compromise, while apparently successful in the family that adopted it, has very little chance of general acceptance, because the Catholic Church usually requires both parties in a mixed marriage to sign a pre-nuptial agreement promising that all children of the union will be brought up in the Catholic faith.*]

Soul Probers of Business

To the Editor:

In the opinion of a small group of budding business men here at Duquesne University, Mr. John T. Flynn's article on business ethics was the most interesting thing in the December Forum. We students are young but skeptical. We hear much patter glorifying the American business man. We also hear a great deal of dishonest, unethical practices in business. As most of us are about to enter the commercial world, more articles about business would be appreciated.

Jack Meagher

Pittsburgh, Pa.

[Editor's Note: — *In fairness, turn to page 129 of this issue and read what the Assistant Secretary of Commerce has to say about business ethics. Then make up your minds.*]

Hail and Farewell!

To the Editor:

Please cancel my subscription. I do not care for magazines such as yours. Great questions cannot be settled by controversy, and doubt leads to cynicism.

John D. Leslie

New Castle, Ind.

[Editor's Note: — *We have never heard of any great question that was settled without controversy. And doubt* may *lead to knowledge. To realize what we don't know is the beginning of wisdom.*]

To the Editor:

It took only one or two copies to convince me that your magazine is worthless, if nothing worse. You ought to know that wrong is wrong and cannot be made right by merely discussing it. I plead with you to stop sending me any further copies.

Rev. John J. O'Reilly

St. Patrick's Rectory,
Newburgh, N. Y.

[Editor's Note: — *Since you are so utterly convinced of the everlasting rightness of your views, we agree that* The Forum *is not for you. Only open minds can profit by discussion.*]

Sub- and Pre-scriptions

To the Editor:

For the life of me, I can't see why those who tell you to discontinue sending The Forum can't comprehend that of all the readers of the monthly they really need it most.

Burton R. Miller, M. D.

Tiffin, O.

Then We Have You for Life

To the Editor:

I have been reading some of the troubles of the Editor in Our Rostrum. It seems as if The Forum has stepped on the sore corns of some of the mental hide-bounds, and they are going to kick out of the family.

If these pious objectors cause The Forum to digress one iota in its policy to make the Magazine of Controversy one in reality, then I am ready to drop out. Come on with anything that shakes up the "think tank." I would not give five cents for a milk-and-water magazine.

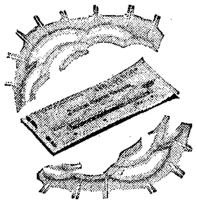
J. H. O'Neill, M. D.

Morgan City, La.

Servants

To the Editor:

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's article on servants in the January issue was very interesting, and I for one would like to see her theory put in practice. People have tried to form a union of domestic servants more than once, but have met with failure — the reason being obvious to those who know service. As I see it, nothing can be done but for each family to work out its own salvation; and those whose house-



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Our Rostrum

holds are like that of the lady who was discouraged because she had had six cooks during one summer, should investigate and find out why their servants do not stay — and change things accordingly.

A. J. E.

New York, N. Y.

Shell Shocks of Teaching

To the Editor:

Apropos of the article by Dr. Blanton and Mr. Riley (November), let me say that shell shock is not confined to married life. I have been a teacher and was caught in the mad rush to become "educated to do things, to get more money to get more education to do more things" — and the next thing I knew, I was on the shelf suffering from shell shock, where I have been forced to remain for a long time. To have one's feelings aired, as these writers for THE FORUM have expressed mine, is a great relief.

V. L. FORBUSH

Allston, Mass.

Volstead Made This Mistake

To the Editor:

I hereby notify you to cease sending me your magazine. I have been disgusted with the outside of your publication. I will not have your infamous cigarette ads flaunting themselves in my presence. Surely there are thousands of families with growing young folks that will resent what you so insolently thrust upon them.

J. M. HAMILTON

Cedar Canyon, S.D.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *If you want to take the cigarette as a symbol of wickedness, that is your own private affair; but your mention of the "young folks" raises a nice question of education. In our own misguided way we have always thought that education had a great deal more to do with the inside of things than with their outsides. One school of thought teaches that the world is full of evils (however you may define them) which are part of the nature of things, and that the right way to bring up a child is to develop his powers of resistance. Another school maintains that you can spare the child by spoiling the rod, removing temptations from him by censorship and various prohibitions. This was Volstead's method. As for us, we agree with Milton, who said: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue."*]

Is Prohibition Constitutional?

To the Editor:

In your January Rostrum Mr. A. F. Durant of Chicago asks if the Eighteenth Amendment has ever been attacked upon the ground that it was not an amendment within the constitutional provision for amendments.

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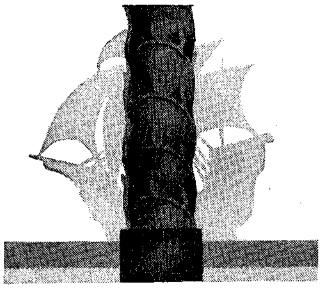

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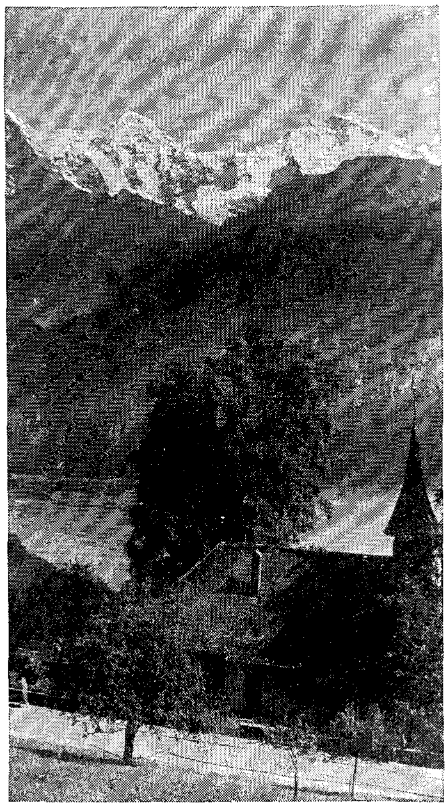

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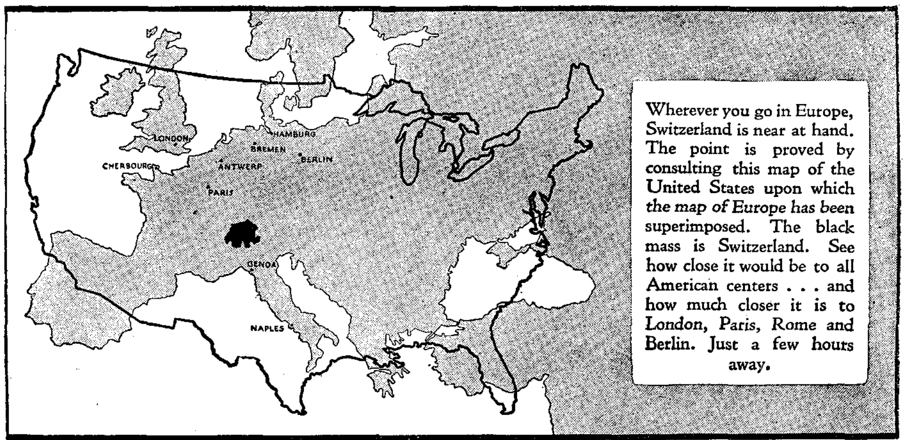

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Our Rostrum

In the case of Feigenspahn vs. U. S. (reported in 253 U. S., p. 350) the United States Supreme Court disposed of this question without argument, saying: "The prohibition of the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation, and exportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, as embodied in the 18th Amendment, is within the power to amend reserved by Article 5 of the Constitution."

Lawrence G. Williams, *Attorney*
Buffalo, N. Y.

What I Believe

The Forum's *series of living philosophies continues to reveal the widest possible divergence of opinion among readers. Some want us to stop the series at once; others want it to go on indefinitely.*

To the Editor:

The series entitled "What I Believe" has greatly interested me. It is one of the best contributions I have ever known. Instead of discussing a lot of straw men, to have a group of world minds frankly disclose their attitudes and conclusions is human material of the highest order. I thank you heartily.

Frank Dyer, D.D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editor:

When I receive The Forum, I turn first to the series of living philosophies. I do not think that there is anything so valuable and so interesting as the cream of the wisdom of smart men. Why not put several in each number?

C. Roy Watson
Milford, Mich.

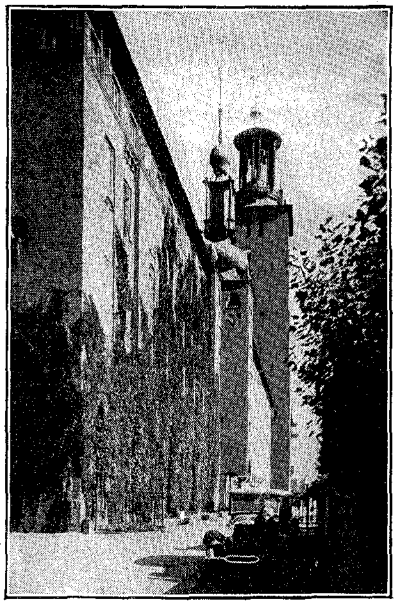
To the Editor:

All your writers on "What I Believe" give us the same thought: "All beliefs have suffered destruction by investigation, and nothing has been given to take their place." Did not God write His law in the minds and hearts of His images — man, male and female? This law has been with us continuously, but we have tried to cover it up with creeds and strange doctrines of our inclination. The true law is able to make heaven of earth and bring peace and good will toward men.

Lida Doak Strickler
Eldora, Ia.

To the Editor:

I am greatly pleased with The Forum, and wish to congratulate you especially on the articles that have been appearing in recent issues written by able men, wherein their beliefs concerning God, the immortality of the soul, the nature of the universe, and man's relation to the universe, are set forth. I hope that the series may be indefinitely extended. Such articles by our



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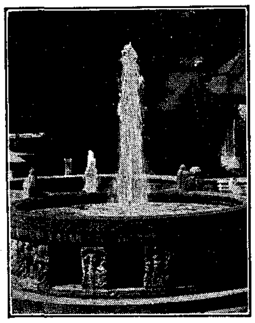

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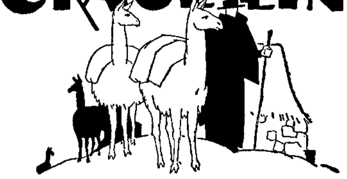

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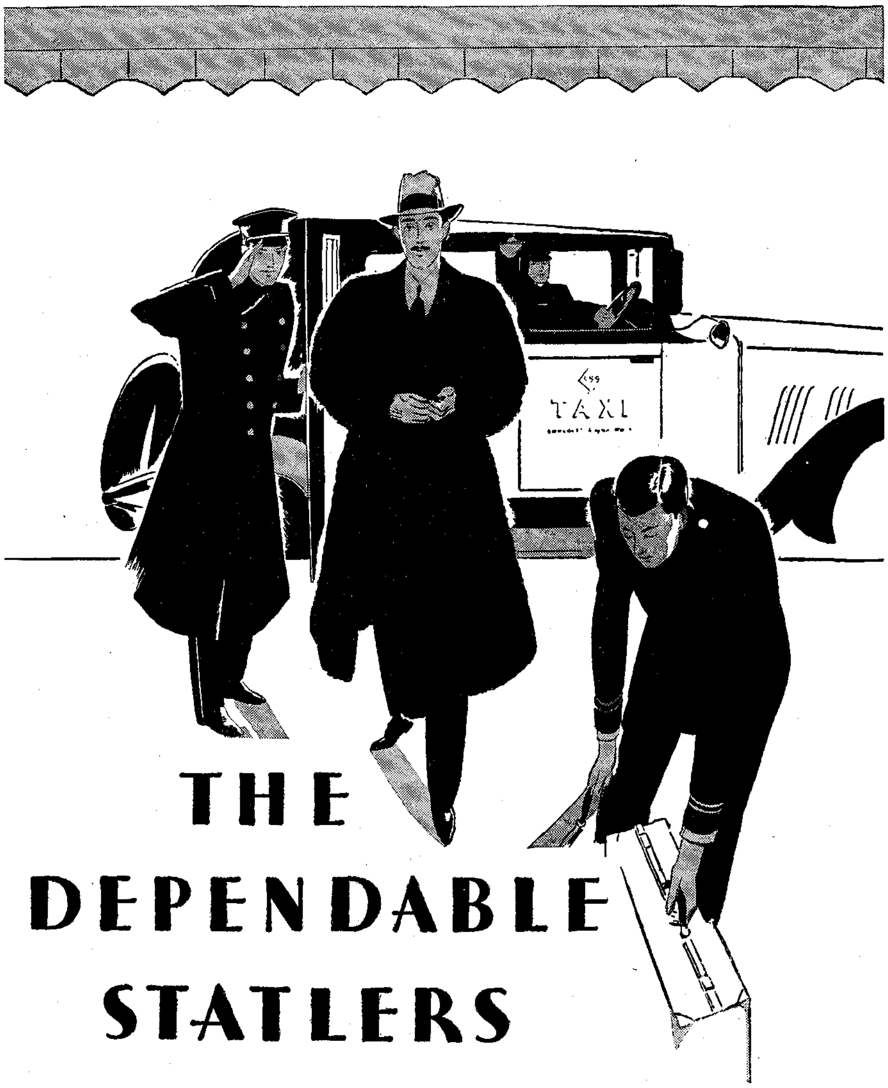

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Our Rostrum

ablest thinkers will prove helpful, I believe, in this most confused, difficult, and critical age in the world's history.

J. WASHINGTON MOORE
Nashville, Tenn.

To the Editor:

Millikan's "Living Philosophy" was the best presentation of the ethical by-product of modern science which I happen to have read.

ALDEN A. POTTER
Bethesda, Md.

Theodore Dreiser

To the Editor:

I sincerely trust that you will not be distracted by the noise of the professional howlers, who appear to be the principal objectors to your very educational and thought-inspiring articles, "What I Believe." The article by Theodore Dreiser seemed particularly to draw the fire of the disciples of superstitition and darkness, as might have been expected. Perhaps it would be well for those readers who feel aggrieved by certain articles to remember the words of Wendell Phillips: "Let us believe that the whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue. Trust it. And remember that in order to get the whole of truth you must allow every man, right or wrong, freely to utter his conscience, and protect him in so doing."

O. J. DAVID
Tampa, Fla.

Fridtjof Nansen

To the Editor:

The December number of THE FORUM was good, and I especially enjoyed Nansen's article. I still believe that there is a difference between religion and theology. Religion is simply our idealism in every field of thought and endeavor. As man has progressed, his gods have become more moral and intelligent. The Jewish God loved roast lamb because the Jews had a hankering for roast meat.

E. H. BARRETT
Muskegon Heights, Mich.

To the Editor:

Among the many highly commendable projects of THE FORUM, the best is the series — "What I Believe." Dr. Nansen's statement was particularly admirable.

HARRY L. DIEHL
Gibson City, Ill.

To the Editor:

Having carefully and hopefully followed the "What I Believe" series, the conclusion appears self-evident that the various authors do not believe what they claim to believe, and are badly befuddled on the question of any belief whatever.

Our Rostrum

Their creeds are not essentially different from the rabbit-foot religion of our old Virginia darkeys. Dr. Nansen is no exception, although his contribution to the "Make Believe" series gives much food for serious thought. Perhaps he meant it that way. Let us have more.

A. S. Leitch

Brooke, Va.

Dean Inge

To the Editor:

I regard Dean Inge's credo in the January issue as the most effective broadside I have ever seen hurled against existing Christian religious systems. It attacks what was supposed to be invulnerable — Christian ethics. Of course the article reads Humanistic between the lines, and in the next issue I hope we may learn from Babbitt what Humanism *is*.

J. Arthur Eddy

Denver, Colo.

To the Editor:

When you invited Dean Inge to tell us what he believes, you apparently shared my error. Recognizing the value of much that he has written, and greatly admiring him, we forgot that he is a leading member of the Anglican Church and therefore bound to accept its authorized creed and the Hellenistic version of the teachings of Jesus. As a result he has merely furnished us with a set of Victorian platitudes leading nowhere. I am very disappointed, but it is our fault. We should have been aware of his restrictions in such a matter.

What I supposed was in your mind was not a desire to learn what various distinguished individuals believed concerning all sorts of miscellaneous matters, but to ascertain whether there is not some alternative to the philosophy of Billy Sunday and the late Pierpont Morgan on the one hand, and Charles Bradlaugh on the other. I gathered that you were seeking some more adequate suggestion regarding the why and wherefore of existence. Thus far we have got nowhere in this quest.

R. Estcourt

Oxford, England.

To the Editor:

I am particularly interested in your series of living philosophies, and note that you have been criticized for publishing the beliefs of atheists. If a few articles by authors who are trying to arrive at honest and workable philosophies of life are going to upset religious beliefs, it is high time that such beliefs be grounded upon more substantial foundations. Certainly Dean Inge's article was anything but atheistic.

Daniel Green

Clinton, N. Y.

Thanks, Come Again!

To the Editor:

I do so like what is being done with The Forum! It's one of those magazines of which one feels, "Now, that's what *I'd* make of a magazine if only I were clever enough!"

Margaret Widdemer

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I am glad to see The Forum still keeping its end up, only I regret that I can't get in on some of the delightful debates you are having. I do love a good controversy.

Mary Austin

Santa Fé, N. M.

To the Editor:

Just now the average mind is upset because there appears to be such an enormous amount of unfinished business in the world and an impossibility of calm and quiet until it is cleared away — yet the place to take hold is not easily found. No better clinic for this mental disturbance is there than The Forum, which presents both sides of every worth while question.

Carrie Chapman Catt

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

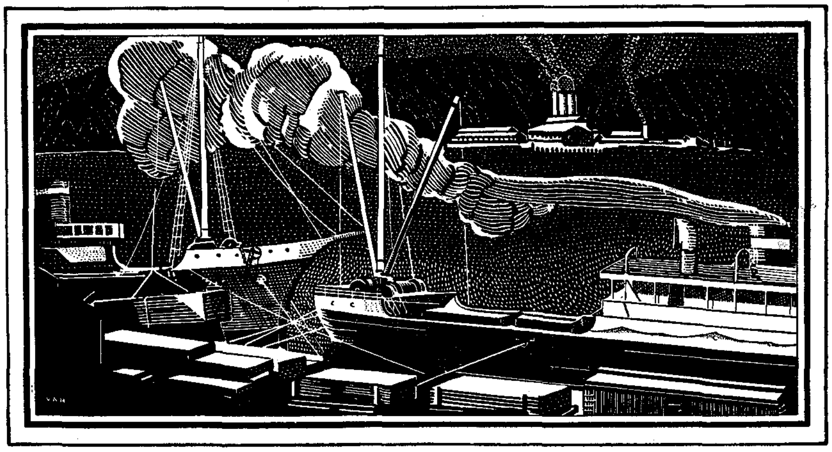
Please allow me to express my appreciation of the sanity displayed by The Forum in its attitude toward vital matters. Every endeavor that encourages honest thinking is a public service. The Forum, as a dignified medium of such expression, will be increasingly welcomed by thinking people everywhere.

C. M. Brown

Phœnix, Ariz.

SERVING THE EMPIRE OF THE WEST

WASHINGTON LUMBER



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ANNOUNCEMENT!

A distinguished board of judges of Business Libraries, Inc. has selected from among all the books of business,

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The Gold Supply and Prices

by DONALD REA HANSON

An examination of the long-range trend of commodity prices will reveal that the gold supply and the trend of gold movements have an important influence upon price trends over a period of years. The tremendous flow of gold from Europe to the United States during the war was accompanied by an advance in commodity prices and a series of readjustments in our economic, social, and political life that was little short of revolutionary. Immediately after the armistice was signed the golden tide turned, flowing outward once more. The great credit structure erected upon a gold base in the United States began to contract. Commodity prices were deflated, and the bitter memory of that deflation is still vivid in the minds of business men. Then for the better part of the following eight years gold once more turned toward the United States in a billion dollar stream.

The effect upon prices was precisely that which we might have been led to anticipate if we had based our judgment upon historical precedents. Commodity prices revived and a period of apparent prosperity ensued. Since the beginning of 1928 the rise and fall of our total stock of gold has shown a less regular trend, rising for a few months as one set of circumstances prevailed and then falling when it gave way to another. But in the past few months the export movement of gold has been particularly heavy, and it is advisable for the investor to examine the outlook for the future with a view to guaging the possible effect upon his individual position.

When the newspapers record the shipment of so many millions of gold on a transatlantic liner, and when the Department of Commerce reports its monthly summary of gold movements, the natural reaction is first to consider the effect upon the foreign exchange market, then upon the money market, then upon the immediate outlook for our merchandise export trade. Comparatively little thought is given to its long-range effect upon commodity prices. This is largely because a relatively small export movement of gold is reflected immediately in the first three directions, while only the major movements, running into several hundreds of millions of dollars and covering at least a period of several months, seem to have any important influence upon commodity prices, the security markets, and general business conditions.

But since nearly $100,000,000 in gold was exported from the United States during the last two months of 1929, or approximately one-third of the net amount imported in the preceding fifteen months, the movement that is now on seems to have reached major proportions. Prominent economists have frankly stated that the country faces a shortage of gold, and the situation is one to which the investor — not the speculator, who trades on short swings, but the investor, who is concerned with trends covering periods as long as several years — should give serious consideration.

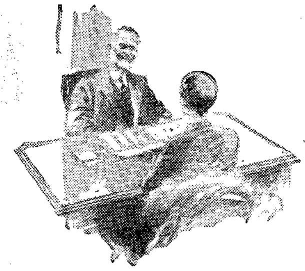
RECENT GOLD MOVEMENTS

It is common knowledge that we have about one-half the world's gold supply. It is more to the point to note that most of this gold came to the United States as a result of conditions absolutely beyond the control of American business men or financiers. The first great movement of gold toward this country was from 1914 to 1918 inclusive. As these significant dates suggest, the influx was due to the war. It added $1,040,000,000 to our gold stock. Business in Europe was disorganized with the outbreak of hostilities; exports slumped, imports were swollen enormously by the necessity of purchasing war material in this country, and payment had to be made largely in securities and gold.

With the cessation of warfare in 1918 some of this gold began to be called back to Europe, and in that calendar year the net outward movement from the United States was $219,000,000. But England, Germany, France, and other nations immediately faced a period of inflation, due to their inability to balance budgets and a tendency in some countries to resort to

"She saw the point—and her investments still bring her in a sure income, year after year"

M. T. GILMORE, President of the San Diego Trust and Savings Bank, tells how he diagnosed a family's financial needs . . . and how they profited by it.



"Mrs. J's predicament was one which bothers a lot of us"

"MRS. J's predicament was one which bothers lots of us," said Mr. Gilmore with a smile. "Her income, she told me, just didn't go far enough!

"Mrs. J was not a widow. Her husband had a moderate salary. But with three children . . . now and then a sickness . . . the dentist . . . the old car getting wheezy . . . even when you added the small independent income Mrs. J herself possessed, the money didn't seem to keep pace with things.

"She came in to talk to me one day some years ago. She said many of her friends were making investments which 'doubled their money'. She wanted some such magic solution for *her* problem.

"'But that isn't the way for you to invest, Mrs. J,' I told her. 'You need to have a definite amount coming in—that you can *count* on. And you really can't afford to risk losing your principal, can you?'

"I analyzed her situation for her and showed her ways in which she could increase her income and yet safeguard her principal.

"'Well selected bonds are the best thing for you,' I told her.

"She saw the point—and that little family has balanced its outgo with its income without resorting to speculation—which *for them* would certainly have been a dangerous game.

"All but one child is now through school—and Mrs. J's increased income, coming in regularly every month, is now giving to her husband and herself a lot of the little luxuries they've always wanted."

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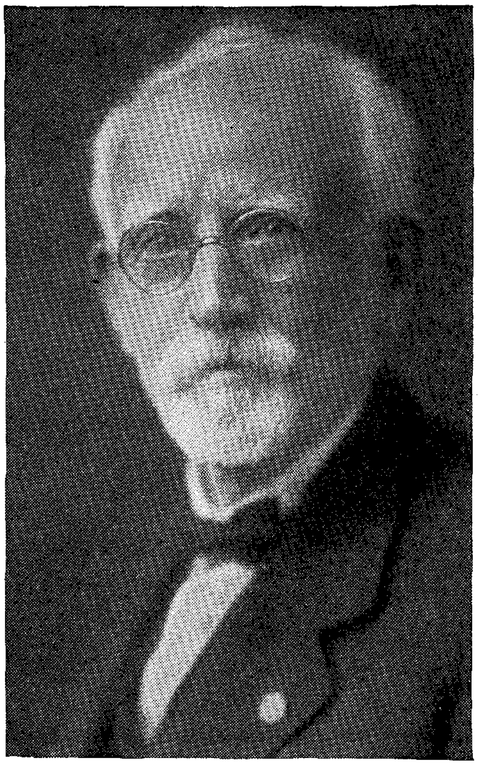

* * *

M. T. GILMORE, *President of the San Diego Trust and Savings Bank, has long occupied a place of leadership in the affairs of this prosperous California city. For many years he has been identified with its civic as well as its industrial development.*

* * *

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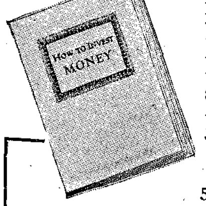

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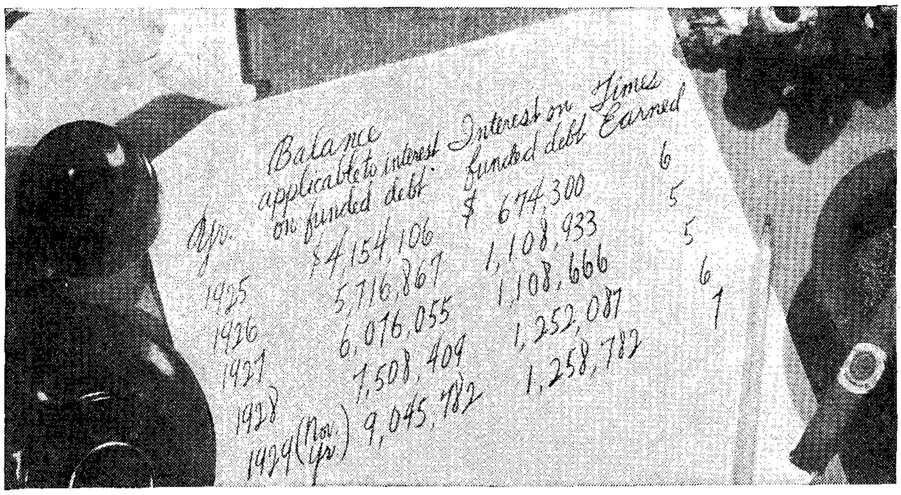

Yr.	Balance applicable to interest on funded debt	Interest on funded debt	Times Earned
1925	$4,154,106	$ 674,300	6
1926	5,716,867	1,108,933	5
1927	6,076,055	1,108,666	5
1928	7,508,409	1,252,087	6
1929 (Nov. yr.)	9,045,782	1,258,782	7

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paper money to force the balance. During the inflation that ensued, with particular severity in Germany and France, people who had property exerted every effort to convert it into gold or transfer it to America for safekeeping. Accordingly the efflux of gold from America in 1919 was soon checked, and in the course of the next five years a net amount of $1,552,000,000 of gold flowed into the United States. This flow was temporarily checked in 1925, about the time that England reverted to a gold basis again, and $134,000,000 was exported that year. In 1926 and 1927 the influx began again, with an addition of $104,000,000; in 1928 about $393,000,000 was exported on balance; in the first ten months of 1929 another $262,500,000 was imported; and in the final two months of the year some $92,000,000 of gold was exported. All in all, between the beginning of 1914 and the close of 1929 the net addition to the gold reserve in the United States was about $2,048,000,000.

LAND BOOMS

WHILE THE GOLD movement of 1920 to 1927 was in progress a frequent comment in foreign business circles was that sooner or later the United States would encounter a general commodity price inflation as a result of the large addition to our gold stock. The reasoning was clear enough and it was supported by ample precedent in economic history. It ran something like this. Every dollar of gold reserve carried by the Federal Reserve Banks adds about $13 to the potential lending capacity of the member banks. A net increase of $100,000,000 in gold reserve would add about $1,300,000,000 to the potential supply of credit. Such an enormous expansion of credit would doubtless lead to a reckless use of borrowing power and commodity prices would soar, just as they did in 1919.

But this time the sequence of gold imports and rising commodity prices failed to hold good. Prices did advance moderately from the extremely low points reached in 1921, but business men had the lesson of 1920 acutely in mind. The danger in large inventories and swollen credits was keenly appreciated. Accordingly business men borrowed sparingly. A more intelligent control of inventories was developed than ever before. The long and short of it was that the strictly business uses of credit were not inflated to anything like the extent that foreign observers expected them to be.

But such a potential supply of credit was certain to find employment in other directions, and it did. The first manifestation of a great speculative use of credit was in land. It centred in Florida, and before the boom had gone beyond all reason it had sucked hundreds of millions

Over 350,000 investors share in the earnings of this Billion Dollar Organization

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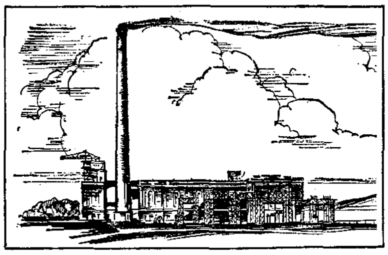

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of dollars into a speculative debauch. Minor land booms followed in its wake along the seacoasts of Southern California, New Jersey, and Cape Cod; but in Florida the bubble was pricked in short order, the boom culminating in 1926. Meanwhile, speculators in the stock market began to make demands upon this huge potential supply of bank credit. Curiously, the collapse of the land boom in Florida did not bring about a corresponding smash in Wall Street. A minor slump occurred in the spring of 1926, but it was soon forgotten and in the course of the next three years borrowings of New York Stock Exchange members alone expanded from $3,000,000,000 to $8,500,000,000. This was entirely apart from borrowings by individual investors from their own banks and the borrowings of members of other stock exchanges and unlisted dealers.

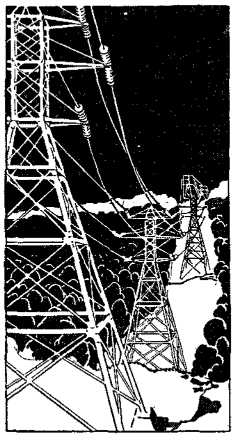
DISTRIBUTION SHIFTING

IT IS CLEAR now that at the root of the great expansion in speculative credit which developed in the period from 1920 to 1929 was the broadening of the gold base upon which the credit system rested. It is true that the gold movement reversed itself without deflating prices for a short time, from late in 1927 to July 1928, when over $500,000,000 of the precious metal was shipped abroad; but at that moment the Federal Reserve Board complicated a bad situation by lowering its discount rate, easing the money situation, buying securities, and in general taking steps to nullify the effect of gold exports upon business, justifying its stand on the ground that business recession at that time should be avoided if possible.

This easy money policy was followed by a heavy demand for credit for speculation. Call money rates, which had not been above 6 per cent for several years prior to 1928, began to stiffen. During most of 1929, 8 to 10 per cent was a common charge for speculative borrowing and at one time as high as 20 per cent was quoted. This proved a magnet for foreign lenders. Funds were shipped here for investment in the call money market and accordingly gold followed these funds, as it always follows any large shifting of international balances. In the first ten months of 1929 some $262,000,000 of gold came to New York.

But the collapse of the speculative bubble in Wall Street was followed by a break in the money market to 4½ per cent. Foreigners called their money home, and now a gold export movement of considerable size is in progress. France, a creditor nation, which has not been investing much abroad in recent years due to a heavy tax on the sale of foreign securities in the French market, has been

Bringing the SMALL TOWN AND COUNTRYSIDE *into step with American Progress—*



The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

THE smaller communities of America have in recent years made vast strides in all the things that indicate richer lives. In better schools, in new highways, in the nearly universal family ownership of the automobile, the most remarkable gains have occurred outside the great metropolitan centers. In many cases states with a preponderant rural population are at the head of the procession.

This is a new thing in our history. Americans have long been used to such progress in metropolitan centers and in newly opened lands in younger states of the Union, where we are still carrying on with modern facilities the work of the first settler and covered wagon. But the renaissance of the "open spaces" is now as characteristic of the older settled Atlantic seaboard as of the youngest commonwealths of the Union.

This diffusion of wealth and more generous life is directly related to the widespread diffusion of electric power.

The universal availability of ample ever-ready electric power, so flexible that it can be instantly applied to any task, from cleaning a rug to energizing an entire factory, has brought into the small towns and the countryside the most productive force of our times. Accustomed as we are to measure higher living standards in dollars and cents or in visible things—like motor cars, telephones, buildings and miles of highways—the very cheapness of power tends to conceal its importance as an asset to these towns. Yet the revival of the small town is based squarely on the industrial activity which has followed the construction of widespread electric power systems over the countryside.

* * *

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in 29 states.

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That's a fine slogan for 1930—but rather general and indefinite, until you have answers to the very practical questions

Where and How?

"WHERE?" Certainly where there's the greatest opportunity for growth, the most unlimited scope for developing old accounts and for getting new ones that will be profitable from the very start. Isn't that plainly a description of the New York metropolitan market? Aren't you sure that for your business there's no other market with the promise and the possibilities of New York City? Doesn't it check between 8 and 20% of the sales possibilities of the entire United States?

"But, New York is difficult," you say. "How shall I . . . "

"HOW?" Benefit by the experience of hundreds of concerns that are selling New York in big volume, and with nice profits, products as varied as drug and toilet goods and groceries for chain stores, outboard motor boats, paper boxes, radios, card tables, washing machines, mattresses, furnaces, rayon yarn and smoking tobacco.

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For further details *how* to build old accounts and create new ones in Greater New York through the use of Bush Distribution Service write for a complimentary copy of "More Profits in New York." If you describe your product and its distribution in your request, you will receive in answer, besides the booklet, a special Bush Service letter telling how this service will aid your business.

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drawing large amounts of gold in payments on merchandise balances due her. Japan has negotiated a $50,000,000 gold credit as a step in resuming gold payments. Argentina has relieved its conversion office of the obligation to pay out gold against paper, protecting its gold reserve. And England, whose gold reserves were drawn down severely by the speculation in Wall Street, is gradually getting some of it back. Apparently a process of redistributing some of the gold sent here between 1914 and 1929 is in force. The dimensions of this movement will have an important bearing upon our security markets in the next few years, but of course none can say now how large this movement will be.

During the period this golden flood was rolling toward New York and sending security prices soaring, a curious attitude toward investments was developing. The rise in prices of common stocks was leading to a general abandonment of all the old principles of investment. Bonds were being forsaken in favor of stocks which, it was said, would always grow in value. The ardent disciples of the new theory of investment management were loud in their praise of this policy.

It could be, and frequently was, demonstrated that an investor who bought bonds in 1914 lost money even if his bond did not depreciate in price. This was based on the fact that the purchasing power of the dollar of bond income was diminished. For instance, a given bond, paying $50 a year in interest, might buy 66 bushels of wheat in 1914, figuring wheat at 75 cents a bushel. But when wheat was up to anywhere from $1.25 to $3 a bushel that bond could work a year to buy only from 16 to 40 bushels, as the price varied. This argument was continued right up to 1929, notwithstanding that commodity prices reached their peak in 1920 and were considerably stabilized during the period from 1923 to 1929. Anybody will agree, perhaps, that this policy was sound when inflation was impending. The difficulty is in recognizing inflation when it actually exists; and from the sad experience of stock market speculators in 1929 it would seem that many confused the old stereotyped inflation of 1866 and 1919 with a new era of some sort.

FISHER SCENTS TROUBLE

Now several of the most prominent economists declare that the world faces a gold shortage. It is clear that the credit base which has been erected upon the gold supply of the world is far greater to-day than it ever has been before. The supply of new gold mined has not expanded in proportion to the growth of the world's credit instruments. Whether or not the United States is to face a serious drain on the gold reserve which has been temporarily lodged here remains to be seen. Much will depend upon business and financial conditions abroad in the course of the next three years. But Professor Irving Fisher points out that European countries are returning to a gold standard, that competition for gold is getting keen, and he feels that a shortage of gold, which is likely to result, may give rise to a financial and business depression. The low price of gold has discouraged gold mining, he shows; our primary gold reserve is diminishing and our secondary gold reserve is shrinking as gold certificates are being replaced by Federal Reserve notes; and eventually this process will shut off further credit expansion, squeezing business and precipitating hard times.

This is a gloomy picture, to be sure. It may not transpire just as Professor Fisher prophesies. In fact, several circumstances might be mentioned which may modify the loss of gold and postpone the shortage indefinitely. First, there is the ever-present chance of discovery of a new gold reef, or of a reduction in the amount of gold consumed in industry and the arts. Second, there is the prospect that this country will adhere to its traditional policy of a tariff for protection of our industries. Those nations which still owe the United States large sums for war debts must settle them largely in goods; and a high tariff is making it exceedingly difficult for them to ship goods. And then there is always the possibility of bimettalism. But it is enough to know that a real danger of a gold shortage is possible, that a reduction in our huge stock of gold is at present in progress, and that the enormous credit expansion based on large gold reserves in this country at last seems to have reached the saturation point.

BONDS DESIRABLE NOW

NOW THIS PROSPECT is one that favors the investor in sound bonds, mortgages, or other fixed interest-bearing securities. About the only serious argument that has ever been advanced against a policy of investing in bonds is that price or currency inflation is more damaging to creditors than debtors. It seems reasonably certain that the gold supply of the United States is not likely to increase materially in years to come and it seems altogether logical to expect this supply to decrease. In this event the bondholder is in the position of having nothing to lose by maintaining his position, and everything to gain. His principal and interest are not likely to sustain any further impairment by a reduction in purchasing power — or rise in prices, which is the same thing. Bondholders at least have seen the worst. Rising interest rates might temporarily impair the market prices of bonds, but bonds held until maturity must be redeemed at par and rising interest rates really offer the bondholder an additional incentive for further investment in bonds at higher yields.

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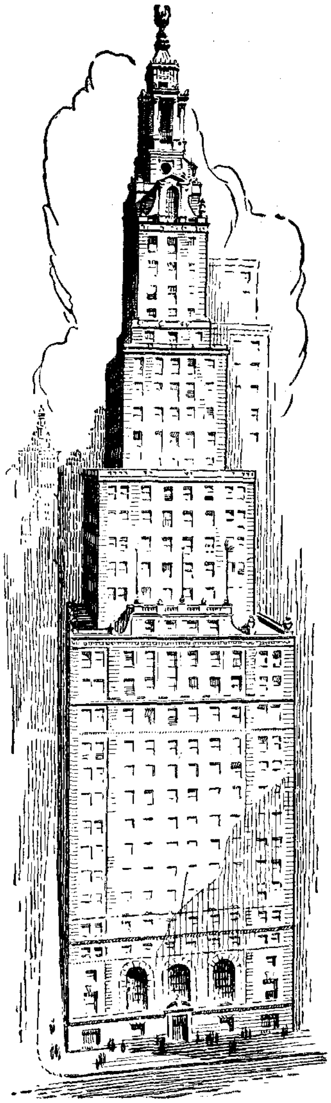

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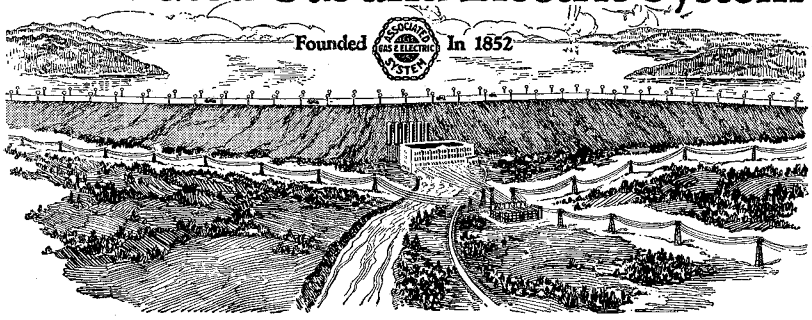

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

A STATEMENT OF CAPITALIZATION, EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS OF THE AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY, INC., will be mailed upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad Street, New York City.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WILLS AND EXECUTORSHIP. A booklet outlining the steps necessary to insure protection of an individual's estate, together with a brief summary of an executor's duties and the service offered by a trust company. Copy upon request. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

PERSONAL BUDGET BOOK FOR 1930. Sixty pages of facts and forms to help you in keeping your personal accounts. Among the useful features are: Monthly budget forms, suggestions for building a budget, sample budgets, ad valorem tax record, insurance record, securities records, note mortgage record, income tax and record, automobile record, 1929–30–31 calendar and space for miscellaneous memoranda. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Continued on next page

Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

THE STRENGTH OF THE UTILITIES. Full of facts about the utility industry, its importance, and fundamental character; also sets forth the security of public utility bonds and tells how to choose them wisely. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

PROFIT SHARING SECURITIES. A booklet listing the outstanding convertible securities which give the investor the protection of senior securities combined with the profit sharing opportunities of common stock. Copy upon request. G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall Street, New York City.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Copy upon request. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE KNACK OF CORRALLING DOLLARS. An instructive booklet pointing the way to financial independence through accumulation of guaranteed Prudence Bonds. Monthly payment plan with 5½% interest on investor's payments. The Prudence Company, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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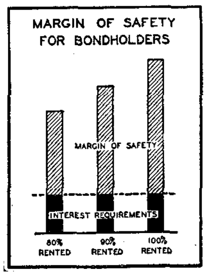

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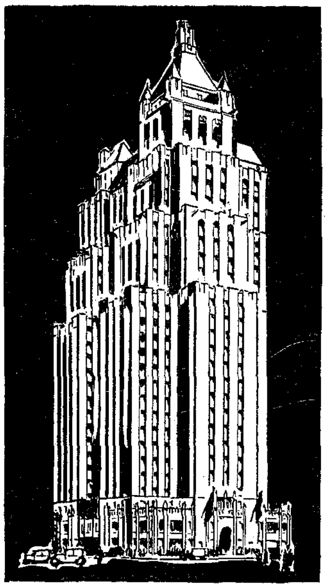

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Helen M. Bramble, Director

The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. May we suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i.e. type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.

I

Because of the recent wave of prison outbreaks, the public eye is — temporarily, at least — centered on the situation. Explanation and constructive criticism are offered in the following programs which begin, quite logically, with Ralph Chaplin's article, "Prison Blight," in the March Forum.

A. Breeding Crime in Jails

Prison Blight — Ralph Chaplin — Forum, March 1930
Our Jails as Schools of Crime — *Literary Digest*, April 27, 1929
Jails and Workhouses Breed Crime — L. A. Robinson — *American City*, April 1929
Behind the New York Mutinies — G. W. Alger — *Survey*, September 1, 1929
The Jail as a Crime Breeder — *Literary Digest*, March 9, 1929

B. Mutiny in the Prison

Prisons at the Breaking Point — W. D. Lane — *Survey*, September 1, 1929
The Bloodiest Prison Mutiny — *Literary Digest*, October 19, 1929
New York State's Prison Revolts — *Literary Digest*, August 10, 1929
Revolt in Our Prisons — M. MacKaye — *Outlook*, October 30, 1929

C. Combating Crime

Boys, Gangs, and Crime — H. McLellan — *Review of Reviews*, March 1929
Combating Crime — Clarence Darrow — Forum, November 1929
How Shall We Deal with Crime? — J. M. Proskauer — *Harper's*, September 1929
Youthful Killers — M. MacKaye — *Outlook*, January 2, 1929
Crime Wave? Try Vollmer's Educated Cops — *Literary Digest*, June 29, 1929
Trial by Jury — P. Howard — *Century*, April 1929

II

Have the United States gone publicity mad? Certain recent events would tend to make one think so. Propaganda and publicity are now basic principles in the conducting of all business. The Age of Contacts is upon us. To the interpretation of modern journalistic methods which John T. Flynn gives in this issue, are added references for other fields — all suitable for the making of two rather challenging papers.

A. Publicity

News by Courtesy — John T. Flynn — Forum, March 1930
"— If You Know What I Mean" — W. Morton — *Outlook*, January 16, 1929
High Cost of Fame — *New Republic*, June 12, 1929
Lindbergh and the Press — J. S. Mason — *Saturday Evening Post*, August 3, 1929
Publicity Gone Mad — Sinclair Lewis — *Nation*, March 6, 1929
Bear Oil — F. J. Schlink — *New Republic*, July 31, 1929
Has the Advertiser Kept Faith? — E. E. Calkins — *Woman's Home Companion*, April 1929

B. Propaganda

Are We Victims of Propaganda? — E. D. Martin *vs.* E. Bernays — Forum, March 1929
Selling Power to the Schools — *World Tomorrow*, October 1929
The Art of Muddlement — Will Irwin — *Scribner's*, October 1929
That Squelched Prohibition Pamphlet — *New Republic*, July 24, 1929
The Power Trust in the Public Schools — *Nation*, September 18, 1929
How We Get That Way — *Collier's*, October 19, 1929
Government by Propaganda — F. W. Wile — *Outlook*, December 26, 1928

III

Within the past few years, the animals of Asia, Australia, and Africa — particularly Africa — have had difficulty in surviving. So-called explorers practicing marksmanship from the safe confines of a Ford have almost exterminated certain species. In this issue of Forum, John W. Vandercook, an explorer whose camera and pen are more in evidence than his gun, criticizes existing conditions. That others agree with him, the references below prove. Suggested book reviews are added to the general paper.

A. THIS EXPLORING RACKET
- The African Big Game — John W. Vandercook — FORUM, March 1930
- May We Kill? — Sir W. Beach Thomas — *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1929
- The African Adventure — Fitzhugh Green — *Delineator*, March 1929
- In Coldest Africa — Carveth Wells — *World's Work*, May, July, August 1929
- My Fifty-four Years With Animal Life — Dr. William T. Hornaday — *Mentor*, May 1929

B. BOOK REVIEWS
- *Then I Saw the Congo* — Grace Flandrau — Harcourt, Brace, 1929 — $3.50
- *Safari* — Martin Johnson — Putnam, 1928 — $5.00, or
- *Lion* — Martin Johnson — Putnam, 1929 — $5.00

IV

IN addition to the biographical programs suggested last month, the following general biographies are recommended.

- Beethoven — Robert Haven Schauffler — *Doubleday, Doran* — $10.00 (2 vols.)
- Myron T. Herrick — T. B. Mott — *Doubleday, Doran* — $5.00
- Ramsay MacDonald, Labor's Man of Destiny — H. H. Tiltman — *Stokes* — $5.00
- Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman — J. Zeitlin and H. E. Woodbridge — *Farrar and Rinehart* — $10.00 (2 vols.)
- Lorenzo the Magnificent — David Loth — *Brentano* — $5.00
- King Spider: Life of Louis XI of France — D. B. Wyndham Lewis — *Coward-McCann* — $5.00
- Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years — Harriet Connor Brown — *Little, Brown* — $3.00
- La Fayette — Brand Whitlock — *Appleton* — $10.00 (2 vols.)
- Eminent Asians — Josef Washington Hall (Upton Close) — *Appleton* — $5.00
- Hanna — Thomas Beer — *Knopf* — $5.00
- Bolivar, the Passionate Warrior — T. R. Ybarra — *Ives-Washburn* — $5.00
- Ralph Waldo Emerson — Phillips Russell — *Brentano* — $5.00
- Memoirs of an Old Parliamentarian — Thomas P. O'Connor — *Appleton* — $10.00 (2 vols.)
- Richelieu — Hillaire Belloc — *Lippincott* — $5.00
- Alice Meynell — Viola Meynell — *Scribner* — $5.00
- Midstream — Helen Keller — *Doubleday, Doran* — $3.00
- Mrs. Eddy — E. F. Dakin — *Scribner* — $5.00
- Up to Now — Alfred E. Smith — *Viking Press* — $5.00

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ALL THE NEWS OF ALL THE YEAR

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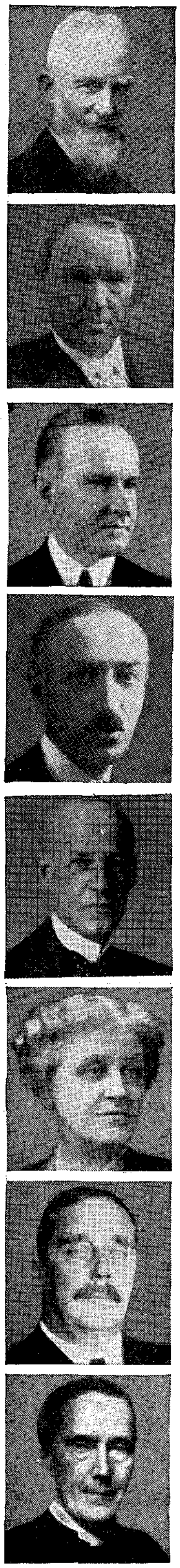

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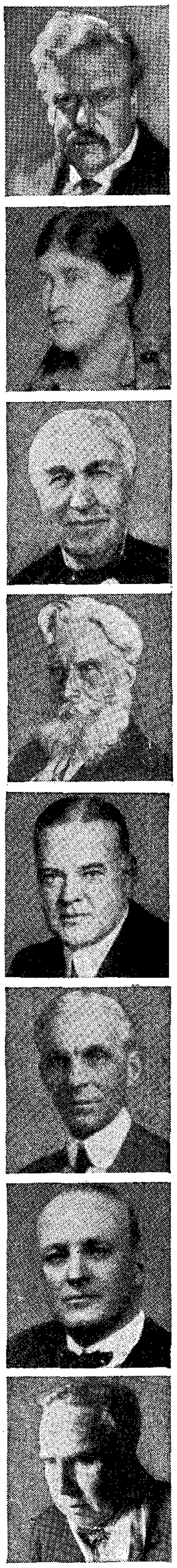

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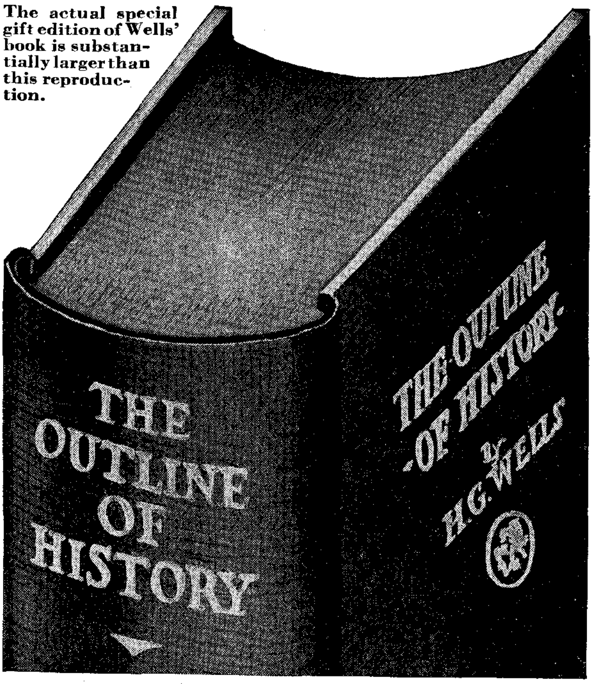

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TOASTS

Practical idealist, dreamer, and scholar, Julius Klein, as Assistant Secretary of Commerce, is one of the most important figures in present day American economics. Having always been interested in Latin-American affairs, in 1919 Dr. Klein became commercial attaché at Buenos Aires. He has traveled in every South and Latin American country and is to-day our foremost authority on Latin-American trade. When Herbert Hoover became Secretary of Commerce, he made Dr. Klein Director of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and it is no secret that their team-work has been perfect. Since taking over this position, Dr. Klein has increased the Bureau's production about 200 per cent. In 1921 approximately 700 American business men sought information from it every working day. Now over 10,000 inquiries each day are being answered.

Major Thomas Coulson, whose story of Mata Hari reaches the third installment in this issue, is a British officer who did battalion intelligence work during the war, chiefly in connection with counter-espionage. After having lived in Canada, England, France, and Germany, Major Coulson is now in the United States — New Jersey, to be exact — and is very much occupied with the writing of a novel.

In spite of his absorption in the amazing phenomena of American business, John T. Flynn has managed so far to avoid becoming one of its priests. He retains the ability to observe impartially, and can therefore interpret the vagaries of business in a much more detached fashion than the average economic specialist. Mr. Flynn's views are those of the news reporter. Since the New York *Globe* disappeared — Mr. Flynn was managing editor — a newspaper syndicate has been distributing his articles on business to papers throughout the country.

Hugh Walpole

A daughter of early American settlers, Edith H. MacFadden has always lived in New York and New England. She was educated in private schools, and when her father died she organized the Misses Hamilton's School in Brooklyn. She has always been interested in some organized study. "Philosophy, accounting, economics, and law," she writes, "have absorbed my time, together with the cook book. Even when I had four children of my own in the nursery, I kept music and some studying as part of the program." Keenly interested in economic questions, Mrs. MacFadden has made an extensive study of contemporary conditions. Her book *The Next Question* is the first survey of state tax exemptions ever published.

In a recent letter Hugh Walpole, well-known English novelist, says, "During the past year my interests, mainly, have been three. First, helping to start the Book Society, our English equivalent — small size — of your Book-of-the-Month Club, in which I am chairman of the selection committee. Second, finishing an extremely long 13th century novel — *Rogue Herries* — which I fondly think is my best so far. And, third, adding two rooms to my cottage in the north of Cumberland, where there are four dogs and no railways. Now I am in New York, enjoying myself hugely."

Drawing by S. J. Woolf
John Dewey

After having been graduated from Harvard in 1926, Edward Campbell Aswell joined the editorial staff of The Forum, and is at present Assistant Editor. Aside from his editorial duties, Mr. Aswell is keenly interested in pursuing the study of humanism, which he began under Irving Babbitt at Harvard.

F. de Mieux is a well-known author who has a considerable background of official experience both in Rome and in Washington. He has written two comprehensive books on the subject of international relations and America's foreign policy, and several years ago was associated with *The New York Times*.

The last time Alfred Dashiell appeared in Forum pages was in a discussion of football. Since leaving Princeton in 1923, Mr. Dashiell has been on the editorial staff of *Scribner's*, and has recently added to his editorial duties the directing of a course in Publications at Sarah Lawrence College.

It is only within the last year and a half that Frances Frisbie O'Donnell has had time to get her material into shape for publication — but she has always written. A former instructor in educational psychology, and now the mother of several children, Mrs. O'Donnell has snatched every possible minute for writing. "Many a night," she says, "when I have had to sit up to watch a sick child, I have written almost madly during the intervals the child did not need my attention." The results show that her efforts have been worth while.

The first of Ralph Chaplin's portrayals of convict life appeared in the December, 1929, Forum. These pictures of prison conditions are entirely authentic since, as a political prisoner, Mr. Chaplin has served one year in Cook County Jail and four years in Leavenworth Prison. Because of his editorials against war and in favor of international solidarity, in 1918 Mr. Chaplin was sentenced by Judge Landis to twenty years in prison. In 1924, however, prisoner 13104 was pardoned. He is now living in Illinois and working as a commercial artist.

Edward M. East began his scientific training back in 1897 and took his first degree at the University of Illinois. After some early studies of problems of soil chemistry, Professor East devoted his attention to the investigation of the laws of heredity in plants and animals. He formulated, and his experiments helped to establish, what is known to biologists as the "multiple factor theory" — a conception which brings all heredity under one consistent principle. At present Dr. East is a professor of Genetics at Harvard.

On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, last October, John Dewey was acclaimed "America's foremost teacher and philosopher." Dr. Dewey, who occupies the chair of philosophy at Columbia, succeeded the late William James as the leader of the pragmatic movement in philosophy. He is an ardent supporter of the American Committee for the Outlawry of War.

"One of the greatest charms of Central Africa is the sparsity of typewriters," says John W. Vandercook, explorer, lecturer, and author of *Black Majesty*, the Literary Guild's book choice for March, 1928. Besides writing a new novel, Mr. Vandercook expects to go this year to Borneo and Indo-China — "I don't know why, but perhaps it's because the serenity and safety of jungles provide a pleasant change from Manhattan."

After spending last year at Oxford, Robert P. Tristram Coffin returned to America in the fall to take up his duties as head of the Department of English at Wells College. His two most recent books are *An Attic Room*, a charming group of essays which Mr. Coffin himself has illustrated, and *Golden Falcon*, a collection of poems.